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THE
SPECTATOR



John Hughes
After Sir G. Kneller.



The
SPECTATOR

No. 81, Saturday, June 2, 1711

to

No. 169, Thursday, Sept. 13, 1711

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II

The Text Edited and Annotated by

G. GREGORY SMITH

With an Introductory Essay by

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX.

My LORD,

SIMILITUDE of Manners and Studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest Motives to Affection and Esteem; but the passionate Veneration I have for Your Lordship, I think, flows from an Admiration of Qualities in You, of which in the whole Course of these Papers I have acknowledged my self incapable. While I busie my self as a Stranger upon Earth, and can pretend to no other than being a Looker on, You are conspicuous in the Busy and Polite World, both in the World of Men and that of Letters: While I am silent and unobserved in publick Meetings, You are admired by all that approach You as the Life and Genius of the Conversation. What an happy Conjunction of different Talents meets in him whose whole Discourse is at once animated by the Strength and Force of Reason, and adorned with all the Graces and Embellishments of Wit? When Learning irradiates common Life, it is then in its highest Use and Perfection; and it is to such as Your Lordship that the Sciences owe the Esteem which they have with the active Part of Mankind. Knowledge of Books in recluse Men, is like that sort of Lanthorn which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy Paths of his own; but in the Possession of a Man of Business, it is as a Torch in the Hand of one who is willing and able to shew those, who are bewildered, the Way which leads to their Prosperity and Welfare. A generous Concern for Your Country, and a Passion for every thing which is truly Great and Noble, are what actuate all Your Life and Actions; and I hope You will forgive me that I have an Ambition this Book may be placed in the Library of so good a Judge of what is valuable, in that Library where the Choice is such that it will not

be a Disparagement to be the meanest Author in it. For give me, my Lord, for taking this Occasion of telling all the World how ardently I Love and Honour You; and that I am with the utmost Gratitude for all Your Favours,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most Obliged,

most Obedient,

and most Humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE
S P E C T A T O R.

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No. 81.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, June 2, 1711.

*Qualis ubi audito venantium murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas* ————— Statius.

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A BOUT the middle of last Winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the Hay-Market, where I could not but take notice of two Parties of very Fine Women, that had placed themselves in the opposite Side-Boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of Battle-Array one against another. After a short Survey of them, I found they were Patched differently; the Faces, on one Hand, being Spotted on the Right Side of the Forehead, and those upon the other on the Left. I quickly perceived that they cast Hostile Glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in those different Situations, as Party-Signals to distinguish Friends from Foes. In the Middle-Boxes, between these two opposite Bodies, were several Ladies who Patched indifferently on both sides of their Faces, and seemed to sit there with no other Intention but to see the Opera. Upon Enquiry I found, that the Body of Amazons on my Right Hand, were Whigs; and those on my Left, Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the Middle-Boxes were a Neutral Party, whose Faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their Party with one Side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the Patches which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory Side of the Face. The Censorious say, That the Men whose Hearts are aimed at are very often the Occasions that one part of the Face is thus Dishonoured, and lies under a kind of Disgrace, while the other is so much Set off
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and Adorned by the Owner; and that the Patches turn to the Right or to the Left, according to the Principles of the Man who is most in Favour. But whatever may be the Motives of a few Fantastical Coquets, who do not Patch for the Publick Good, so much as for their own Private Advantage; it is certain, that there are several Women of Honour who Patch out of Principle, and with an Eye to the Interest of their Country. Nay, I am informed, that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their Party, and are so far from Sacrificing their Zeal for the Publick to their Passion for any particular Person, that in a late Draught of Marriage-Articles a Lady has stipulated with her Husband, That, whatever his Opinions are, she shall be at Liberty to Patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that *Rosalinda*, a Famous Whig Partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful Mole on the Tory part of her Forehead; which, being very conspicuous, has occasioned many Mistakes, and given an Handle to her Enemies to misrepresent her Face, as tho' it had Revolted from the Whig Interest. But whatever this natural Patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her Notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky Mole however has misled several Coxcombs; and, like the hanging out of false Colours, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the Spirit of her Party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected Fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is unfortunate in her Mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a Pimple, which forces her, against her Inclinations, to Patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many Virtuous Matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this Artificial Spotting of the Face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a Zeal for their Cause, to what they could not be prompted by a Concern for their Beauty. This way of declaring War upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tigress, that several Spots rise in her Skin when she is angry; or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the Verses that stand as the Motto of this Paper,

—— *She Swells with angry Pride,
And calls forth all her Spots on ev'ry side.*

When

When I was in the Theatre the time above-mentioned, No. 81. I had the Curiosity to count the Patches on both Sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty Stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small Inequality, I the next Morning found the whole Puppet-show filled with Faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their Forces I cannot tell; but the next Night they came in so great a Body to the Opera, that they outnumbered the Enemy.

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This Account of Party-Patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable World; but as it is a Distinction of a very singular Nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a Parallel, I think I should not have discharged the Office of a faithful Spectator had I not recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expose this Party-Rage in Women, as it only serves to aggravate the Hatreds and Animosities that reign among Men, and in a great measure deprives the Fair Sex of those peculiar Charms with which Nature has endowed them.

When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at War, and just upon the point of giving Battle, the Women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many Tears and Intreaties, that they prevented the mutual Slaughter which threatned both Parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting Peace.

I would recommend this noble Example to our *British* Ladies, at a time when their Country is torn with so many unnatural Divisions, that if they continue, it will be a Misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it so improper for Women to interest themselves in Competitions and Contentions, that for this Reason, among others, they forbade them, under Pain of Death, to be present at the *Olympick* Games, notwithstanding these were the publick Diversions of all *Greece*.

As our *English* Women excel those of all Nations in Beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other Accomplishments proper to the Sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender Mothers and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. Female Virtues are of a

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Domestick turn. The Family is the proper Province for Private Women to Shine in. If they must be showing their Zeal for the Publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same Family, or at least of the same Religion or Nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted Enemies of their Faith, Liberty, and Country. When the *Romans* were pressed with a Foreign Enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their Rings and Jewels to assist the Government under a publick Exigence; which appeared so laudable an Action in the Eyes of their Countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a Law to pronounce publick Orations at the Funeral of a Woman in Praise of the deceased Person, which till that time was peculiar to Men. Would our *English* Ladies, instead of sticking on a Patch against those of their own Country, shew themselves so truly Publick-spirited as to Sacrifice every one her Necklace against the Common Enemy, what Decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this Subject such Passages as occur to my Memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a Sentence in the Celebrated Funeral Oration of *Pericles*, which he made in Honour of those Brave *Athenians* that were Slain in a Fight with the *Lacedemonians*. After having addressed himself to the several Ranks and Orders of his Countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the Publick Cause, he turns to the Female part of his Audience; 'And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few Words: Aspire only to those Virtues that are peculiar to your Sex; follow your natural Modesty, and think it your greatest Commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'

C

No. 82.
[STEELE.]

Monday, June 4.

—*Caput domina venale sub hasta*.—Juv.

PASSING under Ludgate the other Day I heard a Voice bawling for Charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the Grate, the Prisoner

Prisoner called me by my Name, and desired I would No. 82. throw something into the Box: I was out of Countenance Monday, for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a Crown June 4, 1711. I went away reflecting upon the strange Constitution of some Men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all Sorts of Conditions. The Person who begged of me is now, as I take it, Fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the Age of Twenty five; at which Time a good Estate fell to him, by the Death of a Relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good Fortune, he ran into all the Extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken Disputes, broke Drawers' Heads, talked and swore loud; was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same Baseness of Spirit which worked in his Behaviour in both Fortunes: The same little Mind was insolent in Riches, and shameless in Poverty. This Accident made me muse upon the Circumstance of being in Debt in general, and solve in my Mind what Tempers were most apt to fall into this Errour of Life, as well as the Misfortune it must needs be to languish under such Pressures. As for my self, my natural Aversion to that Sort of Conversation which makes a Figure with the Generality of Mankind, exempts me from any Temptations to Expence; and all my Business lies within a very narrow Compass, which is, only to give an honest Man who takes care of my Estate proper Vouchers for his quarterly Payments to me, and observe what Linnen my Laundress brings and takes away with her once a Week: My Steward brings his Receipt ready for my signing, and I have a pretty Implement with the respective Names of Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs and Stockings, with proper Numbers to know how to reckon with my Laundress. This being almost all the Business I have in the World for the Care of my own Affairs, I am at full Leisure to observe upon what others do, with Relation to their Equipage and Oeconomy.

When I walk the Street, and observe the Hurry about me in this Town,

*Where with like Haste, tho' different Ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.*

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I say, when I behold this vast Variety of Persons and Humours, with the Pains they both take for the Accomplishment of the Ends mentioned in the above Verses of *Denham*, I cannot much wonder at the Endeavour after Gain; but am extreamly astonished that Men can be so insensible of the Danger of running into Debt. One would think it impossible a Man who is given to contract Debts should know, that his Creditor has from that Moment in which he transgresses Payment, so much as that Demand comes to in his Debtor's Honour, Liberty and Fortune. One would think he did not know, that his Creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *That he is unjust*, without Defamation; and can seize his Person, without being guilty of an Assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned Turn of some Men's Minds, that they can live under these constant Apprehensions, and still go on to encrease the Cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile Condition, than to be ashamed, or afraid, to see any one Man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that Condition with relation to twenty different People. There are indeed Circumstances wherein Men of honest Natures may become liable to Debts, by some unadvised Behaviour in any great Point of their Life, or mortgaging a Man's Honesty as a Security for that of another, and the like; but these Instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general Considerations: For one such Case as one of these, there are ten, where a Man, to keep up a Farce of Retinue and Grandeur within his own House, shall shrink at the Expectation of surly Demands at his Doors. The Debtor is the Creditor's Criminal, and all the Officers of Power and State whom we behold make so great a Figure, are no other than so many Persons in Authority to make good his Charge against him. Humane Society depends upon his having the Vengeance Law allots him; and the Debtor owes his Liberty to his Neighbour, as much as the Murderer does his Life to his Prince.

Our Gentry are, generally speaking, in debt; and many Families have put it into a kind of Method of being so from Generation to Generation. The Father mortgages when

when his Son is very young; and the Boy is to marry as No. 82. soon as he is at Age, to redeem it, and find Portions for his Sisters. This, forsooth, is no great Inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a publick Table, or feed Dogs, like a worthy *English Gentleman*, till he has outrun half his Estate, and leave the same Incumbrance upon his First-born; and so on, till one Man of more Vigour than ordinary goes quite through the Estate, or some Man of Sense comes into it, and scorns to have an Estate in Partnership, that is to say, liable to the Demand or Insult of any Man living. There is my friend Sir ANDREW, tho' for many Years a great and general Trader, was never the Defendant in a Law Suit, in all the Perplexity of Business, and the Iniquity of Mankind at present: No one had any Colour for the least Complaint against his Dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its Proportion as laudable in a Citizen, as it is in a General never to have suffered a Disadvantage in Fight. How different from this Gentleman is *Jack Truepenny*, who has been an old Acquaintance of Sir ANDREW and my self from Boys, but could never learn our Caution. *Jack* has a whorish unresisting good Nature, which makes him incapable of having a Property in any thing. His Fortune, his Reputation, his Time and his Capacity, are at any Man's Service that comes first. When he was at School, he was whipp'd thrice a Week for Faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the Business of the World, he has been arrested twice or thrice a Year for Debts he had nothing to do with but as Surety for others; and I remember when a Friend of his had suffered in the Vice of the Town, all the Physick his Friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*, and inscribed, 'A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr. *Truepenny*'. *Jack* had a good Estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Easiness and Credulity destroy all the other Merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks or doing one good Action.

I will end this Discourse with a Speech which I heard *Jack* make to one of his Creditors (of whom he deserved gentler Usage) after lying a whole Night in Custody at his Suit.

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'Sir,
Your Ingratitude for the many Kindnesses I have done
you, shall not make me unthankful for the Good you
have done me, in letting me see there is such a Man
as you in the World. I am obliged to you for the
Diffidence I shall have all the rest of my Life; *I shall
hereafter trust no Man so far as to be in his Debt.*'

R

No. 83.

[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, June 5.

Animum pictura pascit inani.—Virg.

WHEN the Weather hinders me from taking my Diversions without Doors, I frequently make a little Party with two or three select Friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under Covert. My principal Entertainments of this Nature are Pictures, insomuch that when I have found the Weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole Day's Journey to see a Gallery that is furnished by the Hands of great Masters. By this Means, when the Heavens are filled with Clouds, when the Earth swims in Rain, and all Nature wears a lowring Countenance, I withdraw my self from these uncomfortable Scenes into the visionary Worlds of Art; where I meet with shining Landskips, gilded Triumphs, beautiful Faces, and all those other Objects that fill the Mind with gay Ideas, and disperse that Gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate Seasons.

I was some Weeks ago in a Course of these Diversions; which had taken such an entire Possession of my Imagination, that they formed in it a short Morning's Dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first Sketch and Outlines of a Vision than as a finished Piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious Gallery, which had one Side covered with Pieces of all the famous Painters who are now living, and the other with the Works of the greatest Masters that are dead.

On the side of the *Living* I saw several Persons busy in Drawing, Colouring, and Designing; on the Side of the *Dead Painters* I could not discover more than one Person

Person at work, who was exceeding slow in his Motions, No. 83.
and wonderfully nice in his Touches.

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I was resolved to examine the several Artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied my self to the Side of the *Living*. The first I observed at work in this Part of the Gallery was *VANITY*, with his Hair tied behind him in a Ribbon, and dressed like a *Frenchman*. All the Faces he drew, were very remarkable for their Smiles, and a certain smirking Air which he bestowed indifferently on every Age and Degree of either Sex. The *Toujours Gai* appeared even in his Judges, Bishops, and Privy-Councillors: In a Word, all his Men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his Women *Coquets*. The Drapery of his Figures was extreamly well suited to his Faces, and was made up of all the glaring Colours that could be mixt together; every Part of the Dress was in a Flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish it self above the rest.

On the Left-hand of *VANITY* stood a laborious Workman, who I found was his humble Admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a *German*, and had a very hard Name that sounded something like *STUPIDITY*.

The third Artist that I looked over was *FANTASQUE*, dressed like a *Venetian Scaramouch*. He had an excellent Hand at a *Chimera*, and dealt very much in Distortions and Grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the Phantoms that flowed from his Pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his Pieces was at best but a terrifying Dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest Figures, than that they were agreeable Monsters.

The fourth Person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty Hand, which left his Pictures so unfinished, that the Beauty in the Picture (which was designed to continue as a Monument of it to Posterity) faded sooner than in the Person after whom it was drawn. He made so much Haste to dispatch his Business, that he neither gave himself Time to clean his Pencils nor mix his Colours. The Name of this expeditious Workman was *AVARICE*.

Not far from this Artist I saw another of a quite different Nature, who was dressed in the Habit of a *Dutchman*, and known

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known by the Name of INDUSTRY. His Figures were wonderfully laboured; If he drew the Portraiture of a Man, he did not omit a single Hair in his Face; if the Figure of a Ship, there was not a Rope among the Tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great Part of the Wall with Night-Pieces, that seemed to show themselves by the Candles which were lighted up in several Parts of them; and were so inflamed by the Sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first Sight I could scarce forbear crying out *Fire*.

The five foregoing Artists were the most considerable on this Side the Gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not Time to look into. One of them however I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in re-touching the finest Pieces, though he produced no Originals of his own. His Pencil aggravated every Feature that was before over-charged, loaded every Defect, and poisoned every Colour it touched. Though this Workman did so much Mischief on the Side of the Living, he never turned his Eye towards that of the Dead. His Name was ENVY.

Having taken a cursory View of one Side of the Gallery, I turned my self to that which was filled by the Works of those great Masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied my self standing before a Multitude of Spectators, and thousands of Eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like Men and Women, that I almost forgot they were Pictures. *Raphael's* Figures stood in one Row, *Titian's* in another, *Guido Rheni's* in a third. One Part of the Wall was peopled by *Hanibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens*. To be short, there was not a great Master among the Dead who had not contributed to the Embellishment of this Side of the Gallery. The Persons that owed their Being to these several Masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the Variety of their Shapes, Complexions, and Cloaths; so that they looked like different Nations of the same Species.

Observing an old Man (who was the same Person I before mentioned, as the only Artist that was at work on this Side of the Gallery) creeping up and down from one Picture

Picture to another, and re-touching all the fine Pieces that No. 83. stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his Motions. I found his Pencil was so very light that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand Touches scarce produced any visible Effect in the Picture on which he was employ'd. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated Touch after Touch without Rest or Intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable Gloss that hung upon a Figure; He also added such a beautiful Brown to the Shades, and Mellowness to the Colours, that he made every Picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the Master's Pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the Face of this ancient Workman, and immediately by the long Lock of Hair upon his Forehead discovered him to be TIME.

Whether it were because the Thread of my Dream was at an end I cannot tell, but upon my taking a Survey of this imaginary old Man my Sleep left me. C

No. 84.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, June 6,

*Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyssci
Temperet a lachrymis.—Virg.*

LOOKING over the old Manuscript wherein the private Actions of *Pharamond* are set down by way of Table-book, I found many things which gave me great Delight; and as human Life turns upon the same Principles and Passions in all Ages, I thought it very proper to take Minutes of what passed in that Age, for the Instruction of this. The Antiquary who lent me these Papers gave me a Character of *Eucrate*, the Favourite of *Pharamond*, extracted from an Author who lived in that Court. The Account he gives both of the Prince and this his faithful Friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have Occasion to mention many of their Conversations, into which these Memorials of them may give Light.

'*Pharamond*, when he had a Mind to retire for an Hour

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Hour or two from the Hurry of Business and Fatigue of Ceremony, made a Signal to *Eucrate*, by putting his Hand to his Face, placing his Arm negligently on a Window, or some such Action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the Company. Upon such Notice, unobserved by others (for their entire Intimacy was always a Secret), *Eucrate* repaired to his own Apartment to receive the King. There was a secret Access to this Part of the Court, at which *Eucrate* used to admit many whose mean Appearance in the Eyes of the ordinary Waiters and Door-keepers made them be repulsed from other Parts of the Palace. Such as these were let in here by Order of *Eucrate*, and had Audiences of *Pharamond*. This Entrance *Pharamond* called the Gate of the Unhappy, and the Tears of the Afflicted who came before him, he would say were Bribes received by *Eucrate*; for *Eucrate* had the most compassionate Spirit of all Men living, except his generous Master, who was always kindled at the least Affliction which was communicated to him. In the Regard for the Miserable, *Eucrate* took particular Care, that the common Forms of Distress, and the idle Pretenders to Sorrow, about Courts, who wanted only Supplies to Luxury, should never obtain Favour by his Means: But the Distresses which arise from the many inexplicable Occurrences that happen among Men, the unaccountable Alienation of Parents from their Children, Cruelty of Husbands to Wives, Poverty occasioned from Shipwreck or Fire, the falling out of Friends, or such other terrible Disasters to which the Life of Man is exposed; In Cases of this Nature, *Eucrate* was the Patron; and enjoyed this Part of the royal Favour so much without being envied, that it was never enquired into by whose Means, what no one else cared for doing, was brought about.

One Evening when *Pharamond* came into the Apartment of *Eucrate*, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he asked (with a Smile which was natural to him) "What, is there any one too miserable to be relieved by *Pharamond*, that *Eucrate* is melancholy?" "I fear there is," answered the Favorite; "a Person without

without, of a good Air, well dressed, and tho' a Man No. 84. in the Strength of his Life, seems to faint under some inconsolable Calamity: All his Features seem suffused with Agony of Mind; but I can observe in him, that it is more inclined to break away in Tears than Rage. I asked him what he would have; he said he would speak to *Pharamond*. I desired his Business; he could hardly say to me, *Eucrate*, carry me to the King, my Story is not to be told twice, I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all." *Pharamond* commanded *Eucrate* to let him enter; he did so, and the Gentleman approached the King with an Air which spoke him under the greatest concern in what manner to demean himself. The King, who had a quick Discerning, relieved him from the Oppression he was under; and with the most beautiful Complacency said to him, "Sir, do not add to that Load of Sorrow I see in your Countenance, the Awe of my Presence: Think you are speaking to your Friend; if the Circumstances of your Distress will admit of it, you shall find me so." To whom the Stranger: "Oh excellent *Pharamond*, name not a Friend to the unfortunate *Spinamont*: I had one but he is dead by my own Hand; but, oh *Pharamond*, tho' it was by the Hand of *Spinamont*, it was by the Guilt of *Pharamond*. I come not, oh excellent Prince, to implore your Pardon; I come to relate my Sorrow, a Sorrow too great for humane Life to support: From henceforth shall all Occurrences appear Dreams or short Intervals of Amusement, from this one Affliction which has siez'd my very Being. Pardon me, oh *Pharamond*, if my Griefs give me Leave, that I lay before you, in the Anguish of a wounded Mind, that you, Good as you are, are guilty of the generous Blood spilt this Day by this unhappy Hand: Oh that it had perished before that Instant!" Here the Stranger paused, and recollecting his Mind after some little Meditation, he went on in a calmer Tone and Gesture as follows.

"There is an Authority due to Distress; and as none of humane Race is above the Reach of Sorrow, none should be above the hearing the Voice of it; I am sure *Pharamond* is not. Know then, that I have this Morning unfortunately

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unfortunately killed in a Duel the Man whom of all Men living I most loved. I command my self too much in your Royal Presence, to say *Pharamond* give me my Friend! *Pharamond* has taken him from me! I will not say, shall the merciful *Pharamond* destroy his own Subjects? Will the Father of his Country murder his People? But, the merciful *Pharamond* does destroy his Subjects, the Father of his Country does murder his People. Fortune is so much the Pursuit of Mankind, that all Glory and Honour is in the Power of a Prince, because he has the Distribution of their Fortunes. It is therefore the Inadverency, Negligence or Guilt of Princes, to let any thing grow into Custom which is against their Laws. A Court can make Fashion and Duty walk together; it can never, without the Guilt of a Court, happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlawful. But alas! in the Dominions of *Pharamond*, by the Force of a Tyrant Custom, which is misnamed a Point of Honour, the Duellist kills his Friend whom he loves; and the Judge condemns the Duellist, while he approves his Behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all Evils; what avail Laws, when Death only attends the Breach of them, and Shame Obedience to them? As for me, oh *Pharamond*, were it possible to describe the nameless Kinds of Compunctions and Tendernesses I feel, when I reflect upon the little Accidents in our former Familiarity, my Mind swells into Sorrow which cannot be resisted enough to be silent in the Presence of *Pharamond*." With that he fell into a Flood of Tears, and wept aloud. "Why should not *Pharamond* hear the Anguish he only can relieve others from in time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given Death by the false Mercy of his Administration, and form to himself the Vengeance called for by those who have perished by his Negligence."

R

Thursday

No. 85.

[ADDISON.]

Thursday, June 7.

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*Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte
 Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere & arte,
 Valdus oblectat populum meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum nugaeque canorae.—Hor.*

IT is the Custom of the *Mahometans*, if they see any printed or written Paper upon the Ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some Piece of their *Alcoran*. I must confess I have so much of the *Mussulman* in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every Printed Paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable Circumstances it may appear: For as no Mortal Author, in the ordinary Fate and Vicissitude of Things, knows to what use his Works may, some time or other, be applied, a Man may often meet with very celebrated Names in a Paper of Tobacco. I have lighted my Pipe more than once with the Writings of a Prelate; and know a Friend of mine who, for these several Years, has converted the Essays of a Man of Quality into a kind of Fringe for his Candlesticks. I remember, in particular, after having read over a Poem of an Eminent Author on a Victory, I met with several Fragments of it upon the next Rejoycing-day, which had been employed in Squibs and Crackers, and by that means celebrated its Subject in a double Capacity. I once met with a Page of Mr. Baxter under a *Christmas Pye*. Whether or no the Pastry-Cook had made use of it through Chance, or Wagery, for the defence of that superstitious *Viande*, I know not; but, upon the Perusal of it, I conceived so good an Idea of the Author's Piety, that I bought the whole Book. I have often profited by these accidental Readings, and have sometimes found very Curious Pieces, that are either out of Print, or not to be met with in the Shops of our London Booksellers. For this Reason, when my Friends take a Survey of my Library, they are very much surprised to find, upon the Shelf of Folios, two long Band-boxes standing upright among my Books; till I let them see that they are both of them lined with

II.

B

deep

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deep Erudition and abstruse Literature. I might likewise mention a Paper Kite, from which I have received great Improvement; and a Hat-Case, which I would not exchange for all the Beavers in *Great Britain*. This my inquisitive Temper, or rather impertinent Humour of prying into all sorts of Writing, with my natural Aversion to Loquacity, give me a good deal of Employment when I enter any House in the Country; for I can't, for my Heart, leave a Room before I have thoroughly studied the Walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last Piece that I met with upon this Occasion, gave me a most exquisite Pleasure. My Reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the Piece I am going to speak of was the old Ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the Darling Songs of the Common People, and has been the Delight of most *Englishmen* in some Part of their Age.

This Song is a plain simple Copy of Nature, destitute of all the Helps and Ornaments of Art. The Tale of it is a pretty Tragical Story; and pleases for no other Reason, but because it is a Copy of Nature. There is even a despicable Simplicity in the Verse; and yet, because the Sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the Mind of the most polite Reader with inward Meltings of Humanity and Compassion. The Incidents grow out of the Subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite Pity. For which Reason the whole Narration has something in it very moving; notwithstanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in such an abject Phrase, and poorness of Expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a Design of turning it into Ridicule. But though the Language is mean, the Thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other are natural; and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not Judges of Language, or those who notwithstanding they are Judges of Language, have a true and unprejudiced Taste of Nature. The Condition, Speech, and Behaviour of the dying Parents, with

with the Age, Innocence, and Distress of the Children, No. 85, are set forth in such tender Circumstances, that it is impossible for a Reader of common Humanity not to be affected with them. As for the Circumstance of the *Robin-red-breast*, it is indeed a little Poetical Ornament; and to shew the Genius of the Author amidst all his Simplicity, it is just the same kind of Fiction which one of the greatest of the *Latin* Poets has made use of upon a Parallel Occasion; I mean that Passage in *Horace*, where he describes himself when he was a Child, fallen asleep in a Desart Wood, and covered with Leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosae Vulture in Apulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliae
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde nova puerum palumbes*

Texere ——

I have heard that the late Lord DORSET, who had the greatest Wit tempered with the greatest Candour, and was one of the finest Criticks as well as the best Poets of his Age, had a numerous Collection of old *English* Ballads, and took a particular Pleasure in the Reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. DRYDEN; and know several of the most refined Writers of our present Age, who are of the same Humour.

I might likewise refer my Reader to MOLIERE'S Thoughts on this Subject, as he has expressed them in the Character of the *Misanthrope*; but those only who are endowed with a true Greatness of Soul and Genius, can divest themselves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire Nature in her Simplicity and Nakedness. As for the little conceited Wits of the Age, who can only shew their Judgment by finding Fault; they cannot be supposed to admire these Productions which have nothing to recommend them but the Beauties of Nature, when they do not know how to relish even those Compositions that, with all the Beauties of Nature, have also the additional Advantages of Art. L

Friday

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No. 86.
[ADDISON.]

Friday, June 8.

Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!—Ovid.

THERE are several Arts which all Men are in some Measure Masters of, without having been at the Pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammian and a Logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the Rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in Books and Systems. In the same Manner, every one is in some Degree a Master of that Art which is generally distinguished by the Name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the Character or Fortune of a Stranger, from the Features and Lineaments of his Face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the Idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured Man; and upon our first going into a Company of Strangers, our Benevolence or Aversion, Awe or Contempt, rises naturally towards several particular Persons, before we have heard them speak a single Word, or so much as know who they are.

Every Passion gives a particular Cast to the Countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some Feature or other. I have seen an Eye curse for half an Hour together, and an Eye-brow call a Man Scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for Lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and dye, in dumb Show. For my own Part, I am so apt to frame a Notion of every Man's Humour or Circumstances by his Looks, that I have sometimes employed my self from Charing-Cross to the Royal-Exchange in drawing the Characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a Man with a sour rivell'd Face, I cannot forbear pitying his Wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous Countenance, think on the Happiness of his Friends, his Family, and Relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous Saying to a Stranger who stood silent in his Company, *Speak that I may see thee;* But with Submission, I think we may be

be better known by our Looks than by our Words; and No. 86.
 that a Man's Speech is much more easily disguised than his Countenance. In this Case however, I think the Air of the whole Face is much more expressive than the Lines of it: The Truth of it is, the Air is generally nothing else but the inward Disposition of the Mind made visible.

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Those who have established Physiognomy into an Art, and laid down Rules of judging Men's Tempers by their Faces, have regarded the Features much more than the Air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this Subject.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine laesus,
Rem magnam praestas, Zoile, si bonus es,
Thy Beard and Head are of a different Die,
Short of one Foot, distorted in an Eye,
With all these Tokens of a Knave compleat,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'r't a dev'lsh Cheat.

I have seen a very ingenious Author on this Subject, who founds his Speculations on the Supposition, That as a Man hath in the Mould of his Face a remote Likeness to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lyon, an Hog, or any other Creature; he hath the same Resemblance in the Frame of his Mind, and is subject to those Passions which are predominant in the Creature that appears in his Countenance. Accordingly he gives the Prints of several Faces that are of a different Mould; and by a little overcharging the Likeness, discovers the Figures of these several Kinds of brutal Faces in human Features. I remember in the Life of the famous Prince of Conde the Writer observes, the Face of that Prince was like the Face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this Case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his Mind some general implicit Notion of this Art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his Face was made like an Eagle's, he understood them in the same Manner as if they had told him, there was something in his Looks which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal Descent. Whether or no the different Motions of the Animal Spirits in different Passions, may have any Effect

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Effect on the Mould of the Face when the Lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same Kind of Souls require the same Kind of Habitations, I shall leave to the Consideration of the Curious. In the mean Time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a Man to give the Lie to his Face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured Man, in spite of all those Marks and Signatures which Nature seems to have set upon him for the Contrary. This very often happens among those, who instead of being exasperated by their own Looks, or envying the Looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their Minds, and getting those Beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable Piece of Deformity; and have observed a certain Clearfulness in as bad a System of Features as ever was clap'd together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming Charms of an insolent Beauty. There is a double Praise due to Virtue, when it is lodged in a Body that seems to have been prepared for the Reception of Vice: in many such Cases the Soul and the Body do not seem to be Fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary Instance of this Nature. There chanced to be a great Physiognomist in his Time at *Athens*, who had made strange Discoveries of Men's Tempers and Inclinations by their outward Appearances. *Socrates*'s Disciples, that they might put this Artist to the Trial, carried him to their Master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in Company with him. After a short Examination of his Face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old Fellow that he had ever met with in his whole Life. Upon which the Disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the Falshood and Vanity of his Art: But *Socrates* told them, That the Principles of his Art might be very true, notwithstanding his present Mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular Vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his Countenance, but that he had conquered the strong Dispositions he was born with, by the Dictates of Philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very

very much resembled *Silenus* in his Face; which we find No. 86, to have been very rightly observed from the Statues and Busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique Seals and precious Stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the Cabinets of the Curious. But however Observations of this Nature may sometimes hold, a wise Man should be particularly cautious how he gives Credit to a Man's outward Appearance. It is an irreparable Injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the Looks and Features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive Hatred against a Person of Worth, or fancy a Man to be proud and ill-natured by his Aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real Character? Dr. Moore, in his admirable System of Ethicks, reckons this particular Inclination to take a Prejudice against a Man for his Looks, among the smaller Vices in Morality; and, if I remember, gives it the Name of a *Prosopolepsia*. L

No. 87.

[STEELE.]

Saturday, June 9.

— *Nimium ne crede colori*.—Virg.

IT has been the Purpose of several of my Speculations to bring People to an unconcerned Behaviour, with relation to their Persons, whether Beautiful or Defective. As the Secrets of the Ugly Club were exposed to the Publick, that Men might see there were some Noble Spirits in the Age, who were not at all displeased with themselves upon Considerations which they had no Choice in; So the Discourse concerning *Idols*, tended to lessen the Value People put upon themselves from personal Advantages, and Gifts of Nature. As to the latter Species of Mankind, the Beauties, whether Male or Female; they are generally the most untractable People of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the Particularities in their Behaviour, that, to be at Ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such Creatures. They expect so great Allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a Man with a better Person

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Person than ordinary, and a Beautiful Woman, might be very happily changed for such to whom Nature has been less Liberal. The Handsome Fellow is usually so much a Gentleman, and the fine Woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my Choice to mix with cheerful Ugly Creatures, rather than Gentlemen who are Graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or Beauties who have Charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Difidence and Presumption, upon account of Our Persons, are equally Faults; and both arise from the want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know, our selves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed, I did not imagine these little Considerations and Coqueteries could have the ill Consequence as I find they have by the following Letters of my Correspondents, where it seems Beauty is thrown into the Accompt, in Matters of Sale, to those who receive no Favour from the Charmers.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

June 4.

After I have assured you I am in every respect one of the Handsomest young Girls about Town—, I need be particular in nothing but the Make of my Face, which has the Misfortune to be exactly Oval. This I take to proceed from a Temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and to hear.

With this Account you may wonder how I can have the Vanity to offer my self as a Candidate, which I now do, to a Society, where the *Spectator* and *Hecatissa* have been admitted with so much Applause. I don't want to be put in mind how very Defective I am in every thing that is Ugly; I am too sensible of my own Unworthiness in this Particular, and therefore I only propose my self as a Foil to the Club.

You see how honest I have been to confess all my Imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a Woman, and what, I hope, you will encourage with the Favour of your Interest.

There can be no Objection made on the side of the
Matchless

Matchless *Hecatissa*, since it is certain I shall be in no No. 87.
danger of giving her the least occasion of Jealousie; Saturday,
And then, a Joint-Stool in the very lowest Place at the June 9,
Table, is all the Honour that is coveted by 1711.

*Your most Humble
and Obedient Servant,*
Rosalinda.

P.S. I have sacrificed my Necklace to put into the
Publick Lottery against the Common Enemy. And
last Saturday, about Three a Clock in the Afternoon,
I began to Patch indifferently on both sides of my
Face.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

London, June 7, 1711.

Upon reading your late Dissertation concerning *Idols*,
I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or
seven Places of this City, Coffee-houses kept by Persons
of that Sisterhood. These *Idols* sit and receive all day
long the Adoration of the Youth within such and such
Districts: I know, in particular, Goods are not entered
as they ought to be at the Custom-house, nor Law-
Reports perused at the Temple; by reason of one
Beauty who detains the young Merchants too long
near Change, and another Fair one, who keeps the
Students at her House when they should be at Study.
It would be worth your while to see how the Idolaters
alternately offer Incense to their *Idols*, and what Heart-
burnings arise in those who wait for their Turn to
receive kind Aspects from those little Thrones, which
all the Company, but these Lovers, call the Bars. I saw
a Gentleman turn as pale as Ashes, because an *Idol*
turned the Sugar in a Tea-Dish for his Rival, and
carelessly called the Boy to serve him, with a *Sirrah!*
*Why don't you give the Gentleman the Box to please
himself?* Certain it is, that a very hopeful young
Man was taken with Leads in his Pockets below
Bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because
his *Idol* would wash the Dish in which she had just
before drank Tea, before she would let him use it.

I am, Sir, a Person past being Amorous, and do not
give this Information out of Envy or Jealousy, but I
am

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am a real Sufferer by it. These Lovers take any thing for Tea and Coffee; I saw one Yesterday surfeit to make his Court; and all his Rivals, at the same time, loud in the Commendation of Liquors that went against every body in the Room that was not in Love. While these young Fellows resign their Stomachs with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this manner, we who come to do Business, or talk Politicks, are utterly Poisoned; They have also Drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in Constitution to Ogle the *Idol* upon the strength of Tea, to fluster themselves with warmer Liquors; Thus all Pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a Feaver or a Diabetes. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an Evil Eye upon the Profit of the *Idols*, or the Diversions of the Lovers; what I hope from this Remonstrance, is only that we plain People may not be served as if we were Idolaters; but that from the time of Publishing this in your Paper, the *Idols* would mix Ratsbane only for their Admirers, and take more care of us who don't Love them. *I am,*

Sir,

R

Yours,

T. T.

No. 88.
[STEELE.]

Monday, June 11.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?—Virg.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

May 30, 1711.

I HAVE no small Value for your Endeavours to lay before the World what may escape their Observation, and yet highly conduces to their Service. You have, I think, succeeded very well on many Subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different Scenes of Life. But in the Considerations of Mankind, as a SPECTATOR, you should not omit Circumstances which relate to the inferior Part of the World, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is, the general Corruption of Manners in

in the Servants of *Great Britain*. I am a Man that No. 88, have travelled and seen many Nations, but have for ^{Monday,} seven Years last past resided constantly in *London* or ^{June 11,} within twenty Miles of it: In this Time I have contracted a numerous Acquaintance among the best Sort of People, and have hardly found one of them happy in their Servants. This is Matter of great Astonishment to Foreigners, and all such as have visited foreign Countries; especially since we cannot but observe, That there is no Part of the World where Servants have those Privileges and Advantages as in *England*; They have no where else such plentiful Diet, large Wages, or indulgent Liberty: There is no Place wherein they labour less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their Masters. To this I attribute, in a great Measure, the frequent Robberies and Losses which we suffer on the high Road and in our own Houses. That indeed which gives me the present Thought of this Kind, is, that a careless Groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest Pad in the World, with only riding him ten Miles; and I assure you, if I were to make a Register of all the Horses I have known thus abused by Negligence of Servants, the Number would mount a Regiment. I wish you would give us your Observations, that we may know how to treat these Rogues, or that we Masters may enter into Measures to reform them. Pray give us a Speculation in general about Servants, and you make me

Yours,

Pray do not omit the
Mention of Grooms in
particular.'

Philo-Britannicus.

This honest Gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a Satyr upon Grooms, has a great deal of Reason for his Resentment; and I know no Evil which touches all Mankind so much, as this of the Misbehaviour of Servants.

The Complaint of this Letter runs wholly upon Men-Servants; and I can attribute the Licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what

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what an hundred before me have ascribed it to, The Custom of giving Board-Wages: This one Instance of false Oeconomy, is sufficient to debauch the whole Nation of Servants, and makes them as it were but for some Part of their Time in that Quality. They are either attending in Places where they meet and run into Clubs, or else, if they wait at Taverns, they eat after their Masters, and reserve their Wages for other Occasions. From hence it arises, That they are but in a lower Degree what their Masters themselves are; and usually affect an Imitation of their Manners: And you have in Liveries Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs, in as high Perfection, as among People that keep Equipages. It is a common Humour among the Retinue of People of Quality, when they are in their Revels, that is when they are out of their Masters' Sight, to assume in an humourous Way the Names and Titles of those whose Liveries they wear. By which Means Characters and Distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other Causes, one may impute a certain Insolence among our Servants, that they take no Notice of any Gentlemen though they know him ever so well, except he is an Acquaintance of their Masters.

My Obscurity and Taciturnity leave me at Liberty, without Scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common Ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous House of Entertainment. Falling in the other Day at a Victualling-house near the House of Peers, I heard the Maid come down and tell the Landlady at the Bar, That my Lord Bishop swore he would throw her out at Window if she did not bring up more Mild-beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double Mug of Purle. My Surprise was encreased, in hearing loud and rustick Voices speak and answer to each other upon the publick Affairs, by the Names of the most Illustrious of our Nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cryed the House was rising. Down came all the Company together, and away: The Ale-house was immediately filled with Clamour, and scoring one Mug to the Marquis of such a Place, Oyl and Vinegar to such an Earl, three Quarts to my new Lord

Lord for wetting his Title, and so forth. It is a thing No. 88. too notorious to mention the Crowds of Servants, and their Insolence, near the Courts of Justice, and the Stairs towards the supreme Assembly; where there is an universal Mockery of all Order, such riotous Clamour and licentious Confusion, that one would think the whole Nation lived in Jest, and there were no such thing as Rule and Distinction among us.

The next Place of Resort, wherein the servile World are let loose, is at the Entrance of *Hide-Park*, while the Gentry are at the Ring. Hither People bring their Lacqueys out of State, and here it is that all they say at their Tables and act in their Houses is communicated to the whole Town. There are Men of Wit in all Conditions of Life; and mixing with these People at their Diversions, I have heard Coquets and Prudes as well rallied, and Insolence and Pride exposed, (allowing for their want of Education) with as much Humour and good Sense, as in the politest Companies. It is a general Observation, That all Dependants run in some Measure into the Manners and Behaviour of those whom they serve; You shall frequently meet with Lovers and Men of Intrigue among the Lacqueys, as well as at *White's* or in the Side-Boxes. I remember some Years ago an Instance of this Kind. A Footman to a Captain of the Guard used frequently, when his Master was out of the Way, to carry on Amours and make Assignations in his Master's Cloaths. The Fellow had a very good Person, and there are very many Women that think no further than the Outside of a Gentleman; besides which, he was almost as learned a Man as the Collonel himself. I say, thus qualified, the Fellow could scrawl *Billets doux* so well, and furnish a Conversation on the common Topicks, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good Business on his Hands. It happened one Day, that coming down a Tavern-stairs in his Master's fine Guard-Coat, with a well-dressed Woman masked, he met the Collonel coming up with other Company; but with a ready Assurance he quitted his Lady, came up to him, and said, *Sir, I know you have too much Respect for your self to cane me in this honourable*

No. 88.
Monday,
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honourable Habit: But you see there is a Lady in the Case, and I hope on that Score also you will put off your Anger till I have told you all another Time. After a little Pause the Collonel cleared up his Countenance, and with an Air of Familiarity whispered his Man apart, *Sirrah, bring the Lady with you to ask Pardon for you; then aloud, Look to it Will. I'll never forgive you else.* The Fellow went back to his Mistress, and telling her with a loud Voice and an Oath, That was the honestest Fellow in the World, conveyed her to an Hackney-Coach.

But the many Irregularities committed by Servants in the Places above-mentioned, as well as in the Theatres, of which Masters are generally the Occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another Occasion.

R

No. 89.
[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, June 12.

— *Petite hinc puerique senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum
Nempe diem donas. Sed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, & semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno
Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum.—Per.*

AS my Correspondents upon the Subject of Love are very numerous, it is my Design, if possible, to range them under several Heads, and address myself to them at different Times. The first Branch of them, to whose Service I shall dedicate this Paper, are those that have to do with Women of dilatory Tempers, who are for spinning out the Time of Courtship to an immoderate Length, without being able either to close with their Lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many Letters by me filled with Complaints against this sort of Women. In one of them no less a Man than a Brother of the Coiff tells me, that he began his Suit *Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a Twelve-month at the *Temple*; that he prosecuted it for

for many Years after he was called to the Bar; that No. 89.
at present he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithstanding
he hoped that Matters would have been long since
Tuesday,
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brought to an Issue, the Fair one still *demurrs*. I am
so well pleased with this Gentleman's Phrase, that I
shall distinguish this Sect of Women by the Title of
Demurrers. I find by another Letter from one who
calls himself *Thirsis*, that his Mistress has been de-
murring above these seven Years. But among all my
Plaintiffs of this Nature, I most pity the unfortunate
Philander, a Man of constant Passion and plentiful
Fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute
Sylvia has demurred till she is past Child-bearing.
Strephon appears by his Letter to be a very choleric Lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurrs
out of Self-interest. He tells me with great Passion
that she has bubbled him out of his Youth; that she
drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily
believes she will drop him in his old Age if she can
find her Account in another. I shall conclude this
Narrative with a Letter from honest SAM. HOPEWELL, a
very pleasant Fellow, who it seems has at last married
a *Demurrer*; I must only premise, that SAM. who is
a very good Bottle-Companion, has been the Diversion
of his Friends, upon account of his Passion, ever since
the Year One thousand Six hundred and Eighty one.

'Dear Sir,

You know very well my Passion for Mrs. *Martha*,
and what a Dance she has led me; She took me out
at the Age of Two and Twenty, and dodged with me
above Thirty Years. I have loved her till she is grown
as grey as a Cat, and am with much ado become the
Master of her Person, such as it is at present. She
is however in my Eye a very charming old Woman.
We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but
she has no Body to blame for it but her self; You
know very well that she would never think of me
whilst she had a Tooth in her Head. I have put the
Date of my Passion (*Anno Amoris Trigesimo primo*)
instead of a Posy, on my Wedding-Ring. I expect
you

No. 89. you should send me a congratulatory Letter, or, if you
Tuesday, please, an *Epithalamium* upon this Occasion.
June 12,
1711. *Mrs. Martha's and Yours eternally,*
Sam. Hopewell.'

In order to banish an Evil out of the World, that does not only produce great Uneasiness to private Persons, but has also a very bad Influence on the Publick, I shall endeavour to shew the Folly of *Demurrage* from two or three Reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the Thoughts of my fair Readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the Shortness of their Time. Life is not long enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in. A timorous Woman drops into her Grave before she has done deliberating. Were the Age of Man the same that it was before the Flood, a Lady might sacrifice half a Century to a Scruple, and be two or three Ages in demurring. Had she Nine Hundred Years good, she might hold out to the Conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But alas! she ought to play her Part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the Stage, and make Room for others.

In the second Place, I would desire my female Readers to consider, that as the Term of Life is short, that of Beauty is much shorter. The finest Skin wrinkles in a few Years, and loses the Strength of its Colouring so soon, that we have scarce Time to admire it. I might embellish this Subject with Roses and Rain-bows, and several other ingenious Conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another Opportunity.

There is a third Consideration which I would likewise recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great Danger of her falling in Love when she is about Threescore, if she cannot satisfy her Doubts and Scruples before that Time. There is a kind of *latter Spring*, that sometimes gets into the Blood of an old Woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an Animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what a strange Figure she will make, if she chances to get over

over all Difficulties, and comes to a final Resolution in No. 89.
that unseasonable Part of her Life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural Modesty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from the first Approaches of a Lover both fashionable and graceful: All that I intend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by Reason and Inclination, to demurr only out of Form, and so far as Decency requires. A virtuous Woman should reject the first Offer of Marriage, as a good Man does that of a Bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this Particular propose the Example of *Eve* to all her Daughters, as *Milton* has represented her in the following Passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing entire, tho' only the twelve last Lines are to my present Purpose.

Tuesday,
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1711.

*The Rib he form'd and fashion'd with his Hands:
Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent Sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her Looks, which from that Time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her Loss, and other Pleasures all abjure;
When out of Hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my Dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his Voice, nor uniform'd
Of nuptial Sanctity and marriage Rites;
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Gesture Dignity and Love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.
This Turn hath made Amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy Words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy Gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh*

II.

C

She

No. 89.
 Tuesday,
 June 12,
 1711.

*She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
 Yet Innocence and Virgin Modesty,
 Her Virtue and the Conscience of her Worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or to say all,
 Nature her self, though pure of sinful Thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd;
 I follow'd her; She what was Honour knew,
 And with obsequious Majesty approv'd
 My pleaded Reason. To the nuptial Bow'r
 I led her blushing like the Morn.—*

L

No. 90.
 [ADDISON.]

Wednesday, June 13.

*Magnus sine viribus ignis
 Incassum furit —.—Virg.*

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a Consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate Desires in the Soul of Man, than the Notions of *Plato* and his Followers upon that Subject. They tell us, that every Passion which has been contracted by the Soul during her Residence in the Body, remains with her in her separate State; and that the Soul, in the Body or out of the Body, differs no more than the Man does from himself when he is in his House or in open Air. When therefore the obscene Passions in particular have once taken Root and spread themselves in the Soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever after the Body is cast off and thrown aside. As an Argument to confirm this their Doctrine they observe, that a lewd Youth who goes on in a continued Course of Voluptuousness, advances by Degrees into a libidinous old Man; and that the Passion survives in the Mind when it is altogether dead in the Body; nay, that the Desire grows more violent, and (like all other Habits) gathers Strength by Age, at the same Time that it has no Power of executing its own Purposes. If, say they, the Soul is the most subject to these Passions at a Time when it has the least Instigations from the Body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely

entirely divested of it. The very Substance of the Soul No. 90, is festered with them; the Gangrene is gone too far Wednesday, to be ever cured; the Inflammation will rage to all day, June 13, Eternity.

In this therefore (say the *Platonists*) consists the Punishment of a voluptuous Man after Death: He is tormented with Desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, sollicited by a Passion that has neither Objects nor Organs adapted to it: He lives in a State of invincible Desire and Impotence, and always burns in the Pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this Reason (says *Plato*) that the Souls of the Dead appear frequently in Coemeteries, and hover about the Places where their Bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal Pleasures, and desiring again to enter the Body that gave them an Opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent Divines have made use of this *Platonick* Notion, so far as it regards the Subsistence of our Passions after Death, with great Beauty and Strength of Reason. *Plato* indeed carries the Thought very far, when he grafts upon it his Opinion of Ghosts appearing in Places of Burial; though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed Souls of Men and Women wandered up and down these lower Regions, and entertained themselves with the Sight of their Species, one could not devise a more proper Hell for an impure Spirit, than that which *Plato* has touched upon.

The Ancients seem to have drawn such a State of Torments in the Description of *Tantalus*, who was punished with the Rage of an eternal Thirst, and set up to the Chin in Water that fled from his Lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has cast the whole System of *Platonick* Philosophy, so far as it relates to the Soul of Man, into beautiful Allegories; in the sixth Book of his *Aeneid* gives us the Punishment of a Voluntary after Death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of.

— *Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae
Regifico luxu. Furiarum maxima juxta*

Accusat

No. 90.
Wednesday,
June 13,
1711.

*Accubat, & manibus prohibet contingere mensas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.*

*They lie below on Golden Beds display'd,
And genial Feasts with regal Pomp are made,
The Queen of Furies by their Side is set,
And snatches from their Mouths th' untasted Meat;
Which if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears,
Tossing her Torch, and Thund'ring in their Ears.—Dryd.*

That I may a little alleviate the Severity of this my Speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite Readers) I shall translate a Story that has been quoted upon another Occasion by one of the most learned Men of the present Age, as I find it in the Original. The Reader will see it is not foreign to my present Subject, and I dare say will think it a lively Representation of a Person lying under the Torments of such a Kind of Tantalism, or *Platonick Hell*, as that which we have now under Consideration. Monsieur Pontignan speaking of a Love-Adventure that happened to him in the Country, gives the following account of it.

'When I was in the Country last Summer, I was often in Company with a couple of charming Women who had all the Wit and Beauty one could desire in Female Companions, with a Dash of Coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable Torments. I was, after my Way, in love with both of them, and had such frequent Opportunities of pleading my Passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular Favours from each of them. As I was walking one Evening in my Chamber with nothing about me but my Night-Gown, they both came into my Room and told me, they had a very pleasant Trick to put upon a Gentleman that was in the same House, provided I would bear a Part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible Story, that I laughed at their Contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me: They immediately began to swaddle me up in my Night-Gown with long Pieces of Linnen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred Yards of Swathe: My Arms were pressed to my Sides, and my Legs closed together by so many Wrappers one over another

another, that I looked like an *Egyptian Mummy*. As I No. 90. stood bolt upright upon one End in this antique Figure, Wednesday, one of the Ladies burst out a Laughing, "And now, June 13, Pontignan," says she, "we intend to perform the Promise 171. that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the Favour of us, and I dare say you are a better bred Cavalier than to refuse to go to Bed to Ladies that desire it of you" After having stood a Fit of Laughter, I begg'd them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. "No, no," say they, "we like you very well as you are"; and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their Houses, and put to Bed in all my Swaddles. The Room was lighted up on all Sides; and I was laid very decently between a Pair of Sheets, with my Head (which was indeed the only Part I could move) upon a very high Pillow: This was no sooner done, but my two Female Friends came into Bed to me in their finest Night-Clothes. You may easily guess at the Condition of a Man, that saw a couple of the most beautiful Women in the World undrest and abed with him, without being able to stir Hand or Foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose; which I did with so much Violence, that about Midnight they both leaped out of the Bed crying out they were undone: But seeing me safe they took their Posts again, and renewed their Raillery. Finding all my Prayers and Endeavours were lost, I compos'd my self as well as I could; and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever: But alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill-natured Caresses and Endearments which they bestow'd upon me. As much devoted as I am to Womankind, I would not pass such another Night to be Master of the whole Sex. My Reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next Morning: Why truly my Bed-fellows left me about an Hour before Day, and told me if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was Time for me to rise: Accordingly about Nine a Clock in the Morning an old Woman came to unsватhe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my

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my Revenge of my Tormentors, and to keep no Measures with them as soon as I was at Liberty; but upon asking my old Woman what was become of the two Ladies, she told me she believ'd they were by that Time within Sight of *Paris*, for that they went away in a Coach and six, before five a Clock in the Morning.'

L

No. 91.

[STEELE.]

Thursday, June 14.

In furias ignemque ruunt. Amor omnibus idem.—Virg.

THO' the Subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the Foundation of a Comedy, I cannot forbear inserting the Circumstances which pleased me in the Account a young Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town, which shall be nameless; or rather for the better Sound, and Elevation of the History, instead of Mr. and Mrs. such a one, I shall call them by feigned Names. Without further Preface, you are to know that within the Liberties of the City of *Westminster* lives the Lady *Honoría*, a Widow about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Constitution, gay Temper, and elegant Person. She dresses a little too much like a Girl, affects a Childish Fondness in the Tone of her Voice, sometimes a pretty Sullenness in the leaning of her Head, and now and then a Down-cast of her Eyes on her Fan: Neither her Imagination nor her Health would ever give her to know that she is turned of Twenty; but that in the midst of these pretty Softnesses, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction, she has a tall Daughter within a Fortnight of Fifteen, who impertinently comes into the Room, and towers so much towards Woman, that her Mother is always checked by her Presence, and every Charm of *Honoría* droops at the Entrance of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what she is not, as well as her Mother *Honoría*; but all their Beholders are more partial to an Affectation of what a Person is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look forward, but not to *Honoría* to look back. *Flavia* is no way dependant on her Mother, with Relation to her Fortune, for which Reason

Reason they live almost upon an Equality in Conversation; and as *Honoría* has given *Flavia* to understand, Thursday,
that it is ill-bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is as June 14,
well pleased never to be called Child. It happens, by 1711,
this means, that these Ladies are generally Rivals in all
Places where they appear; and the Words Mother and
Daughter never pass between them, but out of Spite.
Flavia one Night at a Play observing *Honoría* draw the
Eyes of several in the Pit, called to a Lady who sat by
her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her Snuff-
Box for one Moment. Another time, when a Lover of
Honoría was on his Knees beseeching the Favour to
Kiss her Hand, *Flavia* rushing into the Room kneeled
down by him and asked Blessing. Several of these Con-
tradictory Acts of Duty have raised between them such a
Coldness, that they generally converse when they are in
mixed Company, by way of Talking at one another, and
not to one another. *Honoría* is ever complaining of a
certain Sufficiency in the young Women of this Age, who
assume to themselves an Authority of carrying all things
before them, as if they were Possessors of the Esteem of
Mankind; and all, who were but a Year before them in
the World, were neglected or deceased. *Flavia*, upon
such a Provocation, is sure to observe that there are People
who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up
what they know they cannot hold; that there are those
who will not allow Youth their Follies, not because they
are themselves past them, but because they love to con-
tinue in them. These Beauties rival each other on all
Occasions, not that they have always had the same
Lovers, but each has kept up a Vanity to shew the other
the Charms of her Lover. *Dick Crastin* and *Tom Tulip*,
among many others, have of late been Pretenders in this
Family: *Dick* to *Honoría*, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the
only surviving Beau of the last Age, and *Tom* almost the
only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little Circumstances of a Con-
versation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which the
young Lady, I had my Account from, represented it at a
Visit where I had the Honour to be present; but it seems
Dick Crastin the Admirer of *Honoría*, and *Tom Tulip*
the

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the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purposely admitted together by the Ladies; that each might shew the other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Accomplishments of that sort of Creature, whom the sillier part of Women call a Fine Gentleman. As this Age has a much more gross Taste in Courtship, as well as in everything else, than the last had, these Gentlemen are Instances of it in their different manner of Application. *Tulip* is ever making Allusions to the Vigour of his Person, the sinewy Force of his Make, while *Crastin* professes a wary Observation of the Turns of his Mistress's Mind. *Tulip* gives himself the Air of a resistless Ravisher, *Crastin* practises that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the inseparable Property of every Man in Love; and as Men of Wit write Verses on those Occasions, the rest of the World repeat the Verses of others. These Servants of the Ladies were used to imitate their Manner of Conversation; and allude to one another, rather than interchange Discourse in what they said when they met. *Tulip*, the other day, seized his Mistress's Hand, and repeated out of *Ovid's Art of Love*,

*'Tis I can in soft Battels pass the Night,
Yet rise next Morning Vigorous for the Fight,
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light.*

Upon hearing this, *Crastin*, with an Air of Demeanor, played *Honoraria's* Fan, and repeated,

*Sidley has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can, with a resistless Charm, impart
The loosest Wishes to the chonest Heart;
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
'Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.*

When *Crastin* had uttered these Verses, with a Tenderness which at once spoke Passion and Respect, *Honoraria* cast a Triumphant Glance at *Flavia*, as exulting in the Elegance of *Crastin's* Courtship, and upbraiding her with the Homeliness of *Tulip's*. *Tulip* understood the Reproach, and in return began to applaud the Wisdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Mistress's Imagination, as far as possible, from what

what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his No. 91 Discourse with a sly Commendation of the Doctrine of Thursday, *Platonick Love*; at the same time he ran over, with a laughing Eye, *Crastin's* thin Legs, meagre Looks and spare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with some Disorder, and the Conversation fell upon untimely Passion, after Love, and unseasonable Youth. *Tulip* sung, danced, moved before the Glass, led his Mistress half a Minuet, humm'd

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Celia the Fair, in the Bloom of fifteen;

when there came a Servant with a Letter to him, which was as follows.

'Sir,

I Understand very well what you meant by your Mention of *Platonick Love*. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in *Hide-Park*, or behind *Montague's House*, or attend you to *Barn Elmes*, or any other fashionable Place that's fit for a Gentleman to dye in, that you shall appoint for,

Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,
Richard Crastin.'

Tulip's Colour changed at the reading of this Epistle; for which Reason his Mistress snatched it to read the Contents. While she was doing so *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a Common Calamity, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took Hackneys to prevent Mischief; but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Crastin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide-Park*, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Escape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his Inglorious Safety, curses and despises her Charmer, is fallen in Love with *Crastin*: Which is the first Part of the History of the *Rival Mother*.

R

Friday

No. 92.
Friday,
June 15,
1711.

No. 92.
[ADDISON.]

Friday, June 15.

— *Convivae prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato,
Quid dem? Quid non dem?* — Hor.

LOOKING over the late Packets of Letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one,

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

Your Paper is a Part of my Tea-Equipage; and my Servant knows my Humour so well, that calling for my Breakfast this Morning (it being past my usual Hour) she answered, the SPECTATOR was not yet come in; but that the Tea-Kettle boiled, and she expected it every Moment. Having thus in Part signified to you the Esteem and Veneration which I have for you, I must put you in Mind of the Catalogue of Books which you have promised to recommend to our Sex: For I have deferred furnishing my Closet with Authors, till I receive your Advice in this Particular; being your daily Disciple and humble Servant,

LEONORA.'

In answer to my fair Disciple, whom I am very proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my Readers, that since I have called out for Help in my Catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many Letters upon that Head; some of which I shall give an Account of.

In the first Class I shall take Notice of those which come to me from eminent Booksellers, who every one of them mention with Respect the Authors they have printed; and consequently have an Eye to their own Advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for Women to have true Notions of Right and Equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better Book than *Dalton's Country Justice*. Another thinks they cannot be without *The Compleat Jockey*. A third observing the Curiosity and Desire of prying into Secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair Sex, is of Opinion this Female

Female Inclination, if well directed, might turn very No. 92.
much to their Advantage, and therefore recommends Friday,
to me *Mr. Mede upon the Revelations*. A fourth lays June 15,
it down as an unquestioned Truth, that a Lady cannot
be thoroughly accomplished who has not read *The Secret*
Treaties and Negotiations of the Marshal D'Estrades.
Mr. Jacob Tonson, Junr. is of Opinion, that Bayle's *Dictionary*
might be of very great Use to the Ladies, in
order to make them general Scholars. Another, whose
Name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that
every Woman with Child should read Mr. Wall's
History of Infant Baptism: As another is very im-
portunate with me, to recommend to all my Female
Readers, *The finishing Stroke: Being a Vindication of*
the Patriarchal Scheme, &c.

In the second Class I shall mention Books which are recommended by Husbands, if I may believe the Writers of them. Whether or no they are real Husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the Books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna. Rules to keep Lent. The Christian's Overthrow prevented. A Dissuasive from the Play-House. The Virtues of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pleasures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue.* A Letter dated from Cheapside desires me that I would advise all young Wives to make themselves Mistresses of Wingate's *Arithmetick*, and concludes with a Postscript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Countess of Kent's Receipts*.

I may reckon the Ladies themselves as a third Class among these my Correspondents and Privy-Counsellors. In a Letter from one of them, I am advised to place *Pharamond* at the Head of my Catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to *Cassandra. Coquetilla* begs me not to think of nailing Women upon their Knees with Manuals of Devotion, nor of scorching their Faces with Books of Housewifry. *Florella* desires to know if there are any Books written against Prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a Place in my Library. Plays of all Sorts have their

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their several Advocates: *All for Love* is mentioned in above fifteen Letters; *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a Dozen; the *Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved of: *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many Friends; *Alexander the Great* and *Aurenzebe* have the same Number of Voices; but *Theodosius, or the Force of Love*, carries it from all the rest.

I should, in the last Place, mention such Books as have been proposed by Men of Learning, and those who appear competent Judges of this Matter; and must here take Occasion to thank *A. B.*, whoever it is that conceals himself under those two Letters, for his Advice upon this Subject: But as I find the Work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the Thoughts of my judicious Contemporaries, and have Time to examine the several Books they offer to me; being resolved, in an Affair of this Moment, to proceed with the greatest Caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under my particular Care, I shall make it my Business to find out in the best Authors ancient and modern such Passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their Taste; not questioning but the valuable Part of the Sex will easily pardon me, if from Time to Time I laugh at those little Vanities and Follies which appear in the Behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for Ridicule than a serious Censure. Most Books being calculated for Male Readers, and generally written with an Eye to Men of Learning, makes a Work of this Nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter my self that I see the Sex daily improving by these my Speculations. My fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus: I could name some of them who talk much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's*; and as I frequently receive Letters from the *fine Ladies*, and *pretty Fellows*, I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others not only in the Sense but in

in the Spelling. This cannot but have a good Effect No. 92, upon the female World, and keep them from being charmed by those empty Coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the Women, tho' laugh'd at among the Men.

I am credibly informed that *Tom Tattle* passes for an impertinent Fellow, that *Will Trippit* begins to be smoaked, and that *Frank Smoothly* himself is within a Month of a Coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this Paper. For my Part, as it is my Business in some Measure to detect such as would lead astray weak Minds by their false Pretences to Wit and Judgment, Humour and Gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best Lights I am able to the fair Sex for the Continuation of these their Discoveries.

L

No. 93.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, June 16.

*Spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces; dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas; carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.—Hor.*

WE all of us complain of the Shortness of Time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always Complaining our Days are few, and Acting as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philosopher has described our Inconsistency with our selves in this Particular, by all those various turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent with it self in a Point that bears some Affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life in general, we are wishing every Period of it at an end. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Business, then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of Life is allowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions

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Divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is composed. The Usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the present Moment and next Quarter-day. The Politician would be contented to lose three Years in his Life, could he place things in the Posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a Revolution of Time. The Lover would be glad to strike out of his Existence all the Moments that are to pass away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as fast as our Time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our Lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang upon our Hands, nay we wish away whole Years; and travel through Time as through a Country filled with many wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little Settlements or imaginary Points of Rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the Life of most Men into twenty Parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are meer Gaps and Chasms, which are neither filled with Pleasure nor Business. I do not however include in this Calculation the Life of those Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to these Persons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I shall propose to them, are as follow.

The first is the Exercise of Virtue, in the most general Acceptation of the Word. That Particular Scheme which comprehends the Social Virtues may give Employment to the most industrious Temper, and find a Man in Business more than the most active Station of Life. To advise the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our way almost every Day of our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceness of a Party; of doing Justice to the Character of a deserving

ing Man; of softning the Envious, quieting the Angry, No. 93, and rectifying the Prejudiced; which are all of them Saturday, Employments suited to a reasonable Nature, and bring June 16,
great Satisfaction to the Person who can busy himself 1711.
in them with Discretion.

There is another kind of Virtue that may find Employment for those Retired Hours in which we are altogether left to our selves, and destitute of Company and Conversation; I mean, that Intercourse and Communication which every reasonable Creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual Cheerfulness of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his dearest and best of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him: It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are the most busied at such Hours when those of other Men are the most unactive: He no sooner steps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its Existence.

I have here only considered the Necessity of a Man's being Virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further that the Exercise of Virtue is not only an Amusement for the time it lasts, but that its Influence extends to those Parts of our Existence which lie beyond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from those Hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us for putting in Practice this Method of passing away our Time.

When a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and has Opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen Parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Disadvantage? But because the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor strained up to a pitch

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pitch of Virtue, it is necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations.

The next Method therefore that I would propose to fill up our Time, should be useful and innocent Diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such Diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of Gaming has even thus much to say for it self, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a dozen Hours together in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game Phrases, and no other Ideas but those of black or red Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not a Man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining that Life is short?

The Stage might be made a perpetual Source of the most noble and useful Entertainments, were it under proper Regulations.

But the Mind never unbends it self so agreeably as in the Conversation of a well-chosen Friend. There is indeed no Blessing of Life that is any way comparable to the Enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous Friend. It eases and unloads the Mind, clears and improves the Understanding, engenders Thoughts and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Resolutions, sooths and allays the Passions, and finds Employment for most of the vacant Hours of Life.

Next to such an Intimacy with a particular Person, one would endeavour after a more general Conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are Qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful Amusements of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all Occasions have Recourse to something, rather than suffer the Mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Passion that chances to rise in it.

A Man that has a Taste of Musick, Painting, or Architecture, is like one that has another Sense, when compared

compared with such as have no Relish of those Arts. No. 93.
 The Florist, the Planter, the Gardiner, the Husbandman, Saturday,
 when they are only as Accomplishments to the Man June 16,
 of Fortune, are great Reliefs to a Country Life, and
 many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the Diversions of Life, there is none so proper
 to fill up its empty Spaces as the reading of useful and
 entertaining Authors. But this I shall only touch upon,
 because it in some measure interferes with the third
 Method, which I shall propose in another Paper, for the
 Employment of our dead unactive Hours, and which I
 shall only mention in general to be the Pursuit of
 Knowledge. L

No. 94.
 [ADDISON.]

Monday, June 18.

*Hoc est
 Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.—Mart.*

THE last Method which I proposed in my *Saturday's*
 Paper, for filling up those empty Spaces of Life which
 are so tedious and burthensome to idle People, is the
 employing our selves in the Pursuit of Knowledge. I
 remember Mr. Boyle, speaking of a certain Mineral, tells
 us, That a Man may consume his whole Life in the Study
 of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities.
 The Truth of it is, there is not a single Science, or any
 Branch of it, that might not furnish a Man with Business
 for Life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten Subjects of the
 Usefulness of Knowledge, nor of the Pleasure and Per-
 fection it gives the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining
 it, nor recommend any particular Branch of it, all which
 have been the Topics of many other Writers; but shall
 indulge my self in a Speculation that is more uncommon,
 and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed Parts of
 Life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour
 to shew how those Parts of Life which are exercised in
 Study, Reading, and the Pursuits of Knowledge, are long
 but not tedious, and by that Means discover a Method of

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lengthening our Lives, and at the same Time of turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage.

Mr. *Lock* observes, "That we get the Idea of Time, or Duration, by reflecting on that Train of Ideas which succeed one another in our Minds: That for this Reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no Perception of Time, or the Length of it, whilst we sleep; and that the Moment wherein we leave off to think, till the Moment we begin to think again, seem to have no Distance." To which the Author adds; "And so, I doubt not, but it would be to a waking Man, if it were possible for him to keep only one Idea in his Mind, without Variation, and the Succession of others: And we see, that one who fixes his Thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little Notice of the Succession of Ideas that pass in his Mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest Contemplation, lets slip out of his Account a good Part of that Duration, and thinks that Time shorter than it is."

We might carry this Thought further, and consider a Man as, on one Side, shortening his Time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant Succession of Ideas. Accordingly Monsieur *Mallebranche* in his *Enquiry after Truth*, (which was published several Years before Mr. *Lock's Essay on Humane Understanding*) tells us, That it is possible some Creatures may think Half an Hour as long as we do a thousand Years; or look upon that Space of Duration which we call a Minute, as an Hour, a Week, a Month, or an whole Age.

This Notion of Monsieur *Mallebranche* is capable of some little Explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. *Lock*; for if our Notion of Time is produced by our reflecting on the Succession of Ideas in our Mind, and this Succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different Beings may have different Notions of the same Parts of Duration, according as their Ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less Degree of Rapidity.

There

There is a famous Passage in the *Alcoran*, which looks No. 94, as if *Mahomet* had been possessed of the Notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, That the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning to give him a Sight of all things in the seven Heavens, in Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct View of; and after having held ninety thousand Conferences with God, was brought back again to his Bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a Space of Time, that *Mahomet*, at his Return, found his Bed still warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish Tales* which relates to this Passage of that famous Impostor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject we are now upon. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this Circumstance in *Mahome's* Life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him, he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at work in a neighbouring Wood; these People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where after some Adventures he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long till he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters: He was

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was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea-Side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life, which had raised a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Cloaths with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers.

After his first Plunge into the Sea, he no sooner raised his Head above the Water, but he found himself standing by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side : He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having sent him on such a Course of Adventures, and betray'd him into so long a State of Misery and Servitude ; but was wonderfully surprized when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Delusion ; that he had not stirred from the Place where he then stood ; and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God ; and that *He*, with whom a Thousand Years are but as one Day, can if he pleases make a single Day, nay a single Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a thousand Years.

I shall leave my Reader to compare these Eastern Fables with the Notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this Paper ; and shall only, by way of Application, desire him to consider how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the Pursuits of Knowledge.

The Hours of a wise Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as those of a Fool are by his Passions : The Time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it ; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every Moment of it with useful or amusing Thought ; or in other Words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the View of past Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom, from that of him who

who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly? The latter No. 94. is like the Owner of a barren Country, that fills his Eye Monday,
with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains which June 18,
produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the 1711,
other beholds a beautiful and spacious Landskip, divided
into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields,
and can scarce cast his Eye on a single Spot of his Possessions, that is not covered with some Beautiful Plant
or Flower. L

No. 95.
[STEELE.]

Tuesday, June 19.

Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

HAVING read the two following Letters with much Pleasure, I cannot but think the good Sense of them will be as agreeable to the Town as any thing I could say either on the Topicks they treat of, or any other. They both allude to former Papers of mine, and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward Mourning, will be thought the Production of a Man who is well acquainted with the generous Earnings of Distress in a Manly Temper, which is above the Relief of Tears. A Speculation of my own on that Subject I shall defer 'till another Occasion.

The second Letter is from a Lady of a Mind as great as her Understanding. There is, perhaps, something in the beginning of it which I ought in Modesty to conceal; but I have so much Esteem for this Correspondent, that I will not alter a Tittle of what she writes, tho' I am thus Scrupulous at the Price of being Ridiculous.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I was very well pleased with your Discourse upon General Mourning; and should be obliged to you, if you would enter into the Matter more deeply, and give us your Thoughts upon the common Sense the ordinary People have of the Demonstrations of Grief, who prescribe Rules and Fashions to the most solemn Affliction; such as the Loss of the nearest Relations and dearest Friends. You cannot go to visit a sick Friend, but some impertinent Waiter about him observes the Muscles of your Face, as strictly

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strictly as if they were Prognosticks of his Death or Recovery. If he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately surrounded with Numbers of these Spectators, who expect a Melancholy Shrug of your Shoulders, a Pathetical Shake of your Head, and an Expressive Distortion of your Face, to measure your Affection and Value for the Deceased: But there is nothing, on these Occasions, so much in their Favour as immoderate Weeping. As all their Passions are superficial, they imagine the Seat of Love and Friendship to be placed visibly in the Eyes: They judge what Stock of Kindness you had for the Living, by the quantity of Tears you pour out for the Dead; so that if one Body wants that Quantity of Salt-water another abounds with, he is in great Danger of being thought insensible or ill-natured: They are Strangers to Friendship, whose Grief happens not to be moist enough to wet such a Parcel of Handkerchiefs. But Experience has told us nothing is so fallacious as this outward Sign of Sorrow; and the natural History of our Bodies will teach us, that this Flux of the eyes, this Faculty of weeping, is peculiar only to some Constitutions. We observe in the tender Bodies of Children, when crossed in their little Wills and Expectations, how dissolvable they are into Tears: If this were what Grief is in Men, Nature would not be able to support them in the Excess of it for one Moment. Add to this Observation, how quick is their Transition from this Passion to that of their Joy. I won't say we see often, in the next tender things to Children, Tears shed without much grieving. Thus it is common to shed Tears without much Sorrow, and as common to suffer much Sorrow without shedding Tears. Grief and Weeping are indeed frequent Companions, but, I believe, never in their highest Excesses. As Laughter does not proceed from profound Joy, so neither does Weeping from profound Sorrow. The Sorrow which appears so easily at the Eyes, cannot have pierced deeply into the Heart. The Heart, distended with Grief, stops all the Passages for Tears or Lamentations.

Now, Sir, what I would incline you to in all this, is, that you would inform the shallow Criticks and Observers upon Sorrow, that true Affliction labours to be invisible, that

that it is a Stranger to Ceremony, and that it bears in its No. 95.
own Nature a Dignity much above the little Circumstances which are affected under the Notion of Decency.

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You must know, Sir, I have lately lost a dear Friend, for whom I have not yet shed a Tear, and for that Reason your Animadversions on that Subject would be the more acceptable to,

Sir,
Your most Humble Servant,
B. D.'

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

June the 15th.

As I hope there are but few that have so little Gratitude as not to acknowledge the Usefulness of your Pen, and to esteem it a Publick Benefit; so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must nevertheless find the Secret and Incomparable Pleasure of doing Good, and be a great Sharer in the Entertainment you give. I acknowledge our Sex to be much obliged, and I hope improved by your Labours, and even your Intentions more particularly for our Service. If it be true, as 'tis sometimes said, that our Sex have an Influence on the other, your Paper may be a yet more general Good. Your directing us to Reading is certainly the best Means to our Instruction; but I think, with you, Caution in that Particular very useful, since the Improvement of our Understandings may, or may not, be of Service to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally so Ignorant as Ill-taught, or that our Sex does so often want Wit, Judgment, or Knowledge, as the right Application of them: You are so well-bred, as to say your fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus, and that you could name some of them that talk much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's*: This may possibly be, and no great Compliment, in my Opinion, even supposing your Comparison to reach *Tom's* and the *Grecian*: Sure you are too wise to think That a Real Commendation of a Woman. Were it not rather to be wished we improved in our own Sphere, and approved our selves better Daughters, Wives, Mothers, and Friends?

I can't but agree with the Judicious Trader in *Cheapside*

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side (though I am not at all prejudiced in his Favour) in recommending the Study of Arithmetick; and must dissent even from the Authority which you mention, when it advises the making our Sex Scholars. Indeed a little more Philosophy, in order to the Subduing our Passions to our Reason, might be sometimes serviceable, and a Treatise of that Nature I should approve of, even in Exchange for *Theodosius, or the Force of Love*; but as I well know you want not Hints, I will proceed no further than to recommend the Bishop of Cambray's Education of a Daughter, as 'tis Translated into the only Language I have any Knowledge of, tho' perhaps very much to its Disadvantage. I have heard it objected against that Piece, that its Instructions are not of General Use, but only fitted for a great Lady; but I confess I am not of that Opinion; for I don't remember that there are any Rules laid down for the Expences of a Woman, in which Particular only I think a Gentlewoman ought to differ from a Lady of the best Fortune, or Highest Quality, and not in their Principles of Justice, Gratitude, Sincerity, Prudence, or Modesty. I ought perhaps to make an Apology for this long Epistle, but as I rather believe you a Friend to Sincerity, than Ceremony, shall only assure you I am,

Sir,

Your Most Humble Servant,

Anabella.'

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No. 96.
 [STEELE.]

Wednesday, June 20.

Mancipium domino & frugi —— *Amicum* —— Hor.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE frequently read your Discourse upon Servants, and, as I am one my self, have been much offended, that in that Variety of Forms wherein you considered the Bad, you found no Place to mention the Good. There is however one Observation of yours I approve, which is, That there are Men of Wit and good Sense among all Orders of Men; and that Servants report most of the Good or Ill which is spoken of their Masters. That

That there are Men of Sense who live in Servitude, I No. 96.
have the Vanity to say I have felt to my woful Experience. You attribute very justly the Source of our general Iniquity to Board-Wages, and the Manner of living out of a domestick Way; But I cannot give you my Thoughts on this Subject any Way so well, as by a short Account of my own Life to this the Forty fifth Year of my Age; that is to say, from my being first a Foot-boy at Fourteen, to my present Station of a Nobleman's Porter in the Year of my Age above-mentioned.

Know then, that my Father was a poor Tenant to the Family of Sir *Stephen Rackrent*; Sir *Stephen* put me to School, or rather made me follow his Son *Harry* to School, from my Ninth Year; and there, though Sir *Stephen* paid something for my Learning, I was used like a Servant, and was forc'd to get what Scraps of Learning I could by my own Industry, for the School-master took very little Notice of me. My young Master was a Lad of very sprightly Parts; and my being constantly about him and loving him, was no small Advantage to me. My Master loved me extremely, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a Distance. He used always to say, That when he came to his Estate I should have a Lease of my Father's Tenement for nothing. I came up to Town with him to *Westminster* School; at which Time he taught me, at Night, all he learnt, and put me to find out Words in the Dictionary when he was about his Exercise. It was the Will of Providence that Master *Harry* was taken very ill of a Fever, of which he died within ten Days after his first falling sick. Here was the first Sorrow I ever knew; and I assure you, Mr. *SPECTATOR*, I remember the beautiful Action of the sweet Youth in his Fever, as fresh as if it were Yesterday. If he wanted any thing, it must be given him by *Tom*; When I let any thing fall through the Grief I was under, he would cry, "Do not beat the poor Boy; Give him some more Julep for me, no Body else shall give it me." He would strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not bear his being in so much Danger, and comforted me, saying, "*Tom, Tom, have a good Heart.*" When I was holding

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a Cup at his Mouth he fell into Convulsions; and at this very Time I hear my dear Master's last Groan. I was quickly turned out of the Room, and left to sob and beat my Head against the Wall at my Leisure. The Grief I was in was inexpressible; and every Body thought it would have cost me my Life. In a few Days my old Lady, who was one of the Housewives of the World, thought of turning me out of Doors, because I put her in Mind of her Son. Sir *Stephen* proposed putting me to Prentice, but my Lady being an excellent Manager, would not let her Husband throw away his Money in Acts of Charity. I had Sense enough to be under the utmost Indignation, to see her discard with so little Concern one her Son had loved so much; and went out of the House to ramble wherever my Feet would carry me.

The third Day after I left Sir *Stephen*'s Family, I was strolling up and down the Walks in the *Temple*. A young Gentleman of the House, who (as I heard him say afterwards) seeing me half starved and well dressed, thought me an Equipage ready to his Hand, after very little Enquiry more than *did I want a Master?* bid me follow him; I did so, and in a very little while thought my self the happiest Creature in this World. My Time was taken up in carrying Letters to Wenches, or Messages to young Ladies of my Master's Acquaintance. We rambled from Tavern to Tavern, to the Play-house, the Mulberry-garden, and all Places of Resort; where my Master engaged every Night in some new Amour, in which and drinking he spent all his Time when he had Money. During these Extravagancies I had the Pleasure of lying on the Stairs of a Tavern half a Night, playing at Dice with other Servants, and the like Idlenesses. When my Master was moneyless, I was generally employed in transcribing amorous Pieces of Poetry, old Songs, and new Lampoons. This Life held till my Master married, and he had then the Prudence to turn me off because I was in the Secret of his Intreagues.

I was utterly at a Loss what Course to take next; when at last I applied my self to a Fellow-sufferer, one of his Mistresses, a Woman of the Town. She happening at that Time to be pretty full of Money, cloathed me from Head

Head to Foot; and knowing me to be a sharp Fellow, No. 96. employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad with her, and when she had pitched upon a young Fellow she thought for her Turn, I was to be dropped as one she could not trust. She would often cheapen Goods at the New Exchange; and when she had a Mind to be attacked, she would send me away on an Errand. When an humble Servant and she were beginning a Parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir John was come home; then she would order another Coach to prevent being dogged. The Lover makes Signs to me as I get behind the Coach, I shake my Head it was impossible: I leave my Lady at the next Turning, and follow the Cully to know how to fall in his Way on another Occasion. Besides good Offices of this Nature, I writ all my Mistress's Love-letters; some from a Lady that saw such a Gentleman at such a Place in such a coloured Coat, some shewing the Terroure she was in of a jealous old Husband, others explaining that the Severity of her Parents was such (tho' her Fortune was settled) that she was willing to run away with such a one tho' she knew he was but a younger Brother. In a Word, my Half-Education and Love of idle Books, made me outwrite all that made Love to her by way of Epistle; and as she was extreamly cunning, she did well enough in Company by a skilful Affectation of the greatest Modesty. In the Midst of all this, I was surprized with a Letter from her and a Ten Pound Note.

"Honest Tom,

You will never see me more. I am married to a very cunning Country-Gentleman, who might possibly guess something if I kept you still; therefore farewell."

When this Place was lost also in Marriage, I was resolved to go among quite another People for the Future; and got in Butler to one of those Families where there is a Coach kept, three or four Servants, a clean House, and a good general Outside upon a small Estate. Here I lived very comfortably for some Time, till I unfortunately found my Master, the very gravest Man alive, in the Garret with the Chambermaid. I knew the World too well to think of staying there; and the next Day pretended to have

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have received a Letter out of the Country that my Father was dying, and got my Discharge with a Bounty for my Discretion.

The next I lived with was a peevish single Man, whom I stay'd with for a Year and a Half. Most Part of the Time I passed very easily; for when I began to know him, I minded no more than he meant what he said; so that one Day in good Humour he said, *I was the best Man he ever had, by my want of Respect to him.*

These, Sir, are the chief Occurrences of my Life; and I will not dwell upon very many other Places I have been in, where I have been the strangest Fellow in the World, where no Body in the World had such Servants as they, where sure they were the unluckiest People in the World in Servants, and so forth. All I mean by this Representation, is, To shew you that we poor Servants are not (what you called us too generally) all Rogues; but that we are what we are, according to the Example of our Superiors. In the Family I am now in, I am guilty of no one Sin but Lying; which I do with a grave Face in my Gown and Staff every Day I live, and almost all Day long, in denying my Lord to impertinent Suitors, and my Lady to unwelcome Visitants. But, Sir, I am to let you know, that I am, when I can get abroad, a Leader of the Servants: I am he that keep Time with beating my Cudgel against the Boards in the Gallery at an Opera; I am he that am touched so properly at a Tragedy, when the People of Quality are staring at one another during the most important Incidents: When you hear in a Crowd a Cry in the right Place, an Humm where the Point is touched in a Speech, or an Hussa set up where it is the Voice of the People; you may conclude it is begun, or joined by,

Sir

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[STEELE.]

Thursday, June 21.

Projecere animas—.—Virg.

Mong the loose Papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a Conversation between Pharamond and Eucrate upon the Subject of Duels

Duels, and the Copy of an Edict issued in Consequence No. 97.
of that Discourse.

Eucrate argued, That nothing but the most severe and vindictive Punishments, such as placing the Bodies of the Offenders in Chains, and putting them to Death by the most exquisite Torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a Crime which had so long prevailed and was so firmly fixed in the Opinion of the World as great and laudable; but the King answered, That indeed Instances of Ignominy were necessary in the Cure of this Evil; but considering that it prevailed only among such as had a Nicety in their Sense of Honour, and that it often happened that a Duel was fought to save Appearances to the World, when both Parties were in their Hearts in Amity and Reconciliation to each other; it was evident, that Turning the Mode another way would effectually put a Stop to what had Being only as a Mode. That to such Persons, Poverty and Shame were Torments sufficient; That he would not go further in punishing in others Crimes which he was satisfied he himself was most guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his Displeasure sooner. Besides which the King said, he was in general averse to Tortures, which was putting Human Nature it self, rather than the Criminal, to Disgrace; and that he would be sure not to use this Means where the Crime was but an ill Effect arising from a laudable Cause, the Fear of Shame. The King, at the same time, spoke with much Grace upon the Subject of Mercy; and repented of many Acts of that kind which had a magnificent Aspect in the doing, but dreadful Consequences in the Example. Mercy to Particulars, he observed, was Cruelty in the General: That tho' a Prince could not revive a Dead Man by taking the Life of him who killed him, neither could he make Reparation to the next that should dye by the evil Example; or answer to himself for the Partiality, in not pardoning the next as well as the former Offender. 'As for me,' says Pharamond, 'I have conquer'd France, and yet have given Laws to my People; the Laws are my Methods of Life, they are not a Diminution but

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No. 97. a Direction to my Power. I am still absolute to distinguish the Innocent and the Virtuous, to give Honours to the Brave and Generous; I am absolute in my Good-will, none can oppose my Bounty, or prescribe Rules for my Favour. While I can, as I please, reward the Good, I am under no Pain that I cannot pardon the Wicked: For which Reason,' continued *Pharamond*, 'I will effectually put a stop to this Evil, by exposing no more the Tenderness of my Nature to the Importunity of having the same Respect to those who are miserable by their Fault, and those who are so by their Misfortune. Flatterers (concluded the King smiling) repeat to us Princes, that we are Heaven's Vice-gerents; Let us be so, and let the only thing out of our Power be to do Ill.'

Soon after the Evening wherein *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* had this Conversation, the following Edict was Publish'd.

Pharamond's Edict against Duels.

'*Pharamond, King of the Gauls, to all his Loving Subjects sendeth Greeting.*

Whereas it has come to our Royal Notice and Observation, that in Contempt of all Laws, Divine and Human, it is of late become a Custom among the Nobility and Gentry of this our Kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent Provocations, to invite each other into the Field, there by their own Hands, and of their own Authority, to decide their Controversies by Combat; We have thought fit to take the said Custom into our Royal Consideration, and find, upon Enquiry into the usual Causes whereon such fatal Decisions have arisen, that by this wicked Custom, maugre all the Precepts of our Holy Religion, and the Rules of right Reason, the greatest Act of the Human Mind, *Forgiveness of Injuries*, is become vile and shameful; that the Rules of Good Society and Virtuous Conversation are hereby inverted; that the Loose, the Vain, and the Impudent, insult the Careful, the Discreet and the Modest; that all Virtue is suppressed, and all Vice supported, in the one Act of being capable to dare

dare to the Death. We have also further, with great No. Sorrow of Mind, observed that this Dreadful Action, ^{The} by long Impunity, (our Royal Attention being employed upon Matters of more general Concern) is become Honourable, and the Refusal to engage in it Ignominious. In these our Royal Cares and Enquiries we are yet farther made to understand, that the Persons of most Eminent Worth, and most Hopeful Abilities, accompanied with the strongest Passion for true Glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the Dangers arising from this Licence. Now taking the said Premises into our serious Consideration, and well weighing that all such Emergencies (wherein the Mind is incapable of commanding it self, and where the Injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be born) are particularly provided for by Laws heretofore enacted; and that the Qualities of less Injuries, like those of Ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under General Rules; We do resolve to Blot this Fashion, or Wantonness of Anger, out of the Minds of our Subjects, by our Royal Resolutions declared in this Edict as follow.

No Person who either sends or accepts a Challenge, or the Posterity of either, tho' no Death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the Publication of this our Edict, capable of bearing Office in these our Dominions.

The Person who shall prove the sending or receiving a Challenge, shall receive, to his own Use and Property, the whole Personal Estate of both Parties; and their Real Estate shall be immediately vested in the next Heir of the Offenders, in as ample manner as if the said Offenders were actually Deceased.

In Cases where the Laws (which we have already granted to our Subjects) admit of an Appeal for Blood; when the Criminal is condemned by the said Appeal, he shall not only suffer Death, but his whole Estate, Real, Mixed and Personal, shall from the hour of his Death be vested in the next Heir of the Person whose Blood he spilt.

That it shall not hereafter be in our Royal Power, or that of our Successors, to pardon the said Offences,
or

or restore the Offenders in their Estates, Honour, or
day, Blood for ever.

'
*Given at our Court at Blois the 8th of February 420.
In the Second Year of our Reign.'* T

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[ADDISON.]

Friday, June 22.

—*Tanta est quaerendi cura decoris.*—Juv.

THREE is not so variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dress; Within my own Memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten Years ago it shot up to a very great Height, insomuch that the Female Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of such an enormous Stature, that we appeared as *Grass-hoppers before them*: At present the whole Sex is in a Manner dwarfed and shrunk into a Race of Beauties that seems almost another Species. I remember several Ladies, who were once very near seven Foot high, that at present want some Inches of five: How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole Sex be at present under any Pennance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their Head-dresses in order to surprize us with something in that Kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the Sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this Method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a Secret; tho' I find most are of Opinion, they are at present like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater Heads than before. For my own Part, as I do not love to be insulted by Women who are taller than my self, I admire the Sex much more in their present Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimensions, than when they had extended their Persons, and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantick Figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful Edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical Superstructure upon her Plans; I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the Coiffure

Coiffure now in Fashion; and think it shews the good No. 98, Sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable Part of the Sex. One may observe, that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the Outside of their Heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those Female Architects who raise such wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace and Wire, have not been recorded for their respective Inventions. It is certain there has been as many Orders in these Kinds of Building, as in those which have been made of Marble: Sometimes they rise in the Shape of a Pyramid, sometimes like a Tower, and sometimes like a Steeple. In *Juvenal's* Time the Building grew by several Orders and Stories, as he has very humorously described it.

*Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Aedificat caput; Andromachen a fronde videbis;
Post minor est, credas aliam.—Juv.*

But I do not remember, in any Part of my Reading, that the Head-dress aspired to so great an Extravagance as in the fourteenth Century; when it was built up in a Couple of Cones or Spires, which stood so excessively high on each Side of the Head, that a Woman who was but a Pygmy without her Head-dress, appeared like a *Colossus* upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, 'That these old fashioned Fontanges rose an Ell above the Head; that they were pointed like Steeples, and had long loose Pieces of Crape fastened to the Tops of them, which were curiously fringed and hung down their Backs like Streamers.'

The Women might possibly have carried this Gothick Building much higher, had not a famous Monk, *Thomas Conecte* by Name, attacked it with great Zeal and Resolution. This holy Man travelled from Place to Place to preach down this monstrous Commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the Magicians sacrificed their Books to the Flames upon the Preaching of an Apostle, many of the Women threw down their Head-dresses in the Middle of his Sermon, and made a Bonfire of them within Sight of the Pulpit. He was so

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renowned, as well for the Sanctity of his Life as his Manner of Preaching, that he had often a Congregation of Twenty thousand People; the Men placing themselves on the one Side of his Pulpit, and the Women on the other that appeared (to use the Similitude of an ingenious Writer) like a Forrest of Cedars with their Heads reaching to the Clouds. He so warmed and animated the People against this monstrous Ornament, that it lay under a kind of Persecution; and whenever it appeared in publick was pelted down by the Rabble, who flung Stones at the Persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this Prodigy vanished while the Preacher was among them, it began to appear again some Months after his Departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own Words, 'The Women that, like Snails in a Fright, had drawn in their Horns, shot them out again as soon as the Danger was over.' This Extravagance of the Women's Head-dresses in that Age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentré in the History of Bretagne, and by other Historians as well as the Person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, That a good Reign is the only proper Time for the making of Laws against the Exorbitance of Power; in the same Manner an excessive Head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the Fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my female Readers by way of Prevention.

I would desire the fair Sex to consider, how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the Master-piece of Nature. The Head has the most beautiful Appearance, as well as the highest Station, in a humane Figure. Nature has laid out all her Art in beautifying the Face; She has touched it with Vermillion, planted in it a double Row of Ivory, made it the Seat of Smiles and Blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the Brightness of the Eyes, hung it on each Side with curious Organs of Sense, given it Aires and Graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing Shade of Hair as sets all its Beauties in the most agreeable Light; In short, she seems to have designed the Head as the Cupola

Cupola to the most glorious of her Works; and when we load it with such a Pile of supernumerary Ornaments, we destroy the Symmetry of the humane Figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the Eye from great and real Beauties, to childish Gew-gaws, Ribbands, and Bone-lace.

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[ADDISON.]

Saturday, June 23.

Turpi secernis honestum.—Hor.

THE Club, of which I have often declar'd my self a Member, were last Night engaged in a Discourse upon that which passes for the chief Point of Honour among Men and Women; and started a great many Hints upon the Subject which I thought were entirely new. I shall therefore methodize the several Reflections that arose upon this Occasion, and present my Reader with them for the Speculation of this Day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this Paper which seems to differ with any Passage of last Thursday's, the Reader will consider this as the Sentiments of the Club, and the other as my own private Thoughts, or rather those of *Pharamond*.

The great Point of Honour in Men is Courage, and in Women Chastity. If a Man loses his Honour in one Rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a Slip in a Woman's Honour is irrecoverable. I can give no Reason for fixing the Point of Honour to these two Qualities; unless it be that each Sex sets the greatest Value on the Qualification which renders them the most amiable in the Eyes of the contrary Sex. Had Men chosen for themselves, without Regard to the Opinions of the Fair Sex, I should believe the Choice would have fallen on Wisdom or Virtue; or had Women determined their own Point of Honour, it is probable that Wit or Good-Nature would have carried it against Chastity.

Nothing recommends a Man more to the female Sex than Courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a Terror to others fall like a Slave at their Feet, or that this Quality supplies their own principal Defect

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Defect, in guarding them from Insults and avenging their Quarrels, or that Courage is a natural Indication of a strong and sprightly Constitution. On the other Side, nothing makes a Woman more esteemed by the opposite Sex than Chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides Chastity, with its collateral Attendants, Truth, Fidelity, and Constancy, gives the Man a Property in the Person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a Passage in the Inscription on a Monument erected in *Westminster Abby* to the late Duke and Dutchess of *Newcastle*, 'Her Name was *Margaret Lucas*, youngest Sister to the Lord *Lucas of Colchester*; a noble Family, for all the Brothers were valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous.'

In Books of Chivalry, where the Point of Honour is strained to Madness, the whole Story runs on Chastity and Courage. The Damsel is mounted on a white Palfrey, as an Emblem of her Innocence; and, to avoid Scandal, must have a Dwarf for her Page. She is not to think of a Man, till some Misfortune has brought a Knight-Errant to her Relief. The Knight falls in Love, and did not Gratitude restrain her from murdering her Deliverer, would die at her Feet by her Disdain. However, he must waste many Years in the Desart, before her Virgin Heart can think of a Surrender. The Knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself; seeks all Opportunities of being knock'd on the Head; and after seven Year's Rambling returns to his Mistress, whose Chastity has been attacked in the mean Time by Giants and Tyrants, and undergone as many Trials as her Lover's Valour.

In *Spain*, where there are still great Remains of this romantick Humour, it is a transporting Favour for a Lady to cast an accidental Glance on her Lover from a Window, tho' it be two or three Stories high; as it is usual for the Lover to assert his Passion for his Mistress, in single Combat with a mad Bull.

The great Violation of the Point of Honour from Man to Man, is giving the Lie. One may tell another he whores

whores, drinks, blasphemes, and it may pass unresented ; No. 99.
but to say he lies, tho' but in jest, is an Affront that no-
thing but Blood can expiate. The Reason perhaps may
be, because no other Vice implies a Want of Courage so
much as the making of a Lie ; and therefore telling a Man
he lies, is touching him in the most sensible Part of
Honour, and indirectly calling him a Coward. I cannot
omit under this Head what *Herodotus* tells us of the
ancient *Persians*, That from the Age of five Years to
twenty they instruct their Sons only in three things, to
manage the Horse, to make use of the Bow, and to speak
Truth.

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The placing the Point of Honour in this false kind of
Courage, has given Occasion to the very Refuse of Man-
kind, who have neither Virtue nor common Sense, to set
up for Men of Honour. An *English* Peer, who has not
been long dead, used to tell a pleasant Story of a *French*
Gentleman that visited him early one Morning at *Paris*,
and after great Professions of Respect, let him know that
he had it in his Power to oblige him ; which, in short,
amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his Lordship
the Person's Name who justled him as he came out from
the Opera ; but before he would proceed, he begged his
Lordship that he would not deny him the Honour of
making him his Second. The *English* Lord, to avoid
being drawn into a very foolish Affair, told him that he
was under Engagements for his two next Duels to a
Couple of particular Friends. Upon which the Gentleman
immediately withdrew ; hoping his Lordship would not
take it ill, if he meddled no farther in an Affair from
whence he himself was to receive no Advantage.

The beating down this false Notion of Honour, in so
vain and lively a People as those of *France*, is deservedly
looked upon as one of the most glorious Parts of their
present King's Reign. It is Pity but the Punishment of
these mischievous Notions should have in it some particular
Circumstances of Shame and Infamy ; that those who are
Slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their
Reputations they lead them to Ignominy and Dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter Men, who make it their
Glory to despise it ; but if every one that fought a Duel
were

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were to stand in the Pillory, it would quickly lessen the Number of these imaginary Men of Honour, and put an End to so absurd a Practice.

When Honour is a Support to virtuous Principles, and runs parallel with the Laws of God and our Country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: But when the Dictates of Honour are contrary to those of Religion and Equity, they are the greatest Depravations of human Nature, by giving wrong Ambitions and false Ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all Governments, and driven out as the Bane and Plague of human Society. L

No. 100.

[STEELE.]

Monday, June 25.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—Hor.

A Man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that only Life which was passed with Satisfaction and Enjoyment, excluding all Parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his Infancy. Sickness, Ill Humour, and Idleness, will have robbed him of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our Life. It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a Disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant Aptitude for the Satisfactions of his Being. Instead of this, you hardly see a Man who is not uneasy in proportion to his Advancement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy is the common Improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others: They do not aim at true Pleasures themselves, but turn their Thoughts upon observing the false Pleasures of other Men. Such People are Valetudinarians in Society, and they should no more come into Company than a sick Man should come into the Air: If a Man is too weak to bear what is a Refreshment to Men in Health, he must still keep his Chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER'S Company complains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for some Posset-drink for him; for which Reason that Sort of People who are ever bewailing their Constitution

Constitution in other Places, are the Chearfullest imaginable when he is present.

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It is a wonderful thing, that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them the History of their Pains and Aches; and imagine such Narrations their Quota of the Conversation. This is of all other the meanest Help to Discourse; and a Man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an Account of his Head-ach answered by another's asking what News in the last Mail? Mutual good Humour is a Dress we ought to appear in wherever we meet, and we should make no Mention of what concerns our selves, without it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to rejoice: But indeed there are Crowds of People who put themselves in no Method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent Persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate Stage between Pleasure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any Part of our Life after we are out of the Nurse's Arms. Such an Aversion to Labour creates a constant Weariness, and, one would think, should make Existence it self a Burthen. The indolent Man descends from the Dignity of his Nature, and makes that Being which was Rational meerly Vegetative: His Life consists only in the meer Encrease and Decay of a Body, which, with Relation to the rest of the World, might as well have been uninformed, as the Habitation of a reasonable Mind.

Of this Kind is the Life of that extraordinary Couple *Harry Terset* and his Lady. *Harry* was in the Days of his Celibacy one of those pert Creatures who have much Vivacity and little Understanding; *Mrs. Rebecca Quickly*, whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. These two People of seeming Merit fell into each other's Arms; and Passion being fated, and no Reason or good Sense in either to succeed it, their Life is now at a Stand; their Meals are insipid, and their Time tedious; their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their Loss of Taste reduced them below Diversion. When we talk of these as Instances of Inexistence, we do not mean, that

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that in order to live it is necessary we should always be in jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets of Roses, as the merry Fellows among the Antients are described; but it is intended by considering these Contraries to Pleasure, Indolence and too much Delicacy, to shew that it is Prudence to preserve a Disposition in our selves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and see.

This portable Quality of good Humour seasons all the Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in such a Manner, that there are no Moments lost; but they all pass with so much Satisfaction, that the heaviest of Loads (when it is a Load) that of Time, is never felt by us. *Varilas* has this Quality to the highest Perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears; The Sad, the Merry, the Severe, the Melancholy, shew a new Cheerfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that *Varilas* has ever said, that deserves Repetition; but the Man has that innate Goodness of Temper, that he is welcome to every Body, because every Man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of the Company; and yet upon Reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a Gentleman, That if *Varilas* had Wit, it would be the best Wit in the World. It is certain, when a well corrected lively Imagination and good Breeding are added to a sweet Disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest Blessings, as well as Pleasures of Life.

Men would come into Company with ten Times the Pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every Person that is spoken of, is represented by one who has no ill Will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best Light, the Entertainment must be delicate; because the Cook has nothing brought to his Hand but what is the most excellent in its Kind. Beautiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, and Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree towards the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its Excellence; and a Degree

Degree towards that of Daemons, wherein nothing is No. 100.
shewn but in its Degeneracy.

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No. 101.

[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, June 26.

*Romulus & Liber pater & cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis. — Hor.*

CENSURE, says a late ingenious Author, is the Tax a Man pays to the Publick for being Eminent. It is a Folly for an eminent Man to think of escaping it, and a Weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious Persons of Antiquity, and indeed of every Age in the World, have passed through this fiery Persecution. There is no Defence against Reproach, but Obscurity; it is a kind of Concomitant to Greatness, as Satyrs and Invectives were an essential Part of a Roman Triumph.

If Men of Eminence are exposed to Censure on one hand, they are as much liable to Flattery on the other. If they receive Reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive Praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the Man in a high Post is never regarded with an indifferent Eye, but always considered as a Friend or an Enemy. For this Reason Persons in great Stations have seldom their true Characters drawn, till several Years after their Deaths. Their personal Friendships and Enmities must cease, and the Parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their Faults or their Virtues can have Justice done them. When Writers have the least Opportunity of knowing the Truth, they are in the best Disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the Privilege of Posterity to adjust the Characters of Illustrious Persons, and to set matters right between those Antagonists who by their Rivalry for Greatness divided a whole Age into Factions. We can now allow *Caesar* to be a great Man, without derogating from *Pompey*; and celebrate the Virtues of *Cato*, without detracting from those of *Caesar*. Every one that has been long

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long dead has a due Proportion of Praise allotted him, in which whilst he lived his Friends were too profuse and his Enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's Calculations, the last Comet that made its Appearance in 1680, imbibed so much Heat by its Approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot Iron, had it been a Globe of that Metal; and that supposing it as big as the Earth, and at the same Distance from the Sun, it would be fifty thousand Years in cooling, before it recover'd its natural Temper. In the like manner, if an English Man considers the great Ferment into which our Political World is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its Parts, he cannot suppose that will cool again in less than three hundred Years. In such a Tract of Time it is possible that the Heats of the present Age may be extinguished, and our several Classes of great Men represented under their proper Characters. Some eminent Historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiiis*, (as Tacitus expresses it,) with the Passions and Prejudices of a Contemporary Author, but make an impartial Distribution of Fame among the Great Men of the present Age.

I cannot forbear entertaining my self very often with the Idea of such an imaginary Historian describing the Reign of ANNE the First, and introducing it with a Preface to his Reader, that he is now entring upon the most shining Part of the English Story. The great Rivals in Fame will be then distinguished according to their respective Merits, and shine in their proper Points of Light. Such an one (says the Historian) though variously represented by the Writers of his own Age, appears to have been a Man of more than ordinary Abilities, great Application, and uncommon Integrity: Nor was such an one (tho' of an opposite Party and Interest) inferior to him in any of these Respects. The several Antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different Parties, will then have the same Body of Admirers, and appear Illustrious in the Opinion of the whole British Nation

Nation. The Deserving Man, who can now recommend himself to the Esteem of but half his Country, men, will then receive the Approbations and Applauses of a whole Age.

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Among the several Persons that flourish in this Glorious Reign, there is no Question but such a future Historian as the Person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the Men of Genius and Learning, who have now any Figure in the *British* Nation. For my own part, I often flatter my self with the honourable Mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a Paragraph in my own Imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some Page or other of this Imaginary Historian.

It was under this Reign, says he, that the SPECTATOR Published those little Diurnal Essays which are still extant. We know very little of the Name or Person of this Author, except only that he was a Man of a very short Face, extreamly addicted to Silence, and so great a Lover of Knowledge that he made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo* for no other Reason but to take the Measure of a Pyramid. His chief Friend was one Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, a whimsical Country Knight, and a *Templar* whose Name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a Lodger at the House of a Widow-Woman, and was a great Humourist in all parts of his Life. This is all we can affirm with any Certainty of his Person and Character. As for his Speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete Words and obscure Phrases of the Age in which he liv'd, we still understand enough of them to see the Diversions and Characters of the *English* Nation in his time: Not but that we are to make Allowance for the Mirth and Humour of the Author, who has doubtless strained many Representations of things beyond the Truth. For if we interpret his Words in their litteral Meaning, we must suppose that Women of the First Quality used to pass away whole Mornings at a Puppet-Show: That they attested their Principles by their Patches: That an Audience would sit out an Evening to hear a Dramatical Performance

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ance written in a Language which they did not understand: That Chairs and Flower-Pots were introduced as Actors upon the *British Stage*: That a Promiscuous Assembly of Men and Women were allowed to meet at Midnight in Masques within the Verge of the Court; with many Improbabilities of the like Nature. We must therefore, in these and the like Cases, suppose that these remote Hints and Allusions aimed at some certain Follies which were then in Vogue, and which at present we have not any Notion of. We may guess by several Passages in the *Speculations*, that there were Writers who endeavoured to detract from the Works of this Author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any Objections that could be made to his Paper. If we consider his Style with that Indulgence which we must shew to old *English* Writers, or if we look into the Variety of his Subjects, with those several Critical Dissertations, Moral Reflections, * * *

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The following Part of the Paragraph is so much to my Advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my Reader will excuse me for not inserting it

L

No. 102.

[ADDISON.]

Wednesday, June 27.

— *Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,*
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.—Phæd.

I DO not know whether to call the following Letter a Satyr upon Coquets, or a Representation of their several fantastical Accomplishments, or what other Title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the Publick. It will sufficiently explain its own Intentions, so that I shall give it my Reader at length, without either Preface or Postscript.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Women are armed with Fans as Men with Swords, and sometimes do more Execution with them: To the End therefore

therefore that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the No. 102, Weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for Wednes-
day, the training up of young Women in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions that June 27,
are now practised at Court. The Ladies who carry Fans
under me are drawn up twice a Day in my great Hall, where they are instructed in the Use of their Arms, and
exercised by the following Words of Command,

*Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Discharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.*

By the right Observation of these few plain Words of Command, a Woman of a tolerable Genius who will apply her self diligently to her Exercise for the Space of but one half Year, shall be able to give her Fan all the Graces that can possibly enter into that little modish Machine.

But to the End that my Readers may form to themselves a right Notion of this *Exercise*, I beg Leave to explain it to them in all its Parts. When my female Regiment is drawn up in Array, with every one her Weapon in her Hand, upon my giving the Word to *handle their Fans*, each of them shakes her Fan at me with a Smile, then gives her Right-hand Woman a Tap upon the Shoulder, then presses her Lips with the Extremity of her Fan, then lets her Arms fall in an easy Motion, and stands in a Readiness to receive the next Word of Command. All this is done with a close Fan, and is generally learned in the first Week.

The next Motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in which are comprehended several little Flirts and Vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate Openings, with many voluntary Fallings asunder in the Fan it self, that are seldom learned under a Month's Practice. This Part of the *Exercise* pleases the Spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a Sudden an infinite Number of Cupids, Garlands, Altars, Birds, Beasts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, that display themselves to View, whilst every one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her Hand.
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Upon my giving the Word to *discharge their Fans*, they give one general Crack that may be heard at a considerable Distance when the Wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult Parts of the *Exercise*; but I have several Ladies with me, who at their first Entrance could not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further End of a Room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in such a Manner, that it shall make a Report like a Pocket-Pistol. I have likewise taken Care (in order to hinder young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong Places or unsuitable Occasions) to shew upon what Subject the Crack of a Fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, by the Help of a little Wind which is enclosed about one of the largest Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as a Woman of Fifty with an ordinary Fan.

When the Fans are thus *discharged*, the Word of Command in Course is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a Pack of Cards, adjust a Curl of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply herself to any other Matter of Importance. This part of the *Exercise*, as it only consists in tossing a Fan with an Air upon a long Table (which stands by for that Purpose), may be learned in two Days Time as well as in a Twelvemonth.

When my Female Regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the Room for some Time; when on a sudden (like Ladies that look upon their Watches after a long Visit) they all of them hasten to their Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place themselves in their proper Stations upon my calling out *recover your Fans*. This Part of the *Exercise* is not difficult, provided a Woman applies her Thoughts to it.

The *Fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the Master-piece of the whole *Exercise*; but if a Lady does not mispend her Time, she may make herself Mistress of it in three Months. I generally lay aside the Dog-days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching this Part of the *Exercise*; for as soon as ever I pronounce *Flutter your Fans*, the place is filled with so many Zephyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreshing in that Season

Season of the Year, though they might be dangerous to No. 102.
Ladies of a tender Constitution in any other.

There is an infinite Variety of Motions to be made use of in the *Flutter of a Fan*: There is the angry Flutter, the modest Flutter, the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any Emotion in the Mind which does not produce a suitable Agitation in the Fan; insomuch, that if I only see the Fan of a disciplin'd Lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a Fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent Lover who provoked it to have come within the Wind of it; and at other Times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the Lady's Sake the Lover was at a sufficient Distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan is either a Prude or Coquet, according to the Nature of the Person who bears it. To conclude my Letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own Observations compiled a little Treatise for the Use of my Scholars, entituled the *Passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of Use to the Publick. I shall have a general Review on *Thursday* next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your Presence.

I am, &c.

P.S. I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art of Gallanting a Fan.

N. B. I have several little plain Fans made for this Use, to avoid Expence.

L

No. 103.

[STEELE.]

Thursday, June 28.

— *Sibi quivis*
Speret idem, sudet multum frustraque labore
Ausus idem —.—Hor.

MY Friend the Divine having been used with Words of Complaisance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his Absence) was so extreamly offended with the excessive way of speaking Civilities

No. 103. Civilities among us, that he made a Discourse against it
Thursday, at the Club; which he concluded with this Remark, that
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1711 he had not heard one Compliment made in our Society
since its Commencement. Every one was pleased with
his Conclusion; and as each knew his good Will to the
rest, he was convinced that the many Professions of
Kindness and Service, which we ordinarily meet with,
are not natural where the Heart is well inclined; but
are a Prostitution of Speech, seldom intended to mean
Any Part of what they express, never to mean All they
express. Our Reverend Friend, upon this Topick, pointed
to us two or three Paragraphs on this Subject in the first
Sermon of the first Volume of the late Arch-Bishop's
Posthumous Works. I do not know that I ever read any
thing that pleased me more; and as it is the Praise of
Longinus, that he speaks of the Sublime in a Stile
suitable to it, so one may say of this Author upon
Sincerity, that he abhors any Pomp of Rhetorick on this
Occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary
Simplicity, at once to be a Preacher and an Example.
With what Command of himself does he lay before us,
in the Language and Temper of his Profession, a Fault,
which by the least Liberty and Warmth of Expression
would be the most lively Wit and Satyr? But his Heart
was better disposed, and the good Man chastised the
great Wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak
as follows.

'— Amongst too many other Instances of the great
Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age wherein we live,
the great and general want of Sincerity in Conversation
is none of the least. The World is grown so full of
Dissimulation and Compliment, that Men's Words are
hardly any Signification of their Thoughts; and if any
Man measure his Words by his Heart, and speak as he
thinks, and do not express more Kindness to every Man,
than Men usually have for any Man, he can hardly
escape the Censure of want of Breeding. The old
English Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity
of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, which always
argues true Greatness of Mind, and is usually accom-
pany'd

pany'd with undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a No. 103, great measure lost amongst us: There hath been a long Endeavour to transform us into Foreign Manners and Fashions, and to bring us to a servile Imitation of none of the best of our Neighbours, in some of the worst of their Qualities. The Dialect of Conversation is now-a-days so swell'd with Vanity and Compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect, that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago shou'd return into the World again, he would really want a Dictionary to help him to understand his own Language, and to know the true intrinsick Value of the Phrase in Fashion, and wou'd hardly at first believe at what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions of Kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current Payment; and when he shou'd come to understand it, it wou'd be a great while before he could bring himself with a good Countenance and a good Conscience to converse with Men upon equal Terms, and in their own way.

And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our Contempt or our Pity, to hear what solemn Expressions of Respect and Kindness will pass between Men, almost upon no Occasion; how great Honour and Esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his Service and Interest, for no Reason; how infinitely and eternally oblig'd to him, for no Benefit; and how extreamly they will be concern'd for him, yea and afflicted too, for no Cause. I know it is said, in Justification of this hollow kind of Conversation, that there is no Harm no real Deceit in Compliment, but the matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another; & *Verba valent ut Nummi*, Words are like Money; and when the current Value of them is generally understood, no Man is cheated by them. This is something, if such Words were any thing; but being brought into the Accompt, they are meer Cyphers. However it is still a just Matter of Complaint, that Sincerity and Plainness are out of Fashion, and that our Language is running into a Lie;

II.

F

that

No. 103. that Men have almost quite perverted the use of Speech,
 Thursday, and made Words to signify nothing; that the greatest
 June 28, part of the Conversation of Mankind, is little else but
 1711. driving a Trade of Dissimulation; insomuch that it
 would make a Man heartily sick and weary of the
 World, to see the little Sincerity that is in Use and
 Practice among Men.'

When the Vice is placed in this contemptible Light, he argues unanswerably against it, in Words and Thoughts so natural, that any Man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the Author of them.

'If the Show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better; for why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best Way in the World to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it; and then all his Pains and Labour to seem to have it, is lost.'

In another Part of the same Discourse he goes on to shew, that all Artifice must naturally tend to the Disappointment of him that practises it.

'Whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie and Suspicion, so that he is not believ'd when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly: When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither Truth nor Falshood.'

R

Friday

No. 104.

[STEELE.]

Friday, June 29,

*Qualis equos Threissa fatigat**Harpalyce* ——. ——. Virg.

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IT would be a noble Improvement, or rather a Recovery of what we call good Breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least Transgression against that Rule of Life called Decorum, or a Regard to Decency. This would command the Respect of Mankind, because it carries in it Deference to their good Opinion; as Humility lodged in a worthy Mind, is always attended with a certain Homage, which no haughty Soul, with all the Arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. *Tully* says, Virtue and Decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our Imagination. As the Beauty of the Body always accompanies the Health of it, so certainly is Decency concomitant to Virtue; As Beauty of Body, with an agreeable Carriage, pleases the Eye, and that Pleasure consists in that we observe all the Parts with a certain Elegance are proportioned to each other; so does Decency of Behaviour which appears in our Lives, obtain the Approbation of all with whom we converse, from the Order, Constancy, and Moderation of our Words and Actions. This flows from the Reverence we bear towards every good Man, and to the World in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these Considerations we are to distinguish how one Virtue differs from another; As it is the Part of Justice never to do Violence, it is of Modesty never to commit Offence. In this last Particular lies the whole Force of what is called Decency; to this Purpose that excellent Moralist abovementioned talks of Decency; but this Quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary Capacity, than expressed with all his Eloquence. This Decency of Behaviour is generally transgressed among all Orders of Men; nay, the very Women, tho' themselves created as it were for Ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental Part of Life. It would methinks be a short Rule for Behaviour, if every young Lady in her Dress, Words, and Actions were only

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only to recommend her self as a Sister, Daughter, or Wife, and make her self the more esteemed in one of those Characters. The Care of themselves, with regard to the Families in which Women are born, is the best Motive for their being courted to come into the Alliance of other Houses. Nothing can promote this End more than a strict Preservation of Decency. I should be glad if a certain Equestrian Order of Ladies, some of whom one meets in an Evening at every Outlet of the Town, would take this Subject into their serious Consideration: In Order thereunto the following Letter may not be wholly unworthy their Perusal.

'*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

Going lately to take the Air in one of the most beautiful Evenings this Season has produced; as I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landskip every Way around me, my Eyes were suddenly call'd off from these inanimate Objects by a little Party of Horsemen I saw passing the Road. The greater Part of them escap'd my particular Observation, by reason that my whole Attention was fix'd on a very fair Youth who rode in the Midst of them, and seemed to have been dress'd by some Description in a Romance. His Features, Complexion, and Habit had a remarkable Effeminacy, and a certain languishing Vanity appear'd in his Air: His Hair, well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a considerable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly ty'd, as if by the Hands of his Mistress, in a Scarlet Ribbon, which play'd like a Streamer behind him: He had a Coat and Wastcoat of blue Camlet trimm'd and embroider'd with Silver; a Cravat of the finest Lace; and wore, in a smart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edg'd with Silver, and made more sprightly by a Feather. His Horse too, which was a Pacer, was adorn'd after the same airy Manner, and seem'd to share in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this young Person, who appear'd to me to have been educated only as an Object of Sight, I perceiv'd on my nearer Approach, and as I turned my Eyes downward, a Part of the Equipage I had not observ'd before, which was a Petticoat of the same with

with the Coat and Wastcoat. After this Discovery, I No. 104, look'd again on the Face of the fair *Amazon* who had thus deceiv'd me, and thought those Features which had before offended me by their Softness, were now strengthen'd into as improper a Boldness; and tho' her Eyes, Nose, and Mouth seem'd to be form'd with perfect Symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in Appearance was a very handsome Youth, may not be in Reality a very indifferent Woman.

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There is an Objection which naturally presents it self against these occasional Perplexities and Mixtures of Dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that Propriety and Distinction of Appearance in which the Beauty of different Characters is preserv'd; and if they shou'd be more frequent than they are at present, wou'd look like turning our publick Assemblies into a general Masquerade. The Model of this *Amazonian* Hunting-habit for Ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from *France*, and well enough expresses the Gayety of a People who are taught to do any thing so it be with an Assurance; but I cannot help thinking it fits awkwardly yet on our *English* Modesty. The Petticoat is a kind of Incumberance upon it; and if the *Amazons* should think fit to go on in this Plunder of our Sex's Ornaments, they ought to add to their Spoils, and complete their Triumph over us, by wearing the Breeches.

If it be natural to contract insensibly the Manners of those we imitate, the Ladies who are pleas'd with assuming our Dresses will do us more Honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own Expence. Why should the lovely *Camilla* deceive us in more Shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her Picture with a Gun and a Spaniel; while her elder Brother, the Heir of a worthy Family, is drawn in Silks like his Sister? The Dress and Air of a Man are not well to be divided; and those who would not be content with the Latter, ought never to think of assuming the Former. There is so large a Portion of natural Agreeableness among the fair Sex of our Island, that they seem betray'd into these romantick Habits without having the same Occasion for them with their Inventors: All that needs to be desir'd of them is, that they wou'd be *themselves*, that is, what Nature

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Nature designed them; and to see their Mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softness and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how their Sex must appear to us when approaching to the Resemblance of a Man.

I am,

Sir,

T

Your Most Humble Servant.'

No. 105.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, June 30.

Id arbitror

Adprime in vita esse utile, ut nequid nimis.—Ter. Andr.

MY Friend WILL HONEYCOMB values himself very much upon what he calls the Knowledge of Mankind, which has cost him many Disasters in his Youth; for WILL reckons every Misfortune that he has met with among the Women, and every Rencounter among the Men, as Parts of his Education, and fancies he should never have been the Man he is, had not he broke Windows, knocked down Constables, disturbed honest People with his Midnight Serenades, and beat up a lewd Woman's Quarters, when he was a young Fellow. The engaging in Adventures of this nature, WILL calls the studying of Mankind; and terms this Knowledge of the Town, the Knowledge of the World. WILL ingenuously confesses, that for half his Life his Head ached every Morning with reading of Men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain Pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the Gallantries of the Age. This WILL looks upon as the Learning of a Gentleman, and regards all other kinds of Science as the Accomplishments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookish Man, or a Philosopher.

For these Reasons WILL shines in mixed Company, where he has the Discretion not to go out of his Depth, and has often a certain way of making his real Ignorance appear a seeming one. Our Club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as WILL often insults us with the Knowledge of

of the Town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him No. 105.
by our Knowledge of Books.

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He was last Week producing two or three Letters which he writ in his Youth to a Coquet Lady. The Raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a meer Man of the Town; but, very unluckily, several of the Words were wrong spelt. WILL laught this off at first as well as he could, but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the Templer, he told us, with a little Passion, that he never liked Pedantry in Spelling, and that he spelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar: Upon this WILL had Recourse to his old Topick of shewing the narrow Spiritedness, the Pride, and Ignorance of Pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my Lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such Reflections as occurred to me upon that Subject.

A Man who has been brought up among Books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent Companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the Title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his Profession, and particular way of Life.

What is a greater Pedant than a meer Man of the Town? Barr him the Play-houses, a Catalogue of the reigning Beauties, and an Account of a few fashionable Distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him Dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's Knowledge lies all within the Verge of the Court? He will tell you the Names of the Principal Favourites, repeat the shrewd Sayings of a Man of Quality, whisper an Intreague that is not yet blown upon by common Fame; or, if the Sphere of his Observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the Incidents, Turns, and Revolutions in a Game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole Circle of his Accomplishments, his Parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther Conversation. What are these but rank Pedants? and yet these are the Men who value themselves most on their Exemption from the Pedantry of Colleges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant, who always talks in a Camp, and is storming Towns, making Lodgments

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ments, and fighting Battels from one end of the Year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of Gunpowder; if you take away his Artillery from him, he has not a Word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the Law Pedant, that is perpetually putting Cases, repeating the Transactions of *Westminster-Hall*, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent Circumstances of Life, and not to be convinced of the Distance of a Place, or of the most trivial Point in Conversation, but by dint of Argument. The State-Pedant is wrapt up in News, and lost in Politicks. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *Poland*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a meer Courtier, a meer Soldier, a meer Scholar, a meer any thing, is an insipid Pedantick Character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the Species of Pedants, which I have mentioned, the Book-Pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised Understanding, and a Head which is full though confused, so that a Man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own Advantage, tho' they are of little use to the Owner. The worst kind of Pedants among Learned Men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small Share of common Sense, and have read a great number of Books without Taste or Distinction.

The Truth of it is, Learning, like Travelling, and all other Methods of Improvement, as it finishes good Sense, so it makes a silly Man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of Matter to his Impertinence, and giving him an Opportunity of abounding in Absurdities.

Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than Men of solid and useful Learning. To read the Titles they give an Editor, or Collator of a Manuscript, you would take him for the Glory of the Common-Wealth of Letters, and the Wonder of his Age; when perhaps upon Examination you find that he has only Rectify'd a *Greek* Particle, or laid out a whole Sentence in proper Commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their Praises, that they may keep one another in Countenance; and

and it is no wonder if a great deal of Knowledge, which is No. 105, not capable of making a Man Wise, has a natural Tendency Saturday, to make him Vain and Arrogant.

[June 30,
1711]

No. 106.
[ADDISON.]

Monday, July 2.

*Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.—Hor.*

HAVING often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY to pass away a Month with him in the Country, I last Week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some Time at his Country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me rise and go to Bed when I please, dine at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the Country come to see him, he only shews me at a Distance: As I have been walking in his Fields I have observed them stealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at Ease in Sir ROGER'S Family, because it consists of sober and staid Persons; for as the Knight is the best Master in the World, he seldom changes his Servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him: By this Means his Domesticks are all in Years, and grown old with their Master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the gravest Men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the Looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the Goodness of the Master even in the old House-dog, and in a gray Pad that is kept in the Stable with great Care and Tenderness out of Regard to his past Services, tho' he has been useless for several Years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of Pleasure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-Seat. Some

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Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Master; every one of them press'd forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same Time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered the Enquiries after his own Affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves. This Humanity and Good-nature engages every Body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none so much as the Person whom he diverts himself with: On the Contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any Infirmity of old Age, it is easy for a Stand-by to observe a secret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants.

My worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as well as the rest of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their Master talk of me as of his particular Friend.

My chief Companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himself in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable Man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his House in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Person of good Sense and some Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging Conversation: He heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Esteem; so that he lives in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my Friend Sir ROGER amidst all his good Qualities, is something of an Humourist; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other Men. This Cast of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in it self, so it renders his Conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same Degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him last Night, he ask'd me how I liked the good Man whom I have just now mentioned

mentioned? and without staying for my Answer, told No. 106.
me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin ^{Monday,} and Greek at his own Table; for which Reason, he <sup>July 2,
1711</sup> desired a particular Friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Sense than much Learning, of a good Aspect, a clear Voice, a sociable Temper, and, if possible, a Man that understood a little of Back-Gammon. 'My Friend,' says Sir ROGER, 'found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the Endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar though he does not shew it. I have given him the Parsonage of the Parish; and because I know his Value, have settled upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he out-lives me, he shall find that he was higher in my Esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years; and though he does not know I have taken Notice of it, has never in all that Time asked any thing of me for himself, tho' he is every Day solliciting me for something in Behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Parishioners. There has not been a Law-Suit in the Parish since he has lived among them: If any Dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the Decision; if they do not acquiesce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a Present of all the good Sermons which have been printed in *English*, and only begged of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued System of practical Divinity.'

As Sir ROGER was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to Morrow (for it was Saturday Night) told us, the Bishop of St Asaph in the Morning, and Doctor South in the Afternoon. He then shewed us his List of Preachers for the whole Year, where I saw with a great deal of Pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Doctor Barrow, Doctor Calamy, with several living Authors who have published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable

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venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's insisting upon the Qualifications of a good Aspect and a clear Voice; for I was so charmed with the Gracefulness of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any Time more to my Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Composition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country-Clergy would follow this Example; and instead of wasting their Spirits in laborious Compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome Elocution, and all those other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the People. L

No. 107.
[STEELE.]

Tuesday, July 3.

*Aesopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocarunt aeterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.—Phaed.*

THE Reception, manner of Attendance, undisturb'd Freedom and Quiet, which I meet with here in the Country, has confirmed me in the Opinion I always had, that the general Corruption of Manners in Servants is owing to the Conduct of Masters. The Aspect of every one in the Family carries so much Satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy Lot which has befallen him in being a Member of it. There is one Particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir ROGERS; it is usual in all other Places, that Servants fly from the parts of the House through which their Master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a Visit when the Servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the Humane and equal Temper of the Man of the House, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great Estate, with such Oeconomy as ever to be much before Hand. This makes his own Mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish Expressions

pressions, or give passionate or inconsistent Orders to No. 107, those about him. Thus Respect and Love go together; and a certain Chearfulness in Performance of their Duty, is the particular Distinction of the lower part of this Family. When a Servant is called before his Master, he does not come with an Expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial Fault, threatned to be stripp'd, or used with any other unbecoming Language, which mean Masters often give to worthy Servants; but it is often to know, what Road he took that he came so readily back according to Order; whether he passed by such a Ground; if the old Man who rents it is in good Health; or whether he gave Sir ROGER'S Love to him, or the like.

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A Man who preserves a Respect, founded on his Benevolence to his Dependants, lives rather like a Prince than a Master in his Family; his Orders are received as Favours, rather than Duties; and the Distinction of approaching him, is part of the Reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another Circumstance in which my Friend excells in his Management, which is the manner of rewarding his Servants: He has ever been of Opinion, that giving his cast Cloaths to be worn by Valets has a very ill Effect upon little Minds, and creates a silly Sense of Equality between the Parties, in Persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this Occasion, and describe a young Gentleman abusing his Man in that Coat, which a Month or two before was the most pleasing Distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his Discourse still more pleasantly upon the Ladies' Bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine Woman, who distributed Rewards and Punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming Dresses to her Maids.

But my good Friend is above these little Instances of Good-will, in bestowing only Trifles on his Servants; a good Servant to him is sure of having it in his Choice very soon of being no Servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an Husband, and knows so thoroughly that the Skill of the Purse is the Cardinal Virtue of this Life; I say, he knows so well that Frugality

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Frugality is the Support of Generosity, that he can often spare a large Fine when a Tenement falls, and give that Settlement to a good Servant who has a mind to go into the World, or make a Stranger pay the Fine to that Servant, for his more comfortable Maintenance, if he stays in his Service.

A Man of Honour and Generosity considers, it would be miserable to himself to have no Will but that of another, tho' it were of the best Person breathing, and for that Reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his Servants into independent Livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir ROGER'S Estate is tenanted by Persons who have served himself or his Ancestors. It was to me extreamly pleasant to observe the Visitants from several parts to welcome his Arrival into the Country: and all the Difference that I could take notice of, between the late Servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the Family, was, that these latter were looked upon as finer Gentlemen and better Courtiers.

This Manumission and placing them in a way of Livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good Servant, which Encouragement will make his Successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those Minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of Bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the Sense that Great Persons in all Ages have had of the Merit of their Dependants, and the Heroick Services which Men have done their Masters in the Extremity of their Fortunes; and shewn, to their undone Patrons, that Fortune was all the Difference between them; but as I design this my Speculation only as a gentle Admonition to thankless Masters, I shall not go out of the Occurrences of common Life, but assert it as a general Observation, that I never saw, but in Sir ROGER'S Family, and one or two more, good Servants treated as they ought to be. Sir ROGER'S Kindness extends to their Children's Children, and this very Morning he sent his Coachman's Grandson to Prentice. I shall conclude this Paper with an Account of a Picture in his Gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future Observation.

At

At the very upper End of this handsome Structure I saw No. 107, the Portraiture of two Young Men standing in a River, the Tuesday, one naked the other in a Livery. The Person supported ^{July 3,} ₁₇₁₁ seemed half Dead, but still so much alive as to shew in his Face exquisite Joy and Love towards the other. I thought the fainting Figure resembled my Friend Sir ROGER; and looking at the Butler, who stood by me, for an Account of it, he informed me that the Person in the Livery was a Servant of Sir ROGER'S, who stood on the Shore while his Master was Swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden Illness, and sink under Water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir ROGER took off the Dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a Great Bounty at that time, follow'd by his Favour ever since, had made him Master of that pretty Seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this House. I remember'd indeed Sir ROGER said there lived a very worthy Gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfyed at some part of the Picture, my Attendant informed me, that it was against Sir ROGER'S Will, and at the earnest Request of the Gentleman himself, that he was Drawn in the Habit in which he had saved his Master. R

No. 108.

[ADDISON.]

Wednesday, July 4,

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.—Phæd.

A S I was Yesterday Morning walking with Sir ROGER before his House, a Country-Fellow brought him a huge Fish, which, he told him, Mr. *William Wimble* had caught that very Morning; and that he presented it, with his Service, to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same Time he delivered a Letter, which my Friend read to me as soon as the Messenger left him.

'Sir ROGER,

I Desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have caught this Season. I intend to come and stay with you a Week, and see how the Perch bite in the *Black River*. I

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I observed, with some Concern, the last Time I saw you upon the Bowling-Green, that your Whip wanted a Lash to it: I will bring half a Dozen with me that I twisted last Week, which I hope will serve you all the Time you are in the Country. I have not been out of the Saddle for six Days last past, having been at Eaton with Sir John's eldest Son. He takes to his Learning hugely.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Will Wimble.

This extraordinary Letter, and Message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the Character and Quality of the Gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows; *Will Wimble* is younger Brother to a Baronet, and descended of the ancient Family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty; but being bred to no Business and born to no Estate, he generally lives with his elder Brother as Superintendent of his Game. He hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the Country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little Handicrafts of an idle Man: He makes a *May-fly* to a Miracle; and furnishes the whole Country with Angle-Rods. As he is a good-natur'd officious Fellow, and very much esteemed upon Account of his Family, he is a welcome Guest at every House, and keeps up a good Correspondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-Root in his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Puppy between a couple of Friends that live perhaps in the opposite Sides of the County. *Will*, is a particular Favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that he has made himself: He now and then presents a Pair of Garters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Sisters; and raises a great deal of Mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear*? These Gentleman-like Manufactures and obliging little Humours, make *Will*, the Darling of the Country.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the Character of him, when

when we saw him make up to us, with two or three Hazl twigs in his Hand ; that he had cut in Sir ROGER's Woods, as he came through them, in his Way to the House. I was very much pleased to ob-serve, on one Side the hearty and sincere Welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other the secret Joy which his Guest discovered at Sight of the good old Knight. After the first Salutes were over, Will desired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his Servants to carry a Set of Shuttlecocks he had with him in a little Box to a Lady that liv'd about a Mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a Present for above this half Year. Sir ROGER's Back was no sooner turn'd, but honest Will began to tell me of a large Cock-Pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring Woods, with two or three other Adventures of the same Nature. Odd and uncommon Characters are the Game that I look for, and most delight in ; for which Reason I was as much pleased with the Novelty of the Person that talked to me, as he could be for his Life with the springing of a Pheasant, and therefore listned to him with more than ordinary Attention.

In the Midst of his Discourse the Bell rung to Dinner, where the Gentleman I have been speaking of had the Pleasure of seeing the huge Jack, he had caught, served up for the first Dish in a most sumptuous Manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long Account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the Bank, with several other Particulars that lasted all the first Course. A Dish of Wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished Conversation for the rest of the Dinner, which concluded with a late Invention of Will's for improving the Quail Pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my Room after Dinner, I was secretly touched with Compassion towards the honest Gentleman that had dined with us ; and could not but consider with a great deal of Concern, how so good an Heart and such busy Hands were wholly employed in Trifles ; that so much Humanity should

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be so little beneficial to others, and so much Industry so little advantageous to himself. The same Temper of Mind and Application to Affairs might have recommended him to the publick Esteem, and have raised his Fortune in another Station of Life. What Good to his Country or himself might not a Trader or Merchant have done with such useful tho' ordinary Qualifications?

Will. Wimble's is the Case of many a younger Brother of a great Family, who had rather see their Children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a Trade or Profession that is beneath their Quality. This Humour fills several Parts of *Europe* with Pride and Beggary. It is the Happiness of a trading Nation, like ours, that the younger Sons, tho' uncapable of any liberal Art or Profession, may be placed in such a Way of Life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their Family: Accordingly we find several Citizens that were launched into the World with narrow Fortunes, rising by an honest Industry to greater Estates than those of their elder Brothers. It is not improbable but *Will.* was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Physick; and that finding his Genius did not lie that Way, his Parents gave him up at length to his own Inventions: But certainly, however improper he might have been for Studies of a higher Nature, he was perfectly well turned for the Occupations of Trade and Commerce. As I think this is a Point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my Reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my Twenty first Speculation.

No. 109,
[STEELE.]

Thursday, July 5.

— *Abnormis sapiens* —— Hor.

I WAS this Morning walking in the Gallery, when Sir ROGER enter'd at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said, he was glad to meet me among his Relations the DE COVERLEYS, and hoped

I liked the Conversation of so much good Company, No. 109, who were as silent as my self. I knew he alluded Thursday, to the Pictures, and as he is a Gentleman who does July 5, not a little value himself upon his ancient Descent, 1711. I expected he would give me some Account of them. We were now arrived at the upper End of the Gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the Pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the Matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his Imagination, without regular Introduction, or Care to preserve the Appearance of Chain of Thought.

'It is,' said he, 'worth while to consider the Force of Dress; and how the Persons of one Age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also that the General Fashion of one Age has been follow'd by one particular Set of People in another, and by them preserved from one Generation to another. Thus the vast Jetting Coat and small Bonnet, which was the Habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the Yeomen of the Guard; not without a good and Politick View, because they look a Foot taller, and a Foot and an half broader; Besides, that the Cap leaves the Face expanded, and consequently more Terrible, and fitter to stand at the Entrance of Palaces.'

This Predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this Manner, and his Cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a Hat as I am. He was the last Man that won a Prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is now a Common Street before Whitehall). You see the broken Lance that lies there by his right Foot; he shivered that Lance of his Adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the Target of the Gentleman who rode again him, and taking him with incredible Force before him on the Pummel of his Saddle, he in that manner rid the Tournament over, with an Air that shewed he did it rather to perform the Rule of the Lists, than Expose his Enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a Victory, and with a gentle Trot he marched up to a Gallery where

No. 109. where their Mistress sat (for they were Rivals) and Thursday, let him down with laudable Courtesy and pardonable Insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the Coffee-house is now.
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You are to know this my Ancestor was not only of a military Genius but fit also for the Arts of Peace, for he play'd on the Base-viol as well as any Gentleman at Court; you see where his Viol hangs by his Basket-hilt Sword. The Action at the Tiltyard you may be sure won the Fair Lady, who was a Maid of Honour, and the greatest Beauty of her time; here she stands, the next Picture. You see, Sir, my Great Great Great Grand-Mother has on the new-fashioned Petticoat, except that the Modern is gathered at the Waste; my Grandmother appears as if she stood in a large Drum, whereas the Ladies now walk as if they were in a Go-Cart. For all this Lady was bred at Court, she became an Excellent Country-Wife, she brought ten Children, and when I shew you the Library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the Difference of the Language) the best Receipt now in *England* both for an Hasty-Pudding and a Whitepot.

If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next Pictures at one View; these are three Sisters. She on the right Hand, who is so very beautiful, dyed a Maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same Fate, against her Will; this homely thing in the middle had both their Portions added to her own, and was Stolen by a neighbouring Gentleman, a Man of Stratagem and Resolution, for he poisoned three Mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two Dear-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all Families: The Theft of this Romp and so much Money, was no great matter to our Estate. But the next Heir that possessed it was this soft Gentleman, whom you see there: Observe the small Buttons, the little Boots, the Laces, the Slashes about his Cloaths, and above all the Posture he is drawn in, (which to be sure was his own chusing); you see he sits with one Hand on a Desk writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easie Writer, or a Sonneteer: He was one of those that had too

much Wit to know how to live in the World ; he was a No. 109. Man of no Justice, but great good Manners ; he ruined every body that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his Life ; the most indolent Person in the World, he would sign a Deed that passed away half his Estate with his Gloves on, but would not put on his Hat before a Lady if it were to save his Country. He is said to be the first that made Love by squeezing the Hand.^x He left the Estate with ten thousand Pounds Debt upon it, but however by all Hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest Gentleman in the World. That Debt lay heavy on our House for one Generation, but it was retrieved by a Gift from that Honest Man you see there, a Citizen of our Name, but nothing at all a-kin to us. I know Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has said behind my Back, that this Man was descended from one of the ten Children of the Maid of Honour I shewed you above. But it was never made out ; we winked at the thing indeed, because Money was wanting at that time.'

Here I saw my Friend a little embarrassed, and turned my Face to the next Portraiture.

Sir ROGER went on with his Account of the Gallery in the following manner. 'This Man' (pointing to him I look'd at) 'I take to be the Honour of our House. Sir HUMPHREY DE COVERLEY ; he was in his Dealings as punctual as a Tradesman, and as generous as a Gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his Word, as if it were to be followed by Bankruptcy. He served his Country as Knight of this Shire to his dying Day : He found it no easie matter to maintain an Integrity in his Words and Actions, even in things that regarded the Offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own Affairs and Relations of Life, and therefore dreaded (tho' he had great Talents) to go into Employments of State, where he must be exposed to the Snares of Ambition. Innocence of Life and great Ability were the distinguishing Parts of his Character ; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the Destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that Great and Good had not the same Signification. He was an Excellent Husbandman, but had resolved not to

No. 109. to exceed such a degree of Wealth; all above it he
 Thursday, bestowed in secret Bounties many Years after the Sum he
 July 5,
 1711. aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not
 slacken his Industry, but to a decent old Age spent the
 Life and Fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the
 Service of his Friends and Neighbours.'

Here we were called to Dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the Discourse of this Gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the Servant, that this his Ancestor was a Brave Man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; 'for,' said he, 'he was sent out of the Field upon a private Message the Day before the Battle of Worcester.' The Whim of narrowly escaping, by having been within a Day of Danger; with other Matters above-mentioned, mixed with good Sense, left me at a Loss whether I was more delighted with my Friend's Wisdom or Simplicity. R

No. 110.
 [ADDISON.]

Friday, July 6.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.—Virg.

AT a little Distance from Sir ROGER'S House, among the Ruins of an old Abby, there is a long Walk of aged Elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the Rooks and Crows that rest upon the Tops of them seem to be Cawing in another Region. I am very much delighted with this Sort of Noise, which I consider as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation, and who, in the beautiful Language of the *Psalms*, feedeth the young Ravens that call upon him. I like this Retirement the better, because of an ill Report it lies under of being haunted; for which Reason (as I have been told in the Family) no living Creature ever walks in it besides the Chaplain. My good Friend the Butler desired me with a very grave Face not to venture myself in it after Sun-set, for that one of the Footmen had been almost frightened out of his Wits by a Spirit that appeared to him in the Shape of a black Horse without an Head; to which he added, that about a Month ago one of the Maids coming home

home late that Way with a Pail of Milk upon her Head, No. 110, heard such a Rustling among the Bushes that she let it fall.

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I was taking a Walk in this Place last Night between the Hours of Nine and Ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper Scenes in the World for a Ghost to appear in. The Ruins of the Abby are scattered up and down on every Side, and half covered with Ivy and Elder-Bushes, the Harbours of several solitary Birds which seldom make their Appearance till the Dusk of the Evening. The Place was formerly a Church-yard, and has still several Marks in it of Graves and Burying-Places. There is such an Echo among the old Ruins and Vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the Sound repeated. At the same Time the Walk of Elms, with the Croaking of the Ravens which from time to time are heard from the Tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These Objects naturally raise Seriousness and Attention; and when Night heightens the Awfulness of the Place, and pours out her super-numerary Horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak Minds fill it with Spectres and Apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his Chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious Remarks to shew how by the Prejudice of Education one Idea often introduces into the Mind a whole Set that bear no Resemblance to one another in the Nature of things. Among several Examples of this Kind, he produces the following Instance. *The Ideas of Goblins and Sprights have really no more to do with Darkness than Light: Yet let but a foolish Maid inculcate these often on the Mind of a Child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but Darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful Ideas, and they shall be so joyned, that he can no more bear the one than the other.*

As I was walking in this Solitude, where the Dusk of the Evening conspired with so many other Occasions of Teravour, I observed a Cow grazing not far from me

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me, which an Imagination that was apt to *startle* might easily have construed into a black Horse without an Head; and I dare say the poor Footman lost his Wits upon some such trivial Occasion.

My Friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a good deal of Mirth, that at his first coming to his Estate he found three Parts of his House altogether useless; that the best Room in it had the Reputation of being haunted, and by that Means was locked up; that Noises had been heard in his long Gallery, so that he could not get a Servant to enter it after eight a Clock at Night; that the Door of one of his Chambers was nailed up, because there went a Story in the Family that a Butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his Mother, who lived to a great Age, had shut up half the Rooms in the House, in which either her Husband, a Son, or Daughter had died. The Knight seeing his Habitation reduced to so small a Compass, and himself in a Manner shut out of his own House, upon the Death of his Mother ordered all the Apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his Chaplain, who lay in every Room one after another, and by that Means dissipated the Fears which had so long reigned in the Family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous Horrours, did not I find them so very much prevail in all Parts of the Country. At the same Time I think a Person who is thus terrify'd with the Imagination of Ghosts and Spectres much more reasonable, than one who contrary to the Reports of all Historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the Traditions of all Nations, thinks the Appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless: Could not I give my self up to this general Testimony of Mankind, I should to the Relations of particular Persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other Matters of Fact. I might here add, that not only the Historians, to whom we may joyn the Poets, but likewise the Philosophers of Antiquity have favoured this Opinion. *Lucretius* himself, though by the Course of his Philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the Soul did not

not exist separate from the Body, makes no Doubt of No. 110. the Reality of Apparitions, and that Men have often appeared after their Death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the Matter of Fact which he could not have the Confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical Notions that was ever started. He tells us, That the Surfaces of all Bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective Bodies, one after another; and that these Surfaces or thin Cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the Body like the Coats of an Onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which Means we often behold the Shapes and Shadows of Persons who are either dead or absent.

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I shall dismiss this Paper with a Story out of *Josephus*, not so much for the Sake of the Story it self as for the moral Reflections with which the Author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own Words. 'Glaphyra the Daughter of King Archilaus, after the Death of her two first Husbands (being married to a third, who was Brother to her first Husband, and so passionately in Love with her that he turn'd off his former Wife to make Room for this Marriage) had a very odd kind of Dream. She fancied that she saw her first Husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great Tenderness; when in the Midst of the Pleasure which she expressed at the Sight of him, he reproached her after the following Manner: *Glaphyra*, says he, thou hast made good the old Saying, That Women are not to be trusted. Was not I the Husband of thy Virginity? Have I not Children by thee? How couldst thou forget our Loves so far as to enter into a second Marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy Husband a Man who has so shamelessly crept into the Bed of his Brother? However, for the Sake of our passed Loves, I shall free thee from thy present Reproach, and make thee mine for ever. *Glaphyra* told this Dream to several Women of her Acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this Story might not be impertinent in this Place, wherein I speak of those Kings

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Kings: Besides that, the Example deserves to be taken Notice of, as it contains a most certain Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of Divine Providence. If any Man thinks these Facts incredible, let him enjoy his own Opinion to himself; but let him not endeavour to disturb the Belief of others, who by Instances of this Nature are excited to the Study of Virtue.' L

No. 111.
[ADDISON.]

Saturday, July 7.

— *Inter silvas Academi quaerere verum.—Hor.*

THE Course of my last Speculation led me insensibly into a Subject upon which I always meditate with great Delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was Yesterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and lost my self in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my Mind the several Arguments that establish this great Point, which is the Basis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleasing Hopes and secret Joys that can arise in the Heart of a reasonable Creature. I considered those several Proofs drawn,

First, From the Nature of the Soul it self, and particularly its Immateriality; which, tho' not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a Demonstration.

Secondly, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Existence, its Horrour of Annihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that secret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneasiness which follows in it upon the Commission of Vice.

Thirdly, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whose Justice, Goodness, Wisdom and Veracity are all concerned in this great Point.

But among these and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progress of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it seems to me

me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter No. III. into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable Saturday,
of such immense Perfections, and of receiving new Im-^{July 7,}
provements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing
almost as soon as it is created? Are such Abilities ~~made~~
for no Purpose? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection
that he can never pass; In a few Years he has all the
Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten
thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present.
Were a human Soul thus at a stand in her Accomplish-
ments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable
of farther Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away
insensibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation.
But can we believe a thinking Being, that is in a perpetual
Progress of Improvements, and travelling on from Per-
fection to Perfection, after having just looked abroad into
the Works of its Creator, and made a few Discoveries of his
infinite Goodness, Wisdom and Power, must perish at her
first setting out, and in the very beginning of her
Enquiries?

A Man, considered in his present State, seems only
sent into the World to propagate his Kind. He provides
himself with a Successor, and immediately quits his Post
to make room for him.

haeres
Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

He does not seem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it
down to others. This is not surprizing to consider in
Animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish
their Business in a short Life. The Silk-worm after
having spun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man
can never have taken in his full measure of Knowledge,
has not time to subdue his Passions, establish his Soul in
Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before
he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wise
Being make such glorious Creatures for so mean a Pur-
pose? Can he delight in the Production of such abortive
Intelligences, such short-lived reasonable Beings? Would
he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities
that are never to be gratified? How can we find that
Wisdom

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Wisdom, which shines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World, as only a Nursery for the next, and believing that the several Generations of rational Creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick Successions, are only to receive their first Rudiments of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may spread and flourish to all Eternity?

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant Consideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity; that she will be still adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it must be a Prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of Resemblance.

Methinks this single Consideration, of the Progress of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in superior. That Cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the Human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: Nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of Perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher Nature still advances, and by that means preserves his Distance and Superiority in the Scale of Being; but he knows how high soever the Station is of which he stands possess'd at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same Degree of Glory.

With what Astonishment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhausted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that

that will be always in Reserve for him. The Soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those Mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another for all Eternity,
without a Possibility of touching it: And can there be a Thought so transporting, as to consider our selves in these perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happiness! L

No. 112.

[ADDISON.]

Monday, July 9.

Ἄθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκεται,
Τίμα. — Pyth.

I AM always very well pleased with a Country Sunday; and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day were only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country-People would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Faces, and in their cleanliest Habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the supreme Being. Sunday clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country-Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the Church-yard, as a Citizen does upon the Change; the whole Parish-Politicks being generally discuss'd in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

My Friend Sir ROGER being a good Church-man, has beautified the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own chusing: He has likewise given a handsome Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate he found his Parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock

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Hassock and a Common-prayer Book; and at the same Time employed an itinerant Singing-Master, who goes about the Country for that Purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no Body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by Chance he has been surprized into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions; Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was Yesterday very much surprized to hear my old Friend, in the Midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that, the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character, make his Friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

As soon as the Sermon is finished, no Body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side; and every now and then enquires how

how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father No. 112,
do whom he does not see at Church; which is under-
stood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent
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The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechizing-day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church-Service, has promised upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

The fair Understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers; while the Parson instructs them every Sunday in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

Feuds of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are so used to be dazzled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several Men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it.

L

Tuesday

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No. 113.
[STEELE.]

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— *Hærent infixi pectore vultus.*—Virg.

IN my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth, which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House: As soon as we came into it, 'It is,' quoth the good old Man, looking round him with a Smile, 'very hard, that any Part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and her Severity. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that Custom I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees; so unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Passions by the Methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World.'

Here followed a profound Silence; and I was not displeased to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken Notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause, he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raised my Idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that chearful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

'I came to my Estate in my Twenty second Year, and resolved to follow the Steps of the most worthy of my Ancestors, who have inhabited this spot of Earth before me

me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, for the Sake of my Fame; and in Country Sports and Recreations, for the Sake of my Health. In my Twenty third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in my Servants, Officers, and whole Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that publick Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to your self what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my Horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind Looks and Glance I had from all the Balconies and Windows, as I rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court, to hear the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This commanding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered her self from one Eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to her, she cast her bewitching Eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprized Booby; and knowing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated Calf as I was, Make Way for the Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the County immediately see the Sheriff also was become a Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause was upon Trial, she behaved her self, I warrant you, with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets handed to her Counsel, then would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much Company, that not only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her Favour; and all that the next Heir to her Husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her Counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the Court thought he could have urged to her Advantage. You

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must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures that secretly rejoice in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no further Consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes from her Slaves in Town to those in the Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of Friendship; She is always accompanied by a Confident, who is Witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a Bar to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations.

However, I must needs say this accomplished Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY was the tamest and most human of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the Strength of this slender Encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horses, sent them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their Legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the Country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue suitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I set out from hence to make my Addresses. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wishes, and yet command Respect. To make her Mistress of this Art, she has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit, and good Sense, than is usual even among Men of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, she will arm her self with her real Charms, and strike you with Admiration instead of Desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aspect, that Composure in her Motion, that Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country-Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her House I was admitted to her Presence with great Civility; at the same Time she placed

placed her self to be first seen by me in such an Attitude, No. 113,
as I think you call the Posture of a Picture, that she dis-
covered new Charms, and I at last came towards her with
such an Awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner
observed but she made her Advantage of it, and began a
Discourse to me concerning Love and Honour, as they
both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to
them. When she discussed these Points in a Discourse,
which I verily believe was as learned as the best Philos-
opher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me
whether she was so happy as to fall in with my Senti-
ments on these important Particulars. Her Confidant sat
by her, and upon my being in the last Confusion and
Silence, this malicious Aide of hers turning to her says,
I am very glad to observe Sir ROGER pauses upon this
Subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments
upon the Matter when he pleases to speak. They both
kept their Countenances, and after I had sat half an Hour
meditating how to behave before such profound Casuists, I
rose up and took my Leave. Chance has since that Time
thrown me very often in her Way, and she as often has
directed a Discourse to me which I do not understand.
This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Distance from the
most beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus
also she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Love
to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her.
But were she like other Women, and that there were any
talking to her, how constant must the Pleasure of that
Man be, who could converse with a Creature—— But, after
all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed on some one or
other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who
can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking
to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom and adjusted her
Tucker. Then she cast her Eyes a little down, upon
my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings
excellently; Her Voice in her ordinary Speech has some-
thing in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined
with her at a publick Table the Day after I first saw her,
and she helped me to some Tansy in the Eye of all the
Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly the finest
Hand of any Woman in the World. I can assure you, Sir,
were

No. 113. were you to behold her, you would be in the same Condition; for as her Speech is Musick, her Form is Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men!'

I found my Friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House, that we might be joined by some other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret Cause of all that Inconsistency which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse; tho' he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render into English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, which represents with much Humour my honest Friend's Condition.

*Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo:
Si gaudet, si flet, si facet, hanc loquitur:
Caenat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave,*
*Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute,
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my Lovely Nævia, ever thine.*

R

No. 114.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, July 11.

Paupertatis pudor & fuga —— Hor.

O ECONOMY in our Affairs, has the same Effect upon our Fortunes which good Breeding has upon our Conversations. There is a pretending Behaviour in both Cases, which instead of making Men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had Yesterday at Sir ROGER'S a Set of Country Gentlemen who dined with him; and after Dinner the Glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a Person of a tolerable good Aspect, who seemed

seemed to be more greedy of Liquor than any of the No. 114. Company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with Wednesday's Delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every day, thing that was said; and as he advanced towards being July 11, 1711, fuddled, his Humour grew worse. At the same Time his Bitterness seemed to be rather an inward Dissatisfaction in his own Mind, than any Dislike he had taken to the Company. Upon hearing his Name, I knew him to be a Gentleman of a considerable Fortune in this County, but greatly in Debt. What gives the unhappy Man this Peevishness of Spirit, is, that his Estate is dipp'd, and is eating out with Usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Cost of restless Nights, constant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thousand nameless Inconveniences, preserves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of being less rich. If you go to his House you see great Plenty; but served in a Manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the Master's Mind is not at home. There is a certain Waste and Carelessness in the Air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatness and Clearfulness, which attends the Table of him who lives within Compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine Way of Service in all about him.

This Gentleman's Conduct, tho' a very common way of Management, is as ridiculous as that Officer's would be, who had but few Men under his Command, and should take the Charge of an Extent of Country rather than of a small Pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a Man's Hands, a greater Estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable Vanity, and must in the End reduce the Man who is guilty of it to Dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any County of Great-Britain, we shall see many in this fatal Error; if that may be call'd by so soft a Name, which proceeds from a false Shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary Behaviour would in a short Time advance them to the Condition which they pretend to.

Laertes

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Laertes has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which is mortgaged for six thousand Pounds; but it is impossible to convince him, that if he sold as much as would pay off that Debt, he would save four Shillings in the Pound, which he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Master of it. Yet if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps, be easier in his own Fortune; but then *Irus*, a Fellow of Yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a Year, would be his Equal. Rather than this shall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born Beggars into the World, and every Twelve-month charges his Estate with at least one Year's Rent more by the Birth of a Child.

Laertes and *Irus* are Neighbours, whose Way of living are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Though the Motive of Action is of so near Affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them Poverty is the greatest of all Evils," yet are their Manners very widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unnecessary Equipage, vain Expence, and lavish Entertainments; Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himself only plain Necessaries, appear without a Servant, sell his own Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himself a Labourer. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* go every Day a Step nearer to it; and Fear of Poverty stirs up *Irus* to make every Day some further Progress from it.

These different Motives produce the Excesses which Men are guilty of in the Negligence of and Provision for themselves. Usury, Stock-Jobbing, Extortion and Oppression, have their Seed in the Dread of Want; and Vanity, Riot and Prodigality, from the Shame of it; But both these Excesses are infinitely below the Pursuit of a reasonable Creature. After we have taken Care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining our selves in the Order of Men suitable to our Character, the Care of Superfluities is a Vice no less extravagant, than the Neglect of Necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of Nature, when she is followed with Reason and good Sense. It is from this Reflexion that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest Pleasure: His Magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable

considerable Men, as his Understanding; and it is a true No. 114. distinguishing Spirit in the elegant Author who published Wednesday, his Works, to dwell so much upon the Temper of his July 11, Mind and the Moderation of his Desires: By this Means 1711 he has rendered his Friend as amiable as famous. That State of Life which bears the Face of Poverty with Mr. Cowley's great *Vulgar*, is admirably described; and it is no small Satisfaction to those of the same Turn of Desire, that he produces the Authority of the wisest Men of the best Age of the World, to strengthen his Opinion of the ordinary Pursuits of Mankind.

It would methinks be no ill Maxim of Life, if, according to that Ancestor of Sir Roger, whom I lately mentioned, every Man would point to himself what Sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this Means cheat himself into a Tranquillity on this Side of that Expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler Uses than his own Pleasures or Necessities. This Temper of Mind would exempt a Man from an ignorant Envy of restless Men above him, and a more inexcusable Contempt of happy Men below him. This would be sailing by some Compass, living with some Design; but to be eternally bewildered in Prospects of future Gain, and putting on unnecessary Armour against improbable Blows of Fortune, is a Mechanick Being which has not good Sense for its Direction, but is carried on by a Sort of acquired Instinct towards things below our Consideration and unworthy our Esteem. It is possible that the Tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this Way of Thinking, which is so abstracted from the common Relish of the World: But as I am now in a pleasing Arbour surrounded with a beautiful Landskip, I find no Inclination so strong as to continue in these Mansions, so remote from the ostentatious Scenes of Life; and am at this present Writing Philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley;

*If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Wish so mean as to be Great;
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.*

T

Thursday

No. 115.

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[ADDISON.]

Thursday, July 12.

Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.—Juv.

BODILY Labour is of two kinds, either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself, than any other way of Life. I consider the Body as a System of Tubes and Glands, or to use a more Rustick Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muscle and every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres, that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a Human Body, without considering it in its Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts a more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Clearfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular

ticular that we must ascribe the Spleen, which is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produce those Compressions, Extentions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of Motions that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up our selves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Encrease, and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to Labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exercise.

My Friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man in Business of this kind, and has hung several Parts of his House with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the most valuable Furniture of his House, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Discourse, and shew that he has not been Idle. At the lower end of the Hall, is a large Otter's Skin stuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arsenal filled with

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with Guns of several Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and destroyed many thousands of Pheasants, Partridges and Wood-Cocks. His Stable Doors are patched with Noses that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them that for Distinction sake has a Brass Nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a brace of Geldings, and lost above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest Exploits of his Life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some account of, was the Death of several Foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the Course of his Amours he patched the Western Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his Passion for the Widow abated, and old Age came on, he left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet safe that sits within ten Miles of his House.

There is no kind of Exercise which I would so recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which so much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the Idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its Praises; and if the English Reader would see the Mechanical Effects of it described at length, he may find them in a Book published not many Years since, under the Title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in Town, for want of these Opportunities, I exercise my self an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are so well acquainted with my Hours of Exercise, that they never come into my Room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some Years younger than I am at present, I used to employ my self in a more laborious Diversion, which I learned from a Latin Treatise of Exercises that is written with great Erudition: It is there called the *εκπαχτα*, or the Fighting with a Man's own Shadow; and consists in the brandishing of two short Sticks grasped in each Hand

Hand, and Loaden with Plugs of Lead at either end. This No. 115. opens the Chest, exercises the Limbs, and gives a Man all Thursday, the Pleasure of Boxing, without the Blows. I could wish ^{July 12,}
₁₇₁₁ that several Learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controversies and Disputes about nothing, in *this method* of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Spleen, which makes them uneasy to the Publick as well as to themselves.

To conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider my self as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and think I have not fulfilled the Business of the Day, when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation.

L

No. 116.

[BUDGELL.]

Friday, July 13.

— *Vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
Taygetique canes* —, Virg.

THOSE who have searched into human Nature observe, that nothing so much shews the Nobleness of the Soul, as that its Felicity consists in Action. Every Man has such an active Principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon in whatever Place or State of Life he is posted. I have heard of a Gentleman who was under close Confinement in the *Bastile* seven Years; during which Time he amused himself in scattering a few small Pins about his Chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different Figures on the Arm of a great Chair. He often told his Friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this Piece of Exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his Senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my Readers, that Sir ROGER, with whose Character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth gone through the whole Course of those rural Diversions which the Country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious Industry a Man may observe here in a far greater Degree

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Degree than in Towns and Cities. I have before hinted at some of my Friend's Exploits: He has in his youthful Days taken forty Coveys of Partridges in a Season; and tired many a Salmon with a Line consisting but of a single Hair. The constant Thanks and good Wishes of the Neighbourhood always attended him, on Account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes; having destroyed more of those Vermin in one Year, than it was thought the whole Country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends, that in order to establish his Reputation this Way, he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalize himself in their Destruction the next Day. His Hunting-Horses were the finest and best managed in all these Parts: His Tenents are still full of the Praises of a grey Stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several Years since, and was buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

Sir ROGER, being at present too old for Fox-hunting; to keep himself in Action, has disposed of his Beagles and got a Pack of *Stop-Hounds*. What these want in Speed, he endeavours to make Amends for by the Deepness of their Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are suited in such Manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes up a compleat Consort. He is so nice in this Particular, that a Gentleman having made him a Present of a very fine Hound the other Day, the Knight return'd it by the Servant with a great many Expressions of Civility; but desired him to tell his Master, that the Dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *Base*, but that at present he only wanted a *Counter-Tenor*. Could I believe my Friend had ever read *Shakespear*, I should certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from *Theseus* in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

*My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan Kind,
So flu'd, so sanded; and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew,
Crook-Knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian Bulls;
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,*

Each

*Each under each, A Cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor chear'd with Horn.*

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Sir ROGER is so keen at this Sport, that he has been out almost every Day since I came down; and upon the Chaplain's offering to lend me his easy Pad, I was prevail'd on Yesterday Morning to make one of the Company. I was extremely pleas'd, as we rid along, to observe the general Benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards my Friend. The Farmers' Sons thought themselves happy if they could open a Gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a Nod or a Smile, and a kind Inquiry after their Fathers and Uncles.

After we had rid about a Mile from home, we came upon a large Heath, and the Sports-men began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little Distance from the rest of the Company, I saw a Hare pop out from a small Furze-brake almost under my Horse's Feet. I marked the Way she took, which I endeavoured to make the Company sensible of by extending my Arm; but to no purpose, till Sir ROGER, who knows that none of my extraordinary Motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me *if Puss was gone that Way?* Upon my answering Yes he immediately call'd in the Dogs, and put them upon the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the Country-Fellows muttering to his Companion, *That 'twas a Wonder they had not lost all their Sport, for want of the silent Gentleman's crying STOLE AWAY.*

This, with my Aversion to leaping Hedges, made me withdraw to a rising Ground, from whence I could have the Pleasure of the whole Chase, without the Fatigue of keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately threw them above a Mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or, in Hunter's Language, *Flying the Country*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of Circle round the Hill where I had taken my Station, in such Manner as gave me a very distinct View of the Sport. I could see her first pass by, and the Dogs some Time afterwards

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wards unravelling the whole Track she had made, and following her thro' all her Doubles. I was at the same Time delighted in observing that Deference which the rest of the Pack paid to each particular Hound, according to the Character he had acquired amongst them: If they were at a Fault, and an old Hound of Reputation opened but once, he was immediately follow'd by the whole Cry; while a raw Dog, or one who was a noted *Liar*, might have yelped his Heart out, without being taken Notice of.

The Hare now, after having squatted two or three Times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the Place where she was at first started. The Dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white Gelding, encompassed by his Tenants and Servants, and chearing his Hounds with all the Gaiety of Five and Twenty. One of the Sports-men rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the Chase was almost at an End, because the old Dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the Pack. The Fellow was in the Right. Our Hare took a large Field just under us, follow'd by the full Cry *in View*. I must confess the Brightness of the Weather, the Chearfulness of every thing around me, the *Chiding* of the Hounds, which was returned upon us in a double Eccho from two neighbouring Hills, with the Hollowing of the Sports-men, and the Sounding of the Horn, lifted my Spirits into a most lively Pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was *innocent*. If I was under any Concern, it was on the Account of the poor Hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the Reach of her Enemies; when the Hunts-man getting forward, threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They were now within eight Yards of that Game which they had been pursuing for almost as many Hours; yet on the Signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden Stand, and tho' they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the Pole. At the same Time Sir ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare in his Arms; which he soon after delivered

to

to one of his Servants, with an Order, if she could No. 116.
be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard, where, Friday,
it seems, he has several of these Prisoners of War, July 13,
who live together in a very comfortable Captivity. I
was highly pleased to see the Discipline of the Pack,
and the Good-nature of the Knight, who could not find
in his Heart to murder a Creature that had given him
so much Diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Paschal in his most excellent Discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us, That *all our Endeavours after Greatness, proceed from nothing but a Desire of being surrounded by a Multitude of Persons and Affairs, that may hinder us from looking into our selves, which is a View we cannot bear.* He afterwards goes on to shew that our Love of Sports comes from the same Reason, and is particularly severe upon HUNTING. *What, says he, unless it be to drown Thought, can make Men throw away so much Time and Pains upon a silly Animal, which they might buy cheaper in the Market?* The foregoing Reflection is certainly just, when a Man suffers his whole Mind to be drawn into his Sports, and altogether loses himself in the Woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable End from this Exercise, I mean, *The Preservation of Health, and keeping all the Organs of the Soul in a Condition to execute her Orders.* Had that incomparable Person whom I last quoted been a little more indulgent to himself in this Point, the World might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas thro' too great an Application to his Studies in his Youth, he contracted that ill Habit of Body, which, after a tedious Sickness, carried him off in the fortieth Year of his Age; and the whole History we have of his Life till that Time, is but one continued Account of the Behaviour of a noble Soul struggling under innumerable Pains and Distempers.

For my own Part, I intend to hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir ROGER; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this Exercise to all my Country Friends, as the best Kind of Physick for mending a bad Constitution, and preserving a good one.

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I cannot do this better, than in the following Lines out
of Mr. Dryden.

*The first Physicians by Debauch were made,
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade,
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food,
Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood;
But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten,
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend,
God never made his Work for Man to mend.*

X

No. 117.
[ADDISON.]

Saturday, July 14.

— *Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.—Virg.*

HERE are some Opinions in which a Man should stand Neuter, without engaging his Assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any Determination, is absolutely necessary in a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepossessions. When the Arguments press equally on both sides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the safest Method is to give up our selves to neither.

It is with this Temper of Mind that I consider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular Nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an Intercourse and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we express by the Name of Witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound most in these Relations, and that the Persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an Infernal Commerce are People of a weak Understanding and crazed Imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many Impostures and Delusions of this Nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to suspend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In short, when I consider the Question, Whether there are such Persons in the World as those we call Witches

Witches? my Mind is divided between the two opposite Opinions; or rather (to speak my Thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as Witchcraft; but at the same time can give no Credit to any Particular Instance of it.

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I am engaged in this Speculation, by some Occurrences that I met with Yesterday, which I shall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir ROGER by the side of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied her self to me for my Charity. Her Dress and Figure put me in mind of the following Description in *Otway*.

*In a close Lane as I pursu'd my Journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self.
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold Palsy shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old striped Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold,
So there was nothing of a-piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent-colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness.*

As I was musing on this Description, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were observed to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her House which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of Miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Cross before her. If she made any Mistake at Church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Parish that would take a Pin of her, though she should offer a Bag of Money with it. She goes by the Name of *Moll White*, and has made the Country ring with several imaginary Exploits which are palmed upon her. If the Dairy Maid does not make her Butter come so soon as she would have it, *Moll White* is at the bottom of the Churn. If a Horse sweats in the Stable, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Hare

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makes an unexpected Escape from the Hounds, the Huntsman curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir ROGER) I have known the Master of the Pack, upon such an Occasion, send one of his Servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that Morning.

This Account raised my Curiosity so far, that I begged my Friend Sir ROGER to go with me into her Hovel, which stood in a solitary Corner under the side of the Wood. Upon our first entring Sir ROGER winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the Door, which upon looking that way I found to be an old Broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the Ear to take notice of a Tabby Cat that sat in the Chimney-Corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a Report as *Moll White* her self; for besides that *Moll* is said often to accompany her in the same Shape, the Cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her Life, and to have played several Pranks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was secretly concerned to see Human Nature in so much Wretchedness and Disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old Woman, advising her as a Justice of Peace to avoid all Communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her Neighbours' Cattle. We concluded our Visit with a Bounty, which was very acceptable,

In our Return home Sir ROGER told me, that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making Children spit Pins, and giving Maids the Night-Mare; and that the Country People would be tossing her into a Pond and trying Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

I have since found, upon Enquiry, that Sir ROGER was several times staggered with the Reports that had been brought him concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions, had not his Chaplain with much ado perswaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this Account, because I hear there is scarce a Village in *England* that has

has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old Woman begins No. 117, to doat, and grow chargeable to a Parish, she is generally Saturday,
turned into a Witch, and fills the whole Country with July 14,
extravagant Fancies, imaginary Distempers, and terrifying Dreams. In the mean time, the poor Wretch that is
the innocent Occasion of so many Evils begins to be
frighted at her self, and sometimes confesses secret Com-
merce and Familiarities that her Imagination forms in a
delirious old Age. This frequently cuts off Charity from
the greatest Objects of Compassion, and inspires People
with a Malevolence towards those poor decrepid Parts of
our Species, in whom Human Nature is defaced by Infir-
mity and Dotage. L

No. 118.

[STEELE.]

Monday, July 16.

— *Haeret lateri lethalis arundo.*—Virg.

THIS agreeable Seat is surrounded with so many pleasing Walks, which are struck out of a Wood, in the Midst of which the House stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one Labyrinth of Delight to another. To one used to live in a City the Charms of the Country are so exquisite, that the Mind is lost in a certain Transport which raises us above ordinary Life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with Tranquillity. This State of Mind was I in, ravished with the Murmur of Waters, the Whisper of Breezes, the Singing of Birds; and whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on the Earth, or turned on the Prospects around me, still struck with new Sense of Pleasure; when I found by the Voice of my Friend who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the Grove sacred to the Widow. 'This Woman,' says he, 'is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she does not either say to her Lovers she has any Resolution against that Condition of Life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own Merit, she permits their Addresses without Fear of any ill Consequence, or want of Respect, from their Rage or

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or Despair. She has that in her Aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A Man whose Thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an Object, must be excused if the ordinary Occurrences in Conversation are below his Attention. I call her indeed perverse; but, alas! why do I call her so? because her superior Merit is such, that I cannot approach her without Awe, that my Heart is checked by too much Esteem: I am angry that her Charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: How often have I wished her unhappy, that I might have an Opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very Imagination, at giving her the Pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable Life in secret upon her Account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some Regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful Animal her Confident.

Of all Persons under the Sun (continued he, calling me by my Name) be sure to set a Mark upon Confidants; they are of all People the most impudent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the Merit of the Persons whom they have in their Custody. *Orestilla* is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of Surprizes, therefore full of Suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. *Themista*, her Favourite-Woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the Ward be a Beauty, her Confident shall treat you with an Air of Distance; let her be a Fortune, and she assumes the suspicious Behaviour of her Friend and Patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried Women of Distinction, are to all Intents and Purposes married, except the Consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the Conduct of their Whisperer; and think they are in a State of Freedom, while they can prate with one of these Attendants of all Men in general, and still avoid the Man they most like. You do not see one Heiress in a hundred whose Fate does not turn upon this Circumstance of chusing a Confident. Thus it is that the Lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by Proxy, in her Woman.

In

In my Case, how is it possible that——' Sir ROGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when we heard the Voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these Words, 'What, not one Smile?' We followed the Sound till we came to a close Thicket, on the other Side of which we saw a young Woman sitting as it were in a personated Sullenness just over a transparent Fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. WILLIAM, Sir ROGER'S Master of the Game. The Knight whispered me, 'Hist, these are Lovers.' The Huntsman looking earnestly at the Shadow of the young Maiden in the Stream, 'Oh thou dear Picture, if thou could'st remain there in the Absence of that fair Creature whom you represent in the Water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear BETTY herself with any Mention of her unfortunate WILLIAM, whom she is angry with: But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish——Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest BETTY, thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her WILLIAM? Her Absence will make away with me, as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these Waves to lay hold on thee; her herself, her own dear Person, I must never embrace again——Still do you hear me without one Smile——It is too much to bear——' He had no sooner spoke these Words, but he made an Offer of throwing himself into the Water: At which his Mistress started up, and at the next Instant he jumped across the Fountain and met her in an Embrace. She half recovering from her Fright, said, in the most charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Complaint, 'I thought how well you would drown your self. No, no, you won't drown your self till you have taken your leave of Susan Holliday.' The Huntsman, with a Tenderness that spoke the most passionate Love, and with his Cheek close to hers, whispered the softest Vows of Fidelity in her Ear; and cryed, 'Don't, my Dear, believe a Word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes Stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake.' 'Look you there,' quoth Sir ROGER, 'do you see there, all Mischief comes from Confidants! But let us not interrupt them; the Maid is honest, and the Man dare not be otherwise, for he knows

I

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I loved her Father; I will interpose in this Matter, and hasten the Wedding. *Kate Willow* is a witty mischievous Wench in the Neighbourhood, who was a Beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her Condition. She was so flippant with her Answers to all the honest Fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her Beauty, that she has valued herself upon her Charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her Business to prevent other young Women from being more Discreet than she was herself: However, the saucy Thing said the other Day well enough, "Sir ROGER and I must make a Match, for we are both despised by those we loved": The Hussy has a great Deal of Power wherever she comes, and has her Share of Cunning.

However, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do not know whether in the Main I am the worse for having loved her: Whenever she is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in my Veins. This Affliction in my Life has streaked all my Conduct with a Softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my Heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my Temper, which I should not have arrived at by better Motives than the Thought of being one Day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a Passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical Effect upon my Brain: For I frequently find, that in my most serious Discourse I let fall some comical Familiarity of Speech or odd Phrase that makes the Company laugh; However I cannot but allow she is a most excellent Woman. When she is in the Country I warrant she does not run into Dairies, but reads upon the Nature of Plants; but has a Glass Hive, and comes into the Garden out of Books to see them work, and observe the Policies of their Commonwealth. She understands every thing. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about Trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my Word for it she is no Fool' T

Tuesday

No. 119.

[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, July 17.

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*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Meliboei, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostrae similem* — Virg.

THE first and most obvious Reflections which arise in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in those two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding, as they shew themselves in the Town and in the Country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great Revolution that has happened in this Article of Good Breeding. Several obliging Differencies, Descensions and Submissions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind who lived in Courts and Cities, and distinguished themselves from the Rustick part of the Species (who on all Occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual Complaisance and Intercourse of Civilities. These Forms of Conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the Modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish* Religion, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the height of Good Breeding. The Fashionable World is grown free and easie; our Manners sit more loose upon us; Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good Breeding shows it self most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the last Age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the Fashion of the Polite World, but the Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first State of Nature

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Nature than to those Refinements which formerly reigned in the Court, and still prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never conversed in the World by his Excess of Good Breeding. A Polite Country Squire shall make you as many Bows in half an hour, as would serve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Justices' Wives, than in an Assembly of Duchesses.

This Rural Politeness is very troublesome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER'S Dinner almost cold before the Company could adjust the Ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his Guests, as they sat at the several Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their respective Ranks and Qualities. Honest *Will Wimble*, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfect'd with Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Particular. Though he has been fishing all the Morning, he will not help himself at Dinner 'till I am served. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me; and last Night, as we were walking in the Fields, stopped short at a Stile till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious Smile, that sure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

There has happened another Revolution in the Point of Good Breeding, which relates to the Conversation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first Distinctions of a well-bred Man, to express every thing that had the most remote Appearance of being obscene, in modest Terms and distant Phrases; whilst the Clown, who had no such Delicacy of Conception and Expression, clothed his Ideas in those plain homely Terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perhaps carried to an Excess, so as to make Conversation too

too stiff, formal and precise; for which Reason (as No. 119, Hypocrisy in one Age is generally succeeded by Atheism in another) Conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first Extream; So that at present several of our Men of the Town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a Clown would blush to hear.

This infamous Piece of Good Breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its way into the Country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of Conversation to last long among a People that make any Profession of Religion, or Show of Modesty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the Lurch. Their Good Breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleasure.

As the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much behind hand. The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head Dresses.

But a Friend of mine who is now upon the Western Circuit, having promised to give me an Account of the several Modes and Fashions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last Topick till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Post.

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No. 120.

[ADDISON.]

Wednesday, July 18.

*— Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium —.— Virg.*

M^Y Friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me, upon my passing so much of my Time among his Poultry: He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a Bird's

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Bird's Nest, and several times sitting an Hour or two together near an Hen and Chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every Fowl about his House; calls such a particular Cock my Favourite; and frequently complains that his Ducks and Geese have more of my Company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those Speculations of Nature which are to be made in a Country-Life; and as my Reading has very much lain among Books of natural History, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this Occasion the several Remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own Observation: The Arguments for Providence drawn from the natural History of Animals, being in my Opinion demonstrative.

The Make of every Kind of Animal is different from that of every other Kind; and yet there is not the least Turn in the Muscles or Twist in the Fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular Animal's Way of Life than any other Cast or Texture of them would have been.

The most violent Appetites in all Creatures are *Lust* and *Hunger*: The first, is a perpetual Call upon them to propagate their Kind; the latter, to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different Degrees of Care that descend from the Parent to the Young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a Posterity. Some Creatures cast their Eggs as Chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as Insects and several Kinds of Fish; Others of a nicer Frame, find out proper Beds to deposite them in, and there leave them; as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and Ostrich; Others hatch their Eggs and tend the Birth, till it is able to shift for it self.

What can we call the Principle which directs every different Kind of Bird to observe a particular Plan in the Structure of its Nest, and directs all of the same Species to work after the same Model? It cannot be *Imitation*; for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it see any of the Works of its own Kind, the Nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a Stick, with all the other Nests of the same Species. It cannot be *Reason*; for

for were Animals indued with it to as great a Degree as No. 120. Man, their Buildings would be as different as ours, accord^{ing} to the different Conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

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Is it not remarkable, that the same Temper of Weather which raises this genial Warmth in Animals, should cover the Trees with Leaves and the Fields with Grass for their Security and Concealment, and produce such infinite Swarms of Insects for the Support and Sustenance of their respective Broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the Love of the Parent should be so violent while it lasts; and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the Preservation of the Young?

The Violence of this natural Love is exemplified by a very barbarous Experiment; which I shall quote at Length as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Readers will pardon the mentioning such an Instance of Cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that Principle in Animals of which I am here speaking. 'A Person who was well skilled in Dissections opened a Bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite Tortures offered her one of her young Puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the Time seemed insensible of her own Pain: On the Removal, she kept her Eye fixt on it, and began a wailing sort of Cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the Loss of her young one, than the Sense of her own Torments.'

But notwithstanding this natural Love in Brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational Creatures, Providence has taken Care that it should be no longer troublesome to the Parent than it is useful to the Young; for so soon as the Wants of the latter cease, the Mother withdraws her Fondness and leaves them to provide for themselves: And what is a very remarkable Circumstance in this Part of Instinct, we find that the Love of the Parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual Time if the Preservation of the Species requires it; as we may see in Birds that drive away their Young assoon as they are able to get their Livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the Nest or confined within a Cage, or by any

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any other Means appear to be out of a Condition of supplying their own Necessities.

This natural Love is not observed in Animals to ascend from the Young to the Parent, which is not at all necessary for the Continuance of the Species: Nor indeed in reasonable Creatures does it rise in any Proportion, as it spreads it self downwards; for in all Family-Affection, we find Protection granted and Favours bestowed, are greater Motives to Love and Tenderness; than Safety, Benefits, or Life received.

One would wonder to hear Sceptical Men disputing for the Reason of Animals, and telling us it is only our Pride and Prejudices that will not allow them the Use of that Faculty.

Reason shews it self in all Occurrences of Life; whereas the Brute makes no Discovery of such a Talent, but in what immediately regards his own Preservation, or the Continuance of his Species. Animals in their Generation are wiser than the Sons of Men; but their Wisdom is confined to a few Particulars, and lies in a very narrow Compass. Take a Brute out of his Instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of Understanding. To use an Instance that comes often under Observation,

With what Caution does the Hen provide her self a Nest in Places unfrequented, and free from Noise and Disturbance? When she has laid her Eggs in such a Manner that she can cover them, what Care does she take in turning them frequently, that all Parts may partake of the vital Warmth? When she leaves them to provide for her necessary Sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have Time to cool, and become incapable of producing an Animal? In the Summer you see her giving her self greater Freedoms, and quitting her Care for above two Hours together; but in Winter, when the Rigour of the Season would chill the Principles of Life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her Attendance, and stays away but half the Time. When the Birth approaches, with how much Nicety and Attention does she help the Chick to break its Prison? Not to take Notice of her covering it from the Injuries of the Weather, providing it proper Nourishment, and

and teaching it to help it self; nor to mention her forsaking the Nest, if after the usual Time of reckoning the young one does not make its Appearance. A Chymical Operation could not be followed with greater Art or Diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a Chick; tho' there are many other Birds that shew an infinitely greater Sagacity in all the forementioned Particulars.

But at the same Time the Hen, that has all this seeming Ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the Propagation of the Species) considered in other Respects, is without the least Glimmerings of Thought or Common Sense. She mistakes a Piece of Chalk for an Egg, and sits upon it in the same Manner: She is insensible of any Increase or Diminution in the Number of those she lays; She does not distinguish between her own and those of another Species; and when the Birth appears of never so different a Bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these Circumstances, which do not carry an immediate Regard to the Subsistance of her self or her Species, she is a very Ideot.

There is not in my Opinion any thing more mysterious in Nature than this Instinct in Animals, which thus rises above Reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any Properties in Matter, and at the same Time works after so odd a Manner, that one cannot think it the Faculty of an intellectual Being. For my own Part, I look upon it as upon the Principle of Gravitation in Bodies, which is not to be explained by any known Qualities inherent in the Bodies themselves, nor from any Laws of Mechanism, but, according to the best Notions of the greatest Philosophers, is an immediate Impression from the first Mover, and the Divine Energy acting in the Creatures.

No. 121.
[ADDISON.]

Thursday, July 19.

— *Jovis omnia plena.—Virg.*

AS I was walking this Morning in the great Yard that belongs to my Friend's Country House, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different Workings of Instinct

No. 121. Instinct in a Hen followed by a Brood of Ducks. The Thursday, Young, upon the sight of a Pond, immediately ran into it; while the Step-mother, with all imaginable Anxiety, hovered about the Borders of it, to call them out of an Element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different Principle which acted in these different Animals cannot be termed Reason, so when we call it *Instinct* we mean something we have no Knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last Paper, it seems the immediate Direction of Providence, and such an Operation of the Supreme Being as that which determines all the Portions of Matter to their proper Centres. A modern Philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his Learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same Opinion, tho' in a bolder form of Words, where he says, *Deus est Anima Brutorum*, God himself is the Soul of Brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming Sagacity in Animals, which directs them to such Food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed that a Lamb no sooner falls from its Mother, but immediately and of his own accord applies it self to the Teat. Dampier, in his Travels, tells us, that when Seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown Coasts of America, they never venture upon the Fruit of any Tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the Pecking of Birds; but fall on without any Fear or Apprehension where the Birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding Animals have nothing like the use of Reason, we find in them all the lower Parts of our Nature, the Passions and Senses in their greatest Strength and Perfection. And here it is worth our Observation, that all Beasts and Birds of Prey are wonderfully subject to Anger, Malice, Revenge, and all the other violent Passions that may animate them in search of their proper Food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose Safety lies chiefly in their Flight, are suspicious, fearful and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others that are of Assistance and Use to Man, have their Natures

Nature softned with something mild and tractable, and No 121. by that means are qualified for a Domestick Life. In this Thursday,
case the Passions generally correspond with the Make of July 19,
the Body. We do not find the Fury of a Lion in so 1711
weak and defenceless an Animal as a Lamb, nor the Meekness of a Lamb in a Creature so armed for Battle and Assault as the Lion. In the same manner, we find that particular Animals have a more or less exquisite Sharpness and Sagacity in those particular Senses which most turn to their Advantage, and in which their Safety and Welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great Variety of Arms with which Nature has differently fortified the Bodies of several kind of Animals, such as Claws, Hoofs and Horns, Teeth and Tusks, a Tail, a Sting, a Trunk, or a *Proboscis*. It is likewise observed by Naturalists, that it must be some hidden Principle distinct from what we call Reason, which instructs Animals in the Use of these their Arms, and teaches them to manage 'em to the best Advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their Strength lies, before the Weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in Lambs, which tho' they are bred within Doors, and never saw the Actions of their own Species, push at those who approach them with their Foreheads, before the first budding of a Horn appears.

I shall add to these general Observations an Instance which Mr. Locke has given us of Providence, even in the Imperfections of a Creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal World. We may, says he, from the Make of an Oyster, or Cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick Senses as a Man, or several other Animals; Nor, if it had, would it, in that State and Incapacity of transferring it self from one Place to another, be bettered by them. What good would Sight and Hearing do to a Creature, that cannot move it self to, or from the Object, wherein at a distance it perceives Good or Evil? And would not Quickness of Sensation be an Inconvenience to an Animal, that must be still where Chance has once placed it, and there receive the Afflux of colder or warmer

No. 121 warmer, clean or foul Water, as it happens to come
Thursday, to it?
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I shall add to this Instance out of Mr. *Locke*, another out of the learned Dr. *Moor*, who cites it from *Cardan*, in relation to another Animal which Providence has left Defective, but at the same time has shewn its Wisdom in the Formation of that Organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than, a Mole? and yet what more palpable Argument of Providence than she?* The Members of her Body are so exactly fitted to her Nature and Manner of Life; For her Dwelling being under Ground, where nothing is to be seen, Nature has so obscurely fitted her with Eyes, that Naturalists can scarce agree whether she have any Sight at all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her Defence and Warning of Danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of Hearing. And then her short Tail and short Legs, but broad Fore-feet armed with sharp Claws, we see by the Event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working her self under Ground, and making her way so fast in the Earth, as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her Legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the meer Thickness of her Body; and her Fore-Feet are broad that she may scoop away much Earth at a time, and little or no Tail she has, because she courses it not on the Ground, like the Rat or Mouse, of whose Kindred she is, but lives under the Earth, and is fain to dig her self a Dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an Element, which will not yield easily, as the Air or the Water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a Train behind her, for her Enemy might fall upon her Rear, and fetch her out before she had compleated or got full Possession of her Works.

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. *Boyle's* Remark upon this last Creature, who, I remember, somewhere in his Works observes, that though the Mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought,) she has not Sight enough to distinguish particular Objects. Her Eye is said to have but one Humour in it, which is supposed

supposed to give her the Idea of Light, but of nothing No. 121.
else, and is so formed that this Idea is probably painful
to the Animal. Whenever she comes up into broad
Day she might be in Danger of being taken, unless
she were thus affected by a Light striking upon her
Eye and immediately warning her to bury her self
in her proper Element. More Sight would be useless
to her, as none at all might be fatal.

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I have only instanced such Animals as seem the
most imperfect Works of Nature; and if Providence
shews it self even in the Blemishes of these Creatures,
how much more does it discover it self in the several
Endowments which it has variously bestowed upon
such Creatures as are more or less finished and com-
pleated in their several Faculties, according to the
Condition of Life in which they are posted?

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a
body of Natural History, the best that could be gathered
together from Books and Observations. If the several
Writers among them took each his particular Species,
and gave us a distinct Account of its Original Birth
and Education; its Policies, Hostilities and Alliances,
with the Frame and Texture of its inward and outward
Parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from
all other Animals, with their peculiar Aptitudes for
the State of Being in which Providence has placed
them, it would be one of the best Services their Studies
could do Mankind, and not a little redound to the Glory
of the All-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a Natural History, after all the Dis-
quisitions of the Learned, would be infinitely short and
Defective. Seas and Desarts hide Millions of Animals
from our Observation. Innumerable Artifices and Strata-
gems are acted in the Howling Wilderness and in
the Great Deep, that can never come to our Knowledge.
Besides that there are infinitely more Species of Creatures
which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with
the help of the finest Glasses, than of such as are
bulky enough for the naked Eye to take hold of. How-
ever, from the Consideration of such Animals as lie
within the Compass of our Knowledge, we might easily

No. 121. form a Conclusion of the rest, that the same Variety
 Thursday, of Wisdom and Goodness runs through the whole
 July 19, Creation, and puts every Creature in a condition to
 1711. provide for its Safety and Subsistence in its proper
 Station.

Tully has given us an admirable Sketch of Natural History, in his second Book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and that in a Stile so raised by Metaphors and Descriptions, that it lifts the Subject above Raillery and Ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice Observations, when they pass through the Hands of an ordinary Writer. L

No. 122.
 [ADDISON.]

Friday, July 20.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.—PUBL Syr., Frag.

A MAN'S first Care should be to avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart; his next, to escape the Censures of the World; If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise, there cannot be a greater Satisfaction to an honest Mind, than to see those Approbations which it gives itself seconded by the Applauses of the Publick; A Man is more sure of his Conduct, when the Verdict which he passes upon his own Behaviour is thus warranted, and confirmed by the Opinion of all that know him.

My worthy Friend Sir ROGER is one of those who is not only at Peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable Tribute for his universal Benevolence to Mankind, in the Returns of Affection and Good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd Instances of that general Respect which is shewn to the good old Knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the County-Assizes; As we were upon the Road Will Wimble joyned a couple of plain Men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some Time; during which my Friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their Characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a Spaniel by his Side

Side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an No. 122. honest Man; He is just within the Game-Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheasant; He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that Means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges; in short, he is a very sensible Man; shoots flying; and has been several Times Foreman of the Petty-Jury.

The other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a Fellow famous for *taking the Law of every Body*. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-Sessions. The Rogue had once the Impudence to go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments; He plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespass in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced to sell the Ground it enclosed to defray the Charges of the Prosecution; His Father left him fourscore Pounds a Year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old Business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this Account of *Tom Touchy, Will Wimble* and his two Companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their Respects to Sir ROGER, *Will* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a Dispute that arose between them. *Will*, it seems had been giving his Fellow Traveller an Account of his angling one Day in such a Hole; when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his Story, told him, that Mr. such an One, if he pleased, might *take the Law of him* for fishing in that Part of the River. My Friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round Trot; and after having paused some Time told them, with the Air of a Man who would not give his Judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both Sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's Determination, because neither of them found himself in the Wrong by it; Upon which we made the best of our Way to the Assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir ROGER came, but notwithstanding

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withstanding all the Justices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made Room for the old Knight at the Head of them; who for his Reputation in the Country took Occasion to whisper in the Judge's Ear, That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good Weather in his Circuit. I was listening to the Proceedings of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleased with that great Appearance and Solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick Administration of our Laws; when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I observed to my great Surprize, in the Midst of a Trial, that my Friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some Pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Business and great Intrepidity.

Upon his first Rising the Court was hushed, and a general Whisper ran among the Country-People that Sir ROGER was up. The Speech he made was so little to the Purpose, that I shall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and keep up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same Time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a Distance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our Return home we met with a very odd Accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him Marks of their Esteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest our selves and our Horses. The Man of the House had it seems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family; and to do Honour to his old Master, had some Time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a Sign-post before the Door; so that the Knight's Head had hung out upon the Road about a Week before he himself knew any thing of the Matter. As soon

soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that No. 122.
his Servant's Indiscretion proceeded wholly from Affec- Friday,
tion and Good-will, he only told him that he had made July 20,
him too high a Compliment; and when the Fellow 1711
seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a
more decisive Look, That it was too great an Honour
for any Man under a Duke; but told him at the same
time that it might be altered with a very few Touches,
and that he himself would be at the Charge of it
Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Direc-
tions to add a pair of Whiskers to the Face, and by a
little Aggravation of the Features to change it into the
Saracen's Head. I should not have known this Story,
had not the Inn-keeper upon Sir ROGER's alighting told
him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was
brought back last Night with the Alterations that he
had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend
with his usual Clearfulness related the Particulars above-
mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the
Room. I could not forbear discovering greater Expre-
ssions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of
this monstrous Face, under which, notwithstanding it
was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary
Manner, I could still discover a distant Resemblance of
my old Friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired
me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for People
to know him in that Disguise. I at first kept my
usual Silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to
tell him whether it was not still more like himself
than a *Saracen*, I composed my Countenance in the
best Manner I could, and replied, *That much might be
said on both Sides.*

These several Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour
in them, gave me as pleasant a Day as ever I met with
in any of my Travels. L

Saturday

No. 123. No. 123.
 Saturday, [ADDISON.]
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Saturday, July 21

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,

Rectique cultus pectora roborant,

Ucunque defecere mores,

Dedecorant bene nata culpae.—Hor.

AS I was Yesterday taking the Air with my Friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young Man, who rid by us full Speed, with a couple of Servants behind him. Upon my enquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a considerable Estate, who had been educated by a tender Mother that liv'd not many Miles from the Place where we were. She is a very good Lady, says my Friend, but took so much Care of her Son's Health that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that Reading was bad for his Eyes, and that Writing made his Head ake. He was let loose among the Woods as soon as he was able to ride on Horseback, or to carry a Gun upon his Shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my Friend's Account of him, that he had got a great Stock of Health, but nothing else; and that if it were a Man's Business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young Fellow in the whole County.

The Truth of it is, since my residing in these Parts I have seen and heard innumerable Instances of young Heirs and elder Brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the Estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other Accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these Notions frequently inculcated to them by the Flattery of their Servants and Domesticks, or from the same foolish Thought prevailing in those who have the Care of their Education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their Families, and transmit their Lands and Houses in a Line to Posterity.

This makes me often think on a Story I have heard of two Friends, which I shall give my Reader at large, under feigned Names. The Moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some Circumstances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true Story.

Eudoxus

Eudoxus and *Leontine* began the World with small No. 123, Estates. They were both of them Men of good Sense and great Virtue. They prosecuted their Studies together in their earlier Years, and entered into such a Friendship as lasted to the End of their Lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out in the World, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural Endowments and his acquired Abilities he made his way from one Post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable Fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary sought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Conversation and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the Interests of its Princes, with the Customs and Fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the most accomplished Persons of his Age. During the whole course of his Studies and Travels he kept up a punctual Correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turned of forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, there is no dallying with Life) they determined, pursuant to the Resolution they had taken in the beginning of their Lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an Estate of as many thousands. They were both of them Fathers about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a Son born to him and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unspeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happiness was wrapped up) died in a few days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the

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the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper Education in his own House, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his Daughter, till they were each of them arrived at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *Eudoxus*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produced so good an Effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finished his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies

Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great No. 123. Estates without them. This was not *Florio's Case*; he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he Studied without Intermission till he gained a very good Insight into the Constitution and Laws of his Country.

I should have told my Reader, that whilst *Florio* lived at the House of his Foster-father he was always an acceptable Guest in the Family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by degrees grew into Love, which in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue became a very uneasy Passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greatest Beauty joined with the greatest Modesty, entertained at the same time a secret Passion for *Florio*, but conducted her self with so much Prudence that she never gave him the least Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those Arts and Improvements that are proper to raise a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country, but secretly tormented with that Passion which burns with the greatest Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when he received a sudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the Country the next Day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the House of his supposed Father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great Importance to communicate to him; upon which the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great House that stood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the first Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Closet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this manner. *I have no other way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to Leontine than by marrying you to his Daughter. He shall not lose the Pleasure of being your Father, by the discovery I have made to you*

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you, Leonilla too shall be still my Daughter; her filial Piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest Reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the Pleasure of seeing a great Estate fall to you, which you would have lost the Relish of had you known your self born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your Mother in the next Room. Her Heart yearns towards you. She is making the same Discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself. Florio was so overwhelmed with this Profusion of Happiness, that he was not able to make a Reply, but threw himself down at his Father's Feet, and amidst a Flood of Tears, kissed and embraced his Knees, asking his Blessing, and expressing in dumb Show those Sentiments of Love, Duty and Gratitude that were too big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were married, and half Eudoxus's Estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the Remainder of their Lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just Recompence, as well as the natural Effects, of that Care which they had bestowed upon them in their Education.

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No. 124.

[ADDISON.]

Monday, July 23.

Μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν.

A MAN who publishes his Works in a Volume, has an infinite Advantage over one who communicates his Writings to the World in loose Tracts and single Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky Volume, till after some heavy Preamble, and several Words of Course, to prepare the Reader for what follows: Nay, Authors have established it as a Kind of Rule, That a Man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe Reader makes Allowances for many Rests and Nodding-places in a Voluminous Writer. This gave Occasion to the famous Greek Proverb which I have chosen for my Motto, *That a great Book is a great Evil.*

On

On the contrary, those who publish their Thoughts No. 124.
in distinct Sheets, and as it were by Piece-meal, have none of these Advantages. We must immediately fall into our Subject, and treat every part of it in a lively Manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and insipid; Our Matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the Turn it receives from our Expressions. Were the Books of our best Authors thus to be retailed to the Publick, and every Page submitted to the Taste of forty or fifty thousand Readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat Expressions, trivial Observations, beaten Topicks, and common Thoughts, which go off very well in the Lump. At the same Time, notwithstanding some Papers may be made up of broken Hints and irregular Sketches, it is often expected that every Sheet should be a kind of Treatise, and make out in Thought what it wants in Bulk; That a Point of Humour should be worked up in all its Parts; and a Subject touched upon in its most essential Articles, without the Repetitions, Tautologies, and Enlargements that are indulged to longer Labours. The ordinary Writers of Morality prescribe to their Readers after the Galenick Way; their Medicines are made up in large Quantities. An Essay Writer must practise in the Chymical Method, and give the Virtue of a full Draught in a few Drops. Were all Books reduced thus to their Quintessence, many a bulky Author would make his Appearance in a Penny Paper; There would be scarce such a thing in Nature as a Folio; The Works of an Age would be contained on a few Shelves; not to mention Millions of Volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the Difficulty of furnishing out separate Papers of this Nature has hindered Authors from communicating their Thoughts to the World after such a Manner; Though I must confess I am amazed that the Press should be only made use of in this Way by News-Writers, and the Zealots of Parties; as if it were not more advantageous to Mankind to be instructed in Wisdom and Virtue, than in Politicks; and to be made good Fathers, Husbands, and Sons, than Counsellors

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Counsellors and Statesmen. Had the Philosophers and great Men of Antiquity, who took so much Pains in order to instruct Mankind, and leave the World wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the Art of Printing, there is no Question but they would have made such an Advantage of it, in dealing out their Lectures to the Publick. Our common Prints would be of great Use were they thus calculated to diffuse good Sense through the Bulk of a People, to clear up their Understandings, animate their Minds with Virtue, dissipate the Sorrows of a heavy Heart, or unbend the Mind from its more severe Employments with innocent Amusements. When Knowledge, instead of being bound up in Books, and kept in Libraries and Retirements, is thus obtruded upon the Publick; when it is canvassed in every Assembly, and exposed upon every Table; I cannot forbear reflecting upon that Passage in the *Proverbs*, *Wisdom cryeth without, she uttereth her Voice in the Streets; She cryeth in the chief Place of Concourse, in the Openings of the Gates. In the City she uttereth her Words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love Simplicity? and the Scorners delight in their Scorning? and Fools hate Knowledge?*

The many Letters which come to me from Persons of the best Sense in both Sexes (for I may pronounce their Characters from their Way of Writing) do not a little encourage me in the Prosecution of this my Undertaking; Besides that, my Bookseller tells me, the Demand for these my Papers increases daily. It is at his Instance that I shall continue my *rural Speculations* to the End of this Month; several having made up separate Sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to Wit, to Operas, to Points of Morality, or Subjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my Works thrown aside by Men of no Taste nor Learning. There is a kind of Heaviness and Ignorance that hangs upon the Minds of ordinary Men, which is too thick for Knowledge to break through; Their Souls are not to be enlightened,

— *Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

To

To these I must apply the Fable of the Mole, That No. 124.
after having consulted many Oculists for the bettering Monday,
of his Sight, was at last provided with a good Pair of July 23,
Spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of 1711
them, his Mother told him very prudently, "That Spectacles, though they might help the Eye of a Man, could be of no use to a Mole." It is not therefore for the Benefit of Moles that I publish these my daily Essays.

But besides such as are Moles through Ignorance, there are others who are Moles through Envy. As it is said in the Latin Proverb, "That one Man is a Woolf to another;" so, generally speaking, one Author is a Mole to another Author. It is impossible for them to discover Beauties in one another's Works; they have Eyes only for Spots and Blemishes: They can indeed see the Light, as it is said of the Animals which are their Namesakes, but the Idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their Eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful Obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark undermining Vermin, and intend to make a String of them, in order to hang them up in one of my Papers, as an Example to such voluntary Moles. C

No. 125.
[ADDISON.]

Tuesday, July 24.

*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella;
Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires.*—Virg.

MY worthy Friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the Malice of Parties, very frequently tells us an Accident that happened to him when he was a School-Boy, which was at the Time when the Feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight being then but a Strippling, had Occasion to enquire which was the Way to St Anne's Lane, upon which the Person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his Question, called him a young Popish Cur, and asked him who had made Anne a Saint? The Boy being in some Confusion, enquired of the next he met, which was the Way

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Way to Anne's Lane ; but was called a Prick-eared Cur for his Pains, and instead of being shewn the Way, was told, that she had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. 'Upon this,' says Sir ROGER, 'I did not think fit to repeat the former Question, but going into every Lane of the Neighbourhood, asked what they called the Name of that Lane.' By which ingenious Artifice he found out the Place he enquired after, without giving Offence to any Party. Sir ROGER generally closes this Narrative with Reflections on the Mischief that Parties do in the Country ; how they spoil good Neighbourhood, and make honest Gentlemen hate one another ; besides that they manifestly tend to the Prejudice of the Land-Tax, and the Destruction of the Game.

There cannot a greater Judgment befall a Country than such a dreadful Spirit of Division as rends a Government into two distinct People, and makes them greater Strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different Nations. The Effects of such a Division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with Regard to those Advantages which they give the Common Enemy, but to those private Evils which they produce in the Heart of almost every particular Person. This Influence is very fatal both to Men's Morals and their Understandings ; It sinks the Virtue of a Nation, and not only so, but destroys even Common Sense.

A furious Party-Spirit, when it rages in its full Violence, exerts it self in Civil War and Bloodshed ; and when it is under its greatest Restraints naturally breaks out in Falshood, Detraction, Calumny, and a partial Administration of Justice. In a Word, It fills a Nation with Spleen and Rancour, and extinguishes all the Seeds of Good-Nature, Compassion and Humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, That a Man should not allow himself to hate even his Enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this Passion in some Occasions, it will rise of it self in others ; if you hate your Enemies, you will contract such a vicious Habit of Mind, as by Degrees will break out upon those who are your Friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here observe how admirably this

this Precept of Morality (which derives the Malignity of No. 125. Hatred from the Passion it self, and not from its Object) answers to that great Rule which was dictated to the World about an Hundred Years before this Philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real Grief of Heart, that the Minds of many good Men among us appear sower'd with Party-Principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the Dictates either of Reason or Religion. Zeal for a Publick Cause is apt to breed Passions in the Hearts of virtuous Persons, to which the Regard of their own private Interest would never have betrayed them.

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If this Party-Spirit has so ill an Effect on our Morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our Judgments. We often hear a poor insipid Paper or Pamphlet cryed up, and sometimes a noble Piece depreciated, by those who are of a different Principle from the Author. One who is actuated by this Spirit is almost under an Incapacity of discerning either real Blemishes or Beauties. A man of Merit in a different Principle, is like an Object seen in two different Mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however streight and entire it may be in it self. For this Reason there is scarce a Person of any Figure in *England* who does not go by two contrary Characters, as opposite to one another as Light and Darkness. Knowledge and Learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange Prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all Ranks and Degrees in the *British* Nation. As Men formerly became eminent in learned Societies by their Parts and Acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the Warmth and Violence with which they espouse their respective Parties. Books are valued upon the like Considerations: An Abusive Scurrilous Style passes for Satyr, and a dull Scheme of Party-Notions is called fine Writing.

There is one Piece of Sophistry practised by both Sides, and that is the taking any scandalous Story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private Man, for a known undoubted Truth, and raising suitable Speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have

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have been often refuted, are the ordinary Postulatums of these infamous Scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first Principles granted by all Men, though in their Hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these Foundations of Scurrility, it is no wonder that their Superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless Practice of the present Age endures much longer, Praise and Reproach will cease to be Motives of Action in good Men.

There are certain Periods of Time in all Governments when this inhuman Spirit prevails. *Italy* was long torn in pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Cibellines*, and *France* by those who were for and against the League: But it is very unhappy for a Man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous Season. It is the restless Ambition of Artful Men that thus breaks a People into Factions, and draws several well-meaning Persons to their Interest by a Specious Concern for their Country. How many honest Minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous Notions, out of their Zeal for the Publick Good? What Cruelties and Outrages would they not commit against Men of an adverse Party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are Persons of the greatest Probity seduced into shameful Errors and Prejudices, and made bad Men even by that noblest of Principles, the Love of their Country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous *Spanish Proverb*, *If there were neither Fools nor Knaves in the World, all People would be of one Mind.*

For my own Part, I could heartily wish that all Honest Men would enter into an Association, for the Support of one another against the Endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their Common Enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest Body of Neutral Forces, we should never see the worst of Men in great Figures of Life, because they are useful to a Party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those Methods which would be grateful to their Faction. We should then single every Criminal out of the Herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and

and overgrown he might appear: On the contrary, we No. 125,
 should shelter distressed Innocence, and defend Virtue,
 however beset with Contempt or Ridicule, Envy or
 Defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard
 our Fellow-Subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make
 the Man of Merit our Friend, and the Villain our
 Enemy. C

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No. 126.

[ADDISON.]

Wednesday, July 25.

Tros Rutulusve fuit, nullo discrimine habebo.—Virg.

IN my Yesterday's Paper I proposed, that the honest Men of all Parties should enter into a Kind of Association for the Defence of one another, and the Confusion of their common Enemies. As it is designed this neutral Body should act with a Regard to nothing but Truth and Equity, and divest themselves of the little Heats and Prepossessions that cleave to Parties of all Kinds, I have prepared for them the following Form of an Association, which may express their Intentions in the most plain and simple Manner.

We whose Names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, that we do in our Consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any Man whatsoever to be our Enemy who endeavours to perswade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the Hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all Times and all Places; and that ten will not be more three Years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our Resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all Occasions oppose such Persons that upon any Day of the Year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost Peril of our Lives and Fortunes.

Were there such a Combination of honest Men, who without any Regard to Places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious Zealots as would sacrifice one half of their Country to the Passion and Interest of the other; as also such infamous Hypocrites, that are for promoting their

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own Advantage, under Colour of the Publick Good; with all the profligate immoral Retainers to each Side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit Submission to their Leaders; we should soon see that furious Party-Spirit extinguished, which may in Time expose us to the Derision and Contempt of all the Nations about us.

A Member of this Society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making Room for Merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved Part of Mankind from those conspicuous Stations of Life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any REGARD to his private Interest, would be no small Benefactor to his Country.

I remember to have read in *Diodorus Siculus* an Account of a very active little Animal, which I think he calls the *Ichneumon*, that makes it the whole Business of his Life to break the Eggs of the Crocodile, which he is always in search after. This Instinct is the more remarkable, because the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the Eggs he has broken, nor any other Way finds his Account in them. Were it not for the incessant Labours of this industrious Animal, *Ægypt*, says the Historian, would be over-run with Crocodiles; for the *Ægyptians* are so far from destroying those pernicious Creatures, that they worship them as Gods.

If we look into the Behaviour of ordinary Partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested Animal; and rather acting after the Example of the wild *Tartars*, who are ambitious of destroying a Man of the most extraordinary Parts and Accomplishments, as thinking that upon his Decease the same Talents, whatever Post they qualified him for, enter of Course into his Destroyer.

As in the whole Train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious Spirit of Passion and Prejudice, which rages with the same Violence in all Parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some Good in this Particular, because I observe that the Spirit of Party reigns more in the Country than in the Town. It here contracts a kind

kind of Brutality and rustick Fierceness, to which Men No. 126. of a Politer Conversation are wholly Strangers. It Wednesday, extends it self even to the Return of the Bow and the July 25, Hat; and at the same Time that the Heads of Parties 1711. preserve towards one another an outward Show of good Breeding, and keep up a perpetual Intercourse of Civilities, their Tools that are dispersed in these outlying Parts will not so much as mingle together at a Cock-Match. This Humour fills the Country with several periodical Meetings of Whig Jockeys and Tory Fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable Curses, Frowns, and Whispers it produces at a Quarter-Sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former Papers, that my Friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different Principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *money'd* Interest. This Humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable Raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the Club. I find however that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the Country than in Town, which, as he has told me in my Ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his Interest. In all our Journey from London to his House we did not so much as bait at a Whig Inn; or if by Chance the Coachman stopped at a wrong Place, one of Sir ROGER'S Servants would ride up to his Master full Speed, and whisper to him that the Master of the House was against such an one in the last Election. This often betrayed us into hard Beds and bad Cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper; and provided our Landlord's Principles were sound, did not take any Notice of the Staleness of his Provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the Host was, the worse generally were his Accommodations; the Fellow knowing very well, that those who were his Friends would take up with coarse Diet and an hard Lodging. For these Reasons, all the while I was upon the Road I dreaded entering into an House of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honest Man.

Since my stay at Sir ROGER'S in the Country, I daily

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daily find more Instances of this narrow Party-Humour. Being upon a Bowling-Green at a neighbouring Market-Town the other Day, (for that is the Place where the Gentlemen of one Side meet once a Week) I observed a Stranger among them of a better Presence and genteeler Behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprized, that notwithstanding he was a very fair Bettor, no Body would take him up. But upon Enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable Vote in a former Parliament, for which Reason there was not a Man upon that Bowling-Green who would have so much Correspondence with him as to win his Money of him.

Among other Instances of this Nature I must not omit one which concerns my self. *Will Wimble* was the other Day relating several strange Stories that he had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprized to hear such things in the Country which had never been so much as whispered in the Town, *Will* stopped short in the Thread of his Discourse, and after Dinner asked my Friend Sir ROGER in his Ear if he was sure that I was not a Fanatick.

It gives me a serious Concern to see such a Spirit of Dissention in the Country; not only as it destroys Virtue and common Sense, and renders us in a manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our Animosities, widens our Breaches, and transmits our present Passions and Prejudices to our Posterity. For my own Part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the Seeds of a Civil War in these our Divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first Principles, the Miseries and Calamities of our Children. C

No. 127.
[ADDISON.]

Thursday, July 26.

— *Quantum est in rebus inane!*—Pers.

IT is our Custom at Sir ROGER'S, upon the coming in of the Post to sit about a Pot of Coffee, and hear the old Knight read *Dyer's Letter*; which he does with his Spectacles upon his Nose, and in an audible Voice, smiling

smiling very often at those little Strokes of Satyr which No. 127. are so frequent in the Writings of that Author. I after Thursday, wards communicate to the Knight such Packets as I July 26, receive under the Quality of SPECTATOR. The following Letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his Request.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

You have diverted the Town almost a whole Month at the Expence of the Country, it is now high time that you should give the Country their Revenge. Since your withdrawing from this Place, the fair Sex are run into great Extravagancies. Their Petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous Concave, and rise every Day more and more: In short, Sir, since our Women know themselves to be out of the Eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no Compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the Modesty of their Head-dresses; For as the Humour of a Sick Person is often driven out of one Limb into another, their Superfluity of Ornaments, instead of being entirely Banished, seems only fallen from their Heads upon their lower Parts. What they have lost in Height they make up in Breadth, and contrary to all Rules of Architecture widen the Foundations at the same time that they shorten the Superstructure. Were they, like Spanish Jennets, to impregnate by the Wind, they could not have thought on a more proper Invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular Use in this Petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was supposed to be in those of Scantier Make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

The Women give out, in Defence of these wide Bottoms, that they are Airy, and very proper for the Season; but this I look upon to be only a Pretence, and a piece of Art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate Summer these many Years, so that it is certain the Heat they complain of cannot be in the Weather: Besides, I would fain ask these tender-constitution'd Ladies, why they should require more Cooling than their Mothers before them.

I

No. 127. I find several Speculative Persons are of Opinion that Thursday, our Sex has of late Years been very Saucy, and that the July 26, Hoop-Petticoat is made use of to keep us at a Distance. 1711. It is most certain that a Woman's Honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in Circle within Circle, amidst such a Variety of Outworks and Lines of Circumvallation. A Female who is thus invested in Whale-Bone is sufficiently secured against the Approaches of an ill-bred Fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etheridge's way of making Love in a Tub, as in the midst of so many Hoops.

Among these various Conjectures, there are Men of Superstitious Tempers, who look upon the Hoop-Petticoat as a kind of Prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the Downfall of the *French* King, and observe that the Farthingale appeared in *England* a little before the Ruin of the *Spanish* Monarchy. Others are of Opinion that it foretells Battle and Bloodshed, and believe it of the same Prognostication as the Tail of a Blazing Star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a Sign that Multitudes are coming into the World, rather than going out of it.

The first time I saw a Lady dressed in one of these Petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own Thoughts for walking abroad when she was *so near her Time*, but soon recovered my self out of my Errour, when I found all the Modish Part of the Sex as *far gone* as her self. It is generally thought some crafty Women have thus betrayed their Companions into Hoops, that they might make them accessory to their own Concealments, and by that means escape the Censure of the World; as wary Generals have sometimes dressed two or three dozen of their Friends in their own Habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular Attacks from the Enemy. The strutting Petticoat smooths all Distinctions, levels the Mother with the Daughter, and sets Maids and Matrons, Wives and Widows, upon the same bottom. In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to see so many well shaped innocent Virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bellied Women.

Should

Should this Fashion get among the ordinary People, No. 127, our publick Ways would be so crowded that we should Thursday, want Street-room. Several Congregations of the best July 26, 1711. Fashion find themselves already very much streightned, and if the Mode encrease I wish it may not drive many ordinary Women into Meetings and Conventicles. Should our Sex at the same time take it into their Heads to wear Trunk Breeches (as who knows what their Indignation at this Female Treatment may drive them to?) a Man and his Wife would fill a whole Pew.

You know, Sir, it is recorded of *Alexander the Great*, that in his *Indian Expedition* he buried several Suits of Armour which by his Directions were made much too big for any of his Soldiers, in order to give Posterity an extraordinary *Idea* of him, and make them believe he had commanded an Army of Giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present Petticoats happens to be hung up in any Repository of Curiosities, it will lead into the same Error the Generations that lie some Removes from us; unless we can believe our Posterity will think so disrespectfully of their Great Grandmothers, that they made themselves Monstrous to appear Amiable.

When I survey this new-fashioned *Rotonda* in all its Parts, I cannot but think of the old Philosopher, who after having entered into an *Egyptian Temple*, and looked about for the Idol of the Place, at length discovered a little black Monkey enshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, (to the great Scandal of the Worshipers,) What a magnificent Palace is here for such a Ridiculous Inhabitant!

Though you have taken a Resolution, in one of your Papers, to avoid descending to Particularities of Dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an Occasion, to Unhoop the fair Sex, and cure this fashionable Tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the Petticoat will shrink of its own Accord at your first coming to Town; at least a Touch of your Pen will make it contract it self, like the Sensitive Plant, and by that means oblige several who are either terrified

No. 127. terrified or astonished at this portentous Novelty, and
 Thursday, among the rest,
 July 26, 1711. C Your Humble Servant, &c.'

No. 128.

[ADDISON.]

Friday, July 27.

Concordia discors.—Luc.

WOMEN in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They should each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Biass which Nature has fixed in their Minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action affects the Character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, Women by a thoughtless Gallantry. Where these Precautions are not observed, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, the Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightliness and good Humour of the Wife. When these are rightly tempered, Care and Chearfulness go Hand in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the Country I must fetch my Allusions from thence) That only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs begin a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after; That whilst the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a neighbouring Bough within her Hearing; and by that Means amuses and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

This Contract among Birds lasts no longer than till a
 Brood

Brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the No. 128, feather'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married State, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and the Woman are joyned together for Life, and the main Burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of soothing and Blandishment to the Female, that she may clear and animate her Companion in a constant and assiduous Application to the making a Provision for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same Duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are bestowed on the different Sexes.

But whatever was the Reason that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we observe the Conduct of the fair Sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a Person who resembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counter-ballance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Sense. When we see a Fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite: Noise and Flutter are such Accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the Passion of an ordinary Woman for a Man, is nothing else but Self-love diverted upon another Object: She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind, than those Lines of Mr. Dryden,

*Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.*

This is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as themselves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their Fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiscretions.

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The same female Levity is no less fatal to them after Marriage than before: It represents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honest tractable and domestick Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads astray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the same pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what she loved in her Gallant; and by that Means contributes all she can to perpetuate her self in a worthless Progeny.

The younger *Faustina* was a lively Instance of this Sort of Women. Notwithstanding she was married to *Marcus Aurelius*, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the *Roman* Emperors, she thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken such Care to accomplish her Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he ascended the Throne of his Father, he became the most foolish and abandoned Tyrant that was ever placed at the Head of the *Roman Empire*, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Men's Brains. As he had no Taste of true Glory, we see him in several Medals and Statues which are still extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country-Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from Sir ROGER. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diversions of the Town; the Husband a morose Rustick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it: The Wife is over-run with Affection, the Husband sunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noise of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your Tedious Summer-Days, and is sick at the Sight of shady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails

rails from Morning to Night at essenced Fops and No. 128. tawdry Courtiers. The Children are educated in these Friday,
different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow the ^{July 27,}
Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read ^{1711.}
Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother.
By this Means it comes to pass, that the Girls look
upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their
Mother no better than she should be,

How different are the Lives of *Aristus* and *Aspatia*?
The innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and
composed by the cheerful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows Wise by the Discourses of the Husband,
and the Husband good-humour'd by the Conversations
of the Wife. *Aristus* would not be so amiable were
it not for his *Aspatia*, nor *Aspatia* so much to be
esteemed were it not for her *Aristus*. Their Virtues are
blended in their Children, and diffuse through the whole
Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency,
and Satisfaction. C

No. 129,
[ADDISON.]

Saturday, July 28.

*Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,
Cum rota posterior curras & in axe secundo.*—Pers.

GREAT Masters in Painting never care for drawing People in the Fashion; as very well knowing that the Head-dress, or Periwig, that now prevails, and gives a Grace to their Portaitures at present, will make a very odd Figure, and perhaps look monstrous, in the Eyes of Posterity. For this Reason they often represent an illustrious Person in a *Roman* Habit, or in some other Dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my Country Friends, that there was such a kind of *everlasting Drapery* to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the Town, and that they would agree upon such Fashions as should never be liable to Changes and Innovations. For want of this *Standing Dress*, a Man who takes a Journey into the Country is as much surprised, as one who walks in a Gallery of old Family-Pictures; and finds as

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as great a Variety of Garbs and Habits in the Persons he Converses with. Did they keep to one constant Dress they would sometimes be in the Fashion, which they never are, as Matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the Mode they would continue fixed in one certain Habit, the Mode would some time or other overtake them, as a Clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve Hours. In this Case therefore I would advise them, as a Gentleman did his Friend who was hunting about the whole Town after a rambling Fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your self at the Corner of any one Street, I'll engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this Subject, in a Speculation which shews how cruelly the Country are led astray in following the Town; and equipped in a ridiculous Habit, when they fancy themselves in the height of the Mode. Since that Speculation, I have received a Letter (which I there hinted at) from a Gentleman who is now in the Western Circuit.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Being a Lawyer of the *Middle Temple*, a *Cornishman* by Birth, I generally ride the Western Circuit for my Health, and as I am not interrupted with Clients, have leisure to make many Observations that escape the Notice of my Fellow-Travellers.

One of the most fashionable Women I met with in all the Circuit was my Landlady at *Stains*, where I chanced to be on a Holiday. Her Commode was not half a Foot high, and her Petticoat within some Yards of a modish Circumference. In the same Place I observed a young Fellow with a tollerable Periwig, had it not been covered with a Hat that was shaped in the *Ramillie Cock*. As I proceeded in my Journey I observed the Petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about three-score Miles from *London* was so very unfashionable, that a Woman might walk in it without any manner of Inconveniencē.

Not far from *Salisbury* I took Notice of a Justice of Peace's

Peace's Lady who was at least ten Years behind hand No. 129, in her Dress, but at the same time as fine as Hands could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from Head to Foot; every Ribbon was wrinkled, and every Part of her Garments in Curl, so that she looked like one of those Animals which in the Country we call a *Friezeland Hen*.

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Not many Miles beyond this Place I was informed that one of the last Year's little Muffs had by some means or other straggled into those Parts, and that all the Women of Fashion were cutting their old Muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little Model which was got among them. I cannot believe the Report they have there, that it was sent down frank'd by a Parliament-man in a little Packet; but probably by next winter this Fashion will be at the height in the Country, when it is quite out at *London*.

The greatest Beau at our next County Sessions was dressed in a most monstrous Flaxen Periwig, that was made in King *William's Reign*. The Wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own Hair when he is at home, and lets his Wig lie in Buckle for a whole half Year, that he may put it on upon Occasion to meet the Judges in it.

I must not here omit an Adventure which happened to us in a Country Church upon the Frontiers of *Cornwall*. As we were in the midst of the Service, a Lady who is the chief Woman of the Place, and had passed the Winter at *London* with her Husband, entered the Congregation in a little Head-dress and a Hoop'd-Petticoat. The People, who were wonderfully startled at such a Sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious Bottom, and some at the little Top of this strange Dress. In the mean time the Lady of the Mannor filled the Area of the Church, and walked up to her Pew with an unspeakable Satisfaction, amidst the Whispers, Conjectures and Astonishments of the whole Congregation.

Upon our way from hence we saw a young Fellow riding towards us full Gallop, with a Bob Wig and a black Silken Bag tied to it. He stopt short at the Coach, to ask

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ask us how far the Judges were behind us. His Stay was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new Silk Waistcoat, which was unbuttoned in several Places to let us see that he had a clean Shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

From this Place, during our Progress through the most Western Parts of the Kingdom, we fancied our selves in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, the People having made very little Variations in their Dress since that time. The smartest of the Country Squires appear still in the *Monmouth* Cock, and when they go a wooing (whether they have any Post in the Militia or not) they generally put on a red Coat. We were indeed very much surprized, at the Place we lay at last Night, to meet with a Gentleman that had accoutered himself in a Night-Cap Wig, a Coat with long Pockets and slit Sleeves, and a pair of Shooes with high Scollop Tops; but we soon found by his Conversation that he was a Person who laughed at the Ignorance and Rusticity of the Country People, and was resolved to live and die in the Mode.

Sir, if you think this Account of my Travels may be of any Advantage to the Publick, I will next Year trouble you with such Occurrences as I shall meet with in other Parts of *England*. For I am informed there are greater Curiosities in the Northern Circuit than in the Western; and that a Fashion makes its Progress much slower into *Cumberland* than into *Cornwall*. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk arrived but two Months ago at *Newcastle*, and that there are several Commodes in those Parts which are worth taking a Journey thither to see.

C

No. 130.

[ADDISON.]

Monday, July 30.

— *Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat praedas, & vivere rapto.* — Virg.

AS I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gypsies. Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some Doubt whether he should not

not exert the *Justice of the Peace* upon such a Band of No. 130. lawless Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellour on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the Thought drop; But at the same Time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants. If a stray Piece of Linen hangs upon an Hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it; if a Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; our Geese cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Hen-roost is sure to pay for it: They generally straggle into these Parts about this Time of the Year; and set the Heads of our Servant-Maids so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Business done, as it should be, whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-Maid who crosses their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer; and never fails being promised the handsomest young Fellow in the Parish for her Pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every Time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gypsie for about half an Hour once in a Twelve-month. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: The Sluts have often very white Teeth and black Eyes.

Sir ROGER observing that I listned with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A Cassandra of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood

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stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and dili-
gently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them who was older and more Sun-burnt than the rest, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life; Upon which the Knight cryed, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The Gypsie finding he was not displeased in his Heart, told him, after a further Enquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to Night. My old Friend cryed pish, and bid her go on. The Gypsie told him that he was a Batchelour, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to some Body than he thought; the Knight still repeated, She was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gypsie, that roguish Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ake; you ha'n't that Simper about the Mouth for Nothing—The uncouth Gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

As we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew several sensible People who believed these Gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for Half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjuror, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was pickt; That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my Reader with Historical Remarks on this idle profligate People, who infest all the Countries of *Europe*, and live in the Midst of Governments in a kind of Commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into Observations of this Nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my Paper with a Story which is still fresh in *Holland*, and was printed in one of our Monthly Accounts about twenty Years ago. 'As the *Trekschuyt*, or Hackney-boat, which carries Passengers from *Leiden* to *Amsterdam*, was putting off, a Boy running along the Side of the Canal, desir'd to be taken in; which

which the Master of the Boat refused, because the Lad had No. 130, not quite Money enough to pay the usual Fare. An ^{Monday,} eminent Merchant being pleased with the Looks of the ^{July 30,} Boy, and secretly touched with Compassion towards him, ¹⁷¹¹ paid the Money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four Languages, and learned upon further Examination that he had been stolen away when he was a Child by a Gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those Strolers up and down several Parts of *Europe*. It happened that the Merchant, whose Heart seems to have inclined towards the Boy by a secret kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child some Years before. The Parents, after a long Search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the Canals with which that Country abounds; and the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Particulars, and examining the several Moles and Marks by which the Mother used to describe the Child when he was first missing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchant, whose Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find a Father, who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good Estate; the Father, on the other Hand, was not a little delighted to see a Son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of Understanding, and Skill in Languages.' Here the printed Story leaves off; but if I may give credit to Reports, our Linguist having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practices that he had been used to in the Course of his Peregrinations: Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon National Business, with great Reputation to himself and Honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several Countries as a publick Minister, in which he formerly wandered as a Gypsy.

II.

M

C
Tuesday

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 [ADDISON.]

Tuesday, July 31.

— *Ipsae rursum concedite silvae.—Virg.*

IT is usual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preserve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his Neighbour. My Friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three Miles from his House, and gets into the Frontiers of his Estate, before he beats about in search of an Hare or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own Fields, where he is always sure of finding Diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the Breed about his House has time to encrease and multiply, besides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and does not lie so thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confusion in the Pursuit. For these Reasons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own Home.

In the same manner I have made a Month's Excursion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportsmen of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have started several Subjects, and hunted them down, with some Pleasure to my self, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of Diligence before I can spring any thing to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilst I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my Way by another, and put up such a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes, that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greatest Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Rest to the Cities of London and Westminster, I promise my self abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the Country, since I find the whole Nighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my Name and Character; My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity, and particular way of Life, having raised a great Curiosity in all these Parts.

The Notions which have been framed of me are various

various; some look upon me as very proud, and some as No. 131.
very melancholy. *Will Wimble*, as my Friend the Butler
tells me, observing me very much alone, and extreamly silent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a
Man. The Country People seem to suspect me for a
Conjurer; and some of them hearing of the Visit that I
made to *Moll White*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER
has brought down a Cunning Man with him, to cure the
old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms.
So that the Character which I go under in part of the
Neighbourhood, is what they here call a *White Witch*.

A Justice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and
is not of Sir ROGER'S Party, has it seems said twice or
thrice at his Table, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not
harbour a Jesuit in his House, and that he thinks the
Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make
me give some Account of my self.

On the other side, some of Sir ROGER'S Friends are
afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing
Fellow; and as they have heard that he converses very
promiscuously when he is in Town, do not know but
he has brought down with him some discarded Whig,
that is sullen, and says nothing, because he is out of
Place.

Such is the Variety of Opinions that are here enter-
tained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected
Person, and among others for a Popish Priest; among
some for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer;
and all this for no other Reason, that I can imagine, but
because I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noise. It
is true my Friend Sir ROGER, tells them that *it is my*
way, and that I am only a Philosopher, but that will not
satisfy them. They think there is more in me than
he discovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for
nothing.

For these and other Reasons I shall set out for London
to Morrow, having found by Experience that the Country
is not a Place for a Person of my Temper, who does not
love Jollity, and what they call Good-Neighbourhood. A
Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Guest
breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an
Afternoon

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Afternoon to every Chance-comer; that will be the Master of his own Time, and the Pursuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unsociable Figure in this kind of Life. I shall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make use of that Phrase, and get into the Crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed my self, and at the same time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finish the Month, and conclude these my Rural Speculations, I shall here insert a Letter from my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a Month for these forty Years out of the Smoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

'Dear SPEC'

I suppose this Letter will find thee picking of Daisies, or smelling to a Lock of Hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent Country Diversion of the like nature. I have however Orders from the Club to summon thee up to Town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our Company, after thy Conversations with *Moll White* and *Will Wimble*. Prithee don't send us up any more Stories of a Cock and a Bull, nor frighten the Town with Spirits and Witches. Thy Speculations begin to smell confoundedly of Woods and Meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in Love with one of Sir ROGER's Dairy Maids. Service to the Knight Sir ANDREW is grown the Cock of the Club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every Mother's Son of us Common-wealth's Men.

Dear SPEC

Thine Eternally,

C

WILL HONEYCOMB.'

Wednesday

No. 132.
[STEELE.]

Wednesday, August 1.

— *Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est, . . rationem non habet, . . is ineptus dicitur.*—Tull.

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HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and, attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County Town at Twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, enquired of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, *Mrs. Betty Arable*, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother, a recruiting Officer (who took a Place because they were to go), young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to), *Ephraim* the Quaker, her Guardian, and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLEYS. I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural Shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting out was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloak-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach; And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good-natured, usually

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usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity; and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word,' continued he, 'I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me your self, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!' This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. 'Come,' said he, 'resolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep, to be the Brideman, and' (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, 'This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father.' The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good Part that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savoureth of Folly: Thou art a Person of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, but thy Emptiness, that thou hast spoken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we cannot help it Friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee: But if thou wert a Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take Advantage of thy courageous Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he said nothing; but how dost thou know what

what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things No. 132, in the Hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it as an Outrage against a distressed Person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some Degree assaulting on the high Road.'

Here *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support it self at the same time) crys, 'Faith Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoaky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing Part of the Journey. I was going to give my self Airs, but Ladies I beg Pardon.'

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowered by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim*; and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to London of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happen'd which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I consider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no small good Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore *Ephraim* said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an Air not only of good Understanding, but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* delivered himself as follows: 'There is no ordinary Part of humane Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon Meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him: Such a Man when he falleth

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falleth in the Way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend,' continued he, turning to the Officer, 'thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparels are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldest rejoice to see my peaceable Demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it.'

T

No. 133.
[STEELE.]

Thursday, August 2.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capit? — Hor.*

HERE is a sort of Delight, which is alternately mixed with Terrour and Sorrow, in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curiosity more than ordinarily awaken'd, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an Equal, a Resigned, a Chearful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity. We are affected with these respective manners of Behaviour, as we secretly believe the Part of the Dying Person imitable by our selves, or such as we imagine our selves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are, to the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for their Admiration than Example. However, there are no Ideas strike more forcibly upon our Imaginations, than those which are raised from Reflections upon the Exits of great and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have suffered as Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to Humane Society, seem to be Persons of the highest Distinction, among the vastly greater number of Humane Race,

the

the Dead. When the Iniquity of the Times brought No. 133, *Socrates* to his Execution, how great and wonderful Thursday,
is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the August 2,
Testimony of his own Conscience and Conjectures of
Hereafter, receive the Poison with an Air of Mirth and
good Humour, and as if going on an agreeable Journey
bespeak some Deity to make it fortunate.

When *Phocion's* good Actions had met with the like Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death with many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, he walking composedly towards the place of Execution, how gracefully does he support his Illustrious Character to the very last Instant. One of the Rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual Authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himself. When a Poor-spirited Creature that dyed at the same time for his Crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this Question, Is it no Consolation to such a Man as thou art to dye with *Phocion*? At the instant when he was to Dye they asked what Commands he had for his Son, he answer'd, To forget this Injury of the *Athenians*. *Nicicles*, his Friend, under the same Sentence, desired he might Drink the Potion before him; *Phocion* said because he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult Request he had ever made.

These Instances were very noble and great, and the Reflections of those Sublime Spirits had made Death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of Nature, a Relief from a various Being ever subject to Sorrows and Difficulties.

Epaminondas the *Theban* General, having receiv'd in fight a Mortal Stab with a Sword, which was left in his Body, lay in that posture till he had Intelligence that his Troops had obtained the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which instant he express'd himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow Soldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in so much Glory.*

It were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which

No. 133. which all Ages have filled the World of Noble and Thursday, Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being, as if the August 2^d, termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence 1711. of it.

This common-place way of Thinking I fell into from an awkward Endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over Books in a melancholy Mood; but it is not easy to remove Griefs which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Human Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend, with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privity of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy which I have done for very many Years, and walked directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death. What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness; I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother Dumb, with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour, and her Comfort, and never till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

'How surprising is this Change from the Possession of vigorous Life and Strength, to be reduced in a few Hours to this fatal Extremity! Those Lips which look so pale and livid, within these few Days gave Delight to all who heard their Utterance: It was the Business, the Purpose of his Being, next to Obeying him to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the motive of his Actions, and with all the Capacity requisite for making a Figure in a contentious

tentious World, Moderation, Good-Nature, Affability, No. 133. Temperance and Chastity, were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There as he lies in helpless Agony, no Wise Man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the World can bestow to be so near the End of such a Life. Why does my Heart so little obey my Reason as to lament thee, thou excellent Man.—Heav'n receive him, or restore him.—Thy beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy helpless Servants stand around thee without Distinction. How much wouldest thou, hadst thou thy Senses, say to each of us.

But now that good Heart bursts, and he is at rest—with that Breath Expired a Soul who never indulged a Passion unfit for the Place he is gone to; Where are now thy Plans of Justice, of Truth, of Honour? of what use the Volumes thou hast collated, the Arguments thou hast invented, the Examples thou hast followed? Poor were the Expectations of the studious, the Modest and the Good, if the Reward of their Labours were only to be Expected from Man. No, my Friend, thy intended Pleadings, thy intended Good Offices to thy Friends, thy intended Services to thy Country, are already performed (as to thy Concern in them) in his sight before whom the past, present, and future appear at one view. While others with thy Talents were tormented with Ambition, with vain Glory, with Envy, with Emulation, how well didst thou turn thy Mind to its own Improvement in things out of the Power of Fortune; in Probity, in Integrity, in the Practice and Study of Justice; how silent thy Passage, how private thy Journey, how Glorious thy End! *Many have I known more Famous, some more knowing, not one so Innocent!* R

No. 134,
[STEELE.]

Friday, August 3.

— *Opifergue per orbem*
Dicor ——. Ovid.

DURING my Absence in the Country several Packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, because I was expected every Day in Town. The

No. 134. The Author of the following Letter dated from *Tower-hill*, having some times been entertain'd with some Learned Gentlemen in Plush Doublets, who have Vended their Wares from a Stage in that Place, has pleasantly enough addressed to Me, as no less a Sage in Morality, than those are in Physick. To comply with his kind Inclination to make my Cures famous, I shall give you his Testimonial of my great Abilities at large in his own Words.

'Sir,

Your saying t'other Day there is something wonderful in the Narrowness of those Minds, which can be pleas'd, and be barren of Bounty to those who please them, makes me in pain that I am not a Man of Power; If I were, you should soon see how much I approve your Speculations. In the mean time I beg leave to supply that Inability with the empty Tribute of an honest Mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you for your daily Refreshments. I constantly peruse your Paper as I smoke my Morning's Pipe (tho' I can't forbear reading the Motto before I fill and light), and really it gives a grateful Relish to every Whif; each Paragraph is freight either with useful or delightful Notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improv'd. The Variety of your Subjects surprizes me as much as a Box of Pictures did formerly, in which there was only one Face, that by pulling some Pieces of Isinglass over it, was chang'd into a grave Senator or a *Merry Andrew*, a Patch'd Lady or a Nun, a Beau or a Black-a-moor, a Prude or a Coquet, a Country 'Squire or a Conjuror, with many other different Representations very entertaining (as you are) tho' still the same at the Bottom. This was a childish Amusement when I was carried away with outward Appearance, but you make a deeper Impression, and affect the secret Springs of the Mind; you charm the Fancy, sooth the Passions, and insensibly lead the Reader to that Sweetness of Temper that you so well describe; you rouse Generosity with that Spirit, and inculcate Humanity with that Ease, that he must be miserably

miserably Stupid that is not affected by you. I can't say indeed that you have put Impertinence to Silence, or Vanity out of Countenance; but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any Man that ever appear'd upon a Publick Stage; and offer an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly, for the Price of one Penny. And since it is usual for those who receive Benefit by such famous Operators, to publish an Advertisement, that others may reap the same Advantage, I think my self obliged to declare to all the World, that having for a long time been splenatick, ill-natur'd, foward, suspicious and unsociable, by the Application of your Medicines, taken only with half an Ounce of right *Virginia* Tobacco for six successive Mornings, I am become open, obliging, officious, frank and hospitable.

I am,
Tower-hill,
July 5, 1711. Your humble Servant,
and great Admirer,
George Trusty.'

This careful Father and humble Petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under Difficulties about the just Management of Fans, will soon receive proper Advertisements relating to the Professors in that behalf, with their Places of Abode and Methods of Teaching.

'Sir,

July the 5th, 1711.

In your Spectator of June the 7th you Transcribe a Letter sent to you from a new sort of Muster-master, who teaches Ladies the whole Exercise of the Fan; I have a Daughter just come to Town, who tho' she has always held a Fan in her Hand at proper times, yet she knows no more how to use it according to true Discipline, than an awkward School-boy does to make use of his new Sword; I have sent for her on purpose to learn the Exercise, she being already very well accomplished in all other Arts which are necessary for a young Lady to understand; my Request is, that you will speak to your Correspondent on my behalf; and in your next Paper let me know what he expects, either by the Month, or the Quarter, for teaching; and when he keeps his class of Pupil-maids. I have

Son

No. 134. Son too, whom I wou'd fain have taught to gallant Fans, and should be glad to know what the Gentleman will have for teaching them both, I finding Fans for Practice at my own Expence. This Information will in the highest manner oblige,

Sir,

Your Most Humble Servant,

William Wiseacre.

As soon as my Son is perfect in this Art (which I hope will be in a Year's time, for the Boy is pretty apt), I design he shall learn to ride the great Horse, (altho' he is not yet above twenty Years old) if his Mother, whose Darling he is, will venture him.'

'To the SPECTATOR.

The Humble Petition of Benjamin Easie, Gent.

Sheweth,

That it was your Petitioner's Misfortune to walk to Hackney Church last *Sunday*, where to his great Amazement he met with a Soldier of your own training; she furls a Fan, recovers a Fan, and goes through the whole Exercise of it to Admiration. This well-managed Officer of yours has, to my Knowledge, been the Ruin of above five young Gentlemen besides my self, and still goes on laying waste wheresoever she comes, whereby the whole Village is in great danger. Our humble Request is therefore that this bold Amazon be ordered immediately to lay down her Arms, or that you would issue forth an Order that we who have been thus Injured may meet at the Place of General Rendezvous, and there be taught to manage our Snuff-Boxes in such manner as we may be an equal Match for her:

And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.'

R

No. 135.

[ADDISON.]

Saturday, August 4.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia —— Hor.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent Person, who used in his private Offices of Devotion to give Thanks to Heaven that he was Born a *Frenchman*; For my own part

part I look upon it as a peculiar Blessing that I was born No. 135. an *Englishman*. Among many other Reasons, I think Saturday, my self very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of ^{August 4,} 1711, it is wonderfully adapted to a Man who is sparing of his Words, and an Enemy to Loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune in this Particular, I shall communicate to the Publick my Speculations upon the *English Tongue*, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

The *English* delight in Silence more than any other European Nation, if the Remarks which are made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Discourse is not kept up in Conversation, but falls into more Pauses and Intervals than in our Neighbouring Countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our Writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower Compass than is usual in the Works of Foreign Authors: For, to favour our Natural Taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to our Conceptions as possible.

This Humour shews it self in several Remarks that we may make upon the *English Language*. As first of all by its abounding in Monosyllables, which gives us an Opportunity of delivering our Thoughts in few Sounds. This indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the same time expresses our Ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first Design of Speech better than the Multitude of Syllables, which make the Words of other Languages more Tunable and Sonorous. The Sounds of our *English Words* are commonly like those of String Musick, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single Touch; those of other Languages are like the Notes of Wind Instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthen'd out into variety of Modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the Words are not Monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long Words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the length of the Syllables that gives them a grave and solemn

Air

No. 135. Air in their own Language, to make them more proper for Dispatch, and more conformable to the Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a Multitude of Words, as *Liberty, Conspiracy, Theatre, Orator, &c.*

The same natural Aversion to Loquacity has of late Years made a very considerable Alteration in our Language, by closing in one Syllable the Termination of our Praeterperfect Tense, as in these Words, *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd*, for *drowned, walked, arrived*, which has very much disfigured the Tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest Words into so many Clusters of Consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of Vowels in our Language has been the general Complaint of our politest Authors, who nevertheless are the Men that have made these Retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former Scarcity.

This Reflection on the Words that end in *ed*, I have heard in Conversation from one of the greatest Genius's this Age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing Observation, the Change which has happened in our Language, by the Abbreviation of several Words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last Syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives*, and innumerable other Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Fore-fathers were *drowneth, walketh, arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *English Tongue*, and added to that *hissing* in our Language, which is taken so much notice of by Foreigners; but at the same time humours our Taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous Syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single Letter on many occasions does the Office of a whole Word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the best Judge in this Case, would very much disapprove of such Innovations, which indeed we do our selves in some measure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the Solemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular Words to the Detriment of our Tongue

Tongue, so on other Occasions we have drawn two No. 135. Words into one, which has likewise very much untuned Saturday, our Language, and clogged it with Consonants, as ^{August 4,} 1711, *mayn't, can't, sha'n't, wo'n't*, and the like, for *may not, can not, shall not, will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Conversations, they often lose all but their first Syllables, as in *mob, rep, pos, incog*, and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our Tongue. We see some of our Poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras's* Doggrel Expressions in their serious Compositions, by throwing out the Signs of our Substantives, which are essential to the *English* Language. Nay, this Humour of shortning our Language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L'Estrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all superfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the Spelling to the Pronunciation; which would have confounded all our Etymologies, and have quite destroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewise observe, that our Proper Names, when familiarized in *English*, generally dwindle to Monosyllables, whereas in other Modern Languages they receive a softer Turn on this occasion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French* *Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Instance of our Frugality of Words, and that is the suppressing of several Particles, which must be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible: This often perplexes the best Writers, when they find the Relatives *whom, which, or they*, at their Mercy whether they may have Admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages

No. 135. shall settle all Controversies between Grammar and Idiom.
 Saturday,
 August 4,
 1711.

I have only considered our Language as it shews the Genius and natural Temper of the *English*, which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has spoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the same Thought into other Languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who speak them. It is certain the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be shewn by many Instances; as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is so much addicted to Musick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phrases to those particular Uses. The Statelyness and Gravity of the *Spaniards* shews itself to Perfection in the Solemnyty of their Language; and the blunt honest Humour of the *Germans* sounds better in the Roughness of the *High Dutch*, than it would in a politer Tongue. C

No. 136.
 [STEELE.]

Monday, August 6.

— *Parthis mendacior* —— Hor.

A CCORDING to the Request of this strange Fellow, I shall print the following Letter.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I shall without any manner of Preface or Apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my Youth upward, one of the greatest Liars this Island has produced. I have read all the Moralists upon the Subject, but could never find any effect their Discourses had upon me, but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts and Ideas, and making me more ready in my Language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming Truths with my Improbabilities. With this strong Passion towards Falshood in this kind, there does not live an honester man or a sincerer Friend; but my Imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started I have such a Scene of Adventures appears in an instant before me, that

that I cannot help uttering them, tho' to my immediate No. 136,
Confusion I cannot but know I am liable to be detected
by the first Man I meet.

Monday,
August 6,
1711

Upon occasion of the mention of the Battle of *Pultowa*, I could not forbear giving an Account of a Kinsman of mine, a young Merchant who was bred at *Mosco*, that had too much Metal to attend Books of Entries and Accounts, when there was so active a Scene in the Country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a Volunteer: This warm Youth, born at the Instant the thing was spoke of, was the Man who unhorsed the *Swedish General*, he was the Occasion that the *Moscovites* kept their Fire in so Soldier-like a manner, and brought up those Troops which were cover'd from the Enemy at the beginning of the Day; besides this, he had at last the good Fortune to be the Man who took Count *Piper*. With all this Fire I knew my Cousin to be the Civilest Creature in the World. He never made any impertinent Show of his Valour, and then he had an excellent Genius for the World in every other kind. I had Letters from him (here I felt in my Pockets) that exactly spoke the Czar's Character, which I knew perfectly well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his Imperial Majesty twice or thrice a Week all the while he lodged at *Deptford*. What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one Lie or other, that has neither Wit, Humour, prospect of Interest, or any other Motive that I can think of in Nature. The other Day, when one was commanding an Eminent and Learned Divine, what occasion in the World had I to say, Methinks he would look more Venerable if he were not so fair a Man? I remember the Company smiled. I have seen the Gentleman since, and he is Cole Black. I have Intimations every Day in my Life that no Body believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other Day to an old Friend at *Will's Coffee-house*, and he made me no manner of Answer; but told me, that an Acquaintance of *Tully* the Orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any Answer, That upon his Honour he was but that very Month

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1711.

Month forty Years of Age; *Tully* answer'd, Surely you think me the most incredulous Man in the World, if I don't believe what you have told me every Day this ten Years. The Mischief of it is, I find my self wonderfully inclin'd to have been present at every Occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many Inconveniences, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natur'd Man, and never speak things to any Man's Disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the Consequence, for I have often made a Man say such and such a lively Expression, who was born a mere Elder Brother. When one has said in my hearing, Such a one is no wiser than he should be, I immediately have reply'd, Now 'faith I can't see that, he said a very good thing to my Lord such a one upon such an occasion, and the like. Such an honest Dolt as this has been watch'd in every Expression he utter'd, upon my Recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more Ridicule. I once endeavour'd to Cure my self of this impertinent Quality, and resolv'd to hold my Tongue for seven Days together; I did so, but then I had so many Winks and unnecessary Distortions of my Face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forebore the Expression, and that I still lied in my Heart to every Man I met with. You are to know one thing (which I believe you'll say is a Pity considering the use I should have made of it) I never Travell'd in my Life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any Foreign Country with more familiarity than I do at present, in Company who are Strangers to me. I have cursed the Inns in Germany; commended the Brothels at Venice; the Freedom of Conversation in France; and tho' I never was out of this dear Town, and fifty Miles about it, have been three Nights together dogged by Bravoes for an Intreague with a Cardinal's Mistress at Rome.

It were endless to give you Particulars of this kind, but I can assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, there are about Twenty or Thirty of us in this Town, I mean by this Town the Cities of London and Westminster; I say there are in Town a sufficient Number of us to make a Society among our selves; and since we cannot be believed any longer

longer, I beg of you to print this my Letter, that we may No. 136, meet together, and be under such Regulation as there may Monday,
be no Occasion for Belief or Confidence among us. If August 6,
you think fit, we might be called *The Historians*, for *Liar*
is become a very harsh Word. And that a Member of
the Society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest
of the World, I desire you would explain a little this sort
of Men, and not let us *Historians* be ranked, as we are
in the Imaginations of ordinary People, among common
Liars, Make-bates, Impostors, and Incendiaries. For your
Instruction herein, you are to know that an *Historian*, in
Conversation, is only a Person of so pregnant a Fancy
that he cannot be contented with ordinary Occurrences.
I know a Man of Quality of our Order, who is of the
wrong side of Forty three, and has been of that Age,
according to *Tully's* Jest, for some Year's since, whose
Vein is upon the Romantick. Give him the least Occasion,
and he will tell you something so very particular that
happened in such a Year and in such Company, where
by the by was present such a one, who was afterwards
made such a thing. Out of all these Circumstances, in
the best Language in the World, he will join together
with such probable Incidents an Account that shews a
Person of the deepest Penetration, the honestest Mind,
and withal something so Humble when he speaks of
himself, that you would Admire. Dear Sir, why should
this be Lying? There is nothing so instructive. He has
withal the gravest Aspect; something so very venerable
and great? Another of these Historians is a young Man
whom we would take in, tho' he extreamly wants Parts;
as People send Children (before they can learn any thing)
to School, to keep them out of Harm's way. He tells
things which have nothing at all in them, and can
neither please nor displease, but merely take up your
Time to no manner of Purpose, no manner of Delight;
but he is Good-natured, and does it because he loves to
be saying something to you, and entertain you.

I could name you a Soldier that hath done very great
things without Slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow
of Head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we
must have him.

Give

No. 136.
Monday,
August 6,
1711.

Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a Lover; he is the most afflicted Creature in the World lest what happened between him and a Great Beauty should ever be known. Yet again, he comforts himself. *Hang the Jade her Woman. If Mony can keep Slut trusty I will do it, tho' I mortgage every Acre; Anthony and Cleopatra for that; All for Love, and the World well lost—*

Then, Sir, there is my little Merchant, honest Indigo of the *Change*, there's my Man for Loss and Gain, there's Tare and Tret, there's lying all round the Globe; he has such a prodigious Intelligence he knows all the *French* are doing, and what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such hands. But alas whither am I running! While I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a Lie, and there is not one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or Merchant as I have now described in the whole World that I know of. But I will catch my self once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak one Truth, to wit that I am

Your Humble Servant, &c.'

T

No. 137.
[STEELE.]

Tuesday, August 7.

At haec etiam servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gaudenter, dolerent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.—Tull. Epist.

IT is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a cheerful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sower, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together; The Master knows not how

how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so sullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the Midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Possession of the Whole. Uneasy Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

No. 137.
Tuesday,
August 7,
1711.

'Sir,

August 2, 1711.

I have read your Spectator of the 3d of the last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir ROGER. The Character of my Master is the very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and his Mind revealed by way of Contraries: As when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar Cast of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now.* If I am to make Haste back, *Don't come these two Hours; be sure to call by the Way upon some of your Companions.* Then another excellent Way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up Half a Day, he calls ten times in a Quarter of an Hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his Manner, and the same Perverseness runs through all his Actions, according as the Circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his Servants: He is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleasure and Liberty than as a Goaler and a Prisoner. He lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes a Discovery, but falls into such Language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him, I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me Leave to steal a Sentence out of my Master's Clarendon, I shall tell you my Case in a Word, *Being used worse than I deserved*

No. 137. *deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done.*
Tuesday,
August 7,
1711.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

RALPH VALET.'

'Dear Mr. SPECTER,

I am the next Thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self is of no Mind in the World, and for that Reason her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows what to do with her self; she pulls on and puts off every thing she wears twenty times before she resolves upon it for that Day. I stand at one End of the Room, and reach things to her Woman. When my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the Woman meets me in the Middle of the Room to receive it, and at that Instant she says No she will not have it. Then I go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and by this Time she will have that, and two or three things more in an Instant. The Woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and delivering the things to her when my Lady says she wants none of all these things, and we are the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be dress'd in any time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good Lady with all the Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will have Temper because we have no manner of Understanding, and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of our selves what we are to do. When she is Dressed she goes to Dinner, and after she has disliked every thing there, she calls for the Coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot. Now good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you would, in the Behalf of all who serve foward Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can be done without

without allowing Time for it, and that one cannot be No. 137.
back again with what one was sent for if one is called Tuesday,
back before one can go a Step for that they want August 7,
And if you please let them know that all Mistresses
are as like as all Servants.

I am

Your loving Friend,

PATIENCE GIDDY.'

These are great Calamities; but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards Chelsea, a pleasanter Tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Wastcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery carrying after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy young Dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that People cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fellow (who, if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and his own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. Equanimity in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family. *Pamphilio* has the happiest Household of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the human Regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of any Attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister,*
and

No. 137. *and the other I don't expect to Wait, because his Father
died but two Days ago.* T
Tuesday,
August 7,
1711.

No. 138.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, August 8.

Utitur in re non dubia testibus non necessariis.—Tull.

ONE meets now and then with Persons who are extreamly learned and knotty in Expounding clear Cases. *Tully* tells us of an Author that spent some Pages to prove that Generals could not perform the Great Enterprizes which have made them so Illustrious, if they had not had Men. He asserted also, it seems, that a Minister at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Instruments and Assistants. On this Occasion he produces the Example of *Themistocles*, *Pericles*, *Cyrus*, and *Alexander* himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such Persons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

The Author above-mention'd by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Conversation such as deserve the same kind of Renown for troubling those with whom they Converse with the like Certainties. The Persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest Admiration in this kind are your ordinary Story-tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumstance of a Narration, whether it concern the main end, or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Honour to be in Company with the other Day, upon some Occasion that he was pleas'd to take, said, He remember'd a very pretty Repartee made by a very Witty Man in King *Charles's* time upon the like Occasion. I remember (said he, upon entring into the Tale) much about the time of *Oates's Plot*, that a Cousin-German of mine and I were at the *Bear in Holborn*: No, I am out, it was at the *Cross Keys*; but *Jack Thompson* was there, for he was very great with the Gentleman who

who made the Answer. But I am sure it was spoken No. 138, somewhere thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening; But no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but—

Wednesday,
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1711

He was going on to settle the Geography of the Jest when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the purpose, still observing its own Impertinences, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he inform'd the rest of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family, who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small Misfortune to any who have a just value for their Time, when this Quality of being so very Circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to shew it self in a Man whose Quality obliges them to attend his Proofs, that it is now Day, and the like. But this is augmented when the same Genius gets into Authority, as it often does. Nay, I have known it more than once ascend the very Pulpit. One of this sort taking it in his Head to be a great Admirer of Dr. Tillotson and Dr. Beveridge, never fail'd of proving out of these great Authors things which no Men living would have denied him upon his own single Authority. One Day resolving to come to the Point in hand, he said, According to that excellent Divine, I will enter upon the Matter, or in his Words in his fifteenth Sermon of the Folio Edition, Page 160,

I shall briefly explain the Words, and then consider the Matter contained in them.

This honest Gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his Modesty so far as to alter his design of *Entering upon the Matter*, to that of *Briefly explaining*. But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added also the other Divine to strengthen his Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr. Beveridge, Page 4th of his 9th Volume, *I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read, wherein for that Purpose we shall consider*

No. 138. consider—This Wiseacre was reckoned by the Parish,
 Wednesday,
 August 8,
 1711. who did not understand him, a most Excellent Preacher,
 but that he read too much, and was so Humble that he
 did not trust enough to his own Parts.

Next to these ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no body can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of People who do not indeed attempt to prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the least Controversy. One of these People told a Gentleman who said he saw Mr. such a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the *Gravel-Pits*, Sir, I must beg your Pardon for that, for tho' I am very loath to have any Dispute with you, yet I must take the Liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at St James's. When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove that Snow is White, and when you are upon that Topick can say that there is really no such thing as Colour in Nature; in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have, into a ready Capacity of raising Doubts; into a Capacity of being always frivolous and always unanswerable. It was of two Disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynick said, *One of these Fellows is Milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Exercise of the Snuff-Box, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions, in opposition to the Exercise of the Fan, will be Taught with the best plain or perfum'd Snuff, at Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the Corner of Bauford-Buildings in the Strand, and Attendance given for the benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except Saturdays, at a Toy-Shop near Garraway's Coffee-house. There will be likewise Taught The Ceremony of the Snuff-box, or Rules for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend, or a Mistress, according to the Degrees of Familiarity or Distance; with an Explanation of the Careless, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pinch, and the Gestures proper to each of them.

N. B.

N. B. *The Undertaker does not question but in a No. 138. short time to have form'd a Body of Regular Snuff, Wednesday, Boxes ready to meet and make Head against all the day, Regiment of Fans which have been lately Disciplin'd, August 8, and are now in Motion.*

No. 139,
[STEELE.]

Thursday, August 9.

Vera gloria radices agit, atque etiam propagatur. Ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam flosculi, decidunt, nec simulatum potest quidquam esse diuturnum.—Tull.

OF all the Affections which attend Human Life, the Love of Glory is the most Ardent. According as this is Cultivated in Princes, it produces the greatest Good or the greatest Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impressions received from Education only, it creates an Ambitious rather than a Noble Mind; where it is the natural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him to the Pursuit of Things truly Glorious. The two greatest Men now in Europe (according to the common acceptation of the Word Great) are *Lewis King of France*, and *Peter Emperor of Russia*. As it is certain that all Fame does not arise from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing Amusement to examine the Glory of these Potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting and important. *Lewis of France* had his Infancy attended by Crafty and Worldly Men, who made Extent of Territory the most glorious Instances of Power, and mistook the spreading of Fame for the Acquisition of Honour. The young Monarch's Heart was by such Conversation easily deluded into a fondness for Vain glory, and upon these unjust Principles to form or fall in with suitable Projects of Invasion, Rapine, Murder, and all the Guilts that attend War when it is unjust. At the same time this Tyranny was laid, Sciences and Arts were encouraged in the most generous Manner, as if Men of higher Faculties were to be bribed to permit the Massacre of the rest of the World. Every Superstructure which the Court of *France* built upon their first Designs, which were in themselves

Vicious

No. 139. Vicious, was suitable to its false Foundation. The Thursday, Ostentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equipage, Shame of August 9, Poverty, and Ignorance of Modesty, were the common 1711 Arts of Life. The Generous Love of one Woman was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friendships among Men turned into Commerces of Interest, or mere Professions. While these were the *Rules of Life*, *Perrjuries in the Prince*, and a general Corruption of *Manners in the Subject*, were the *Snares in which France has Entangled all her Neighbours*. With such false Colours have the Eyes of Lewis been Enchanted from the Debauchery of his early Youth, to the Superstition of his present old Age. Hence it is, that he has the Patience to have Statues erected to his Prowess, his Valour, his Fortitude; and in the Softnesses and Luxury of a Court, to be applauded for Magnanimity and Enterprise in Military Achievements.

Peter Alexovitz of Russia, when he came to Years of Manhood, though he found himself Emperor of a vast and numerous People, Master of an endless Territory, absolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, in the midst of this unbounded Power and Greatness turned his Thoughts upon Himself and People with Sorrow, Sordid Ignorance and a Brute Manner of Life this Generous Prince beheld, and Contemned from the Light of his own *Genius*. His Judgment suggested this to him, and his Courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the Nation from whence the rest of the World has borrowed its Politeness, but himself left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, and Application to useful Arts, wherein to employ the Laborious, the Simple, the Honest part of his People. Mechanick Employments and Operations were very justly the first Objects of his Favour and Observation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into Foreign Nations in an obscure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more Consequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and lasting Fame, by personal Labour, personal Knowledge, personal Valour. It would be Injury to any
of

of Antiquity to Name them with him. Who, but himself, No. 139, ever left a Throne to learn to sit in it with more Grace? Thursday,
Who ever thought himself mean in Absolute Power, August 9,
'till he had learned to use it? 1711

If we consider this wonderful Person, it is Perplexity to know where to begin his Encomium. Others may in a Metaphorical or Philosophick Sense be said to command themselves, but this Emperor is also literally under his own Command. How Generous and how Good was his entring his own Name as a Private Man in the Army he raised, that none in it might expect to out-run the Steps with which he himself advanced? By such Measures this god-like Prince learned to Conquer, learned to use his Conquests. How Terrible has he appeared in Battle, how gentle in Victory? Shall then the base Arts of the Frenchman be held Polite, and the honest Labours of the Russian, Barbarous? No: Barbarity is the Ignorance of true Honour, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust Prince is Ignoble and Barbarous, the Good Prince only Renowned and Glorious.

Tho' men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt Imaginations, Truth will ever keep its Station; and as Glory is nothing else but the Shadow of Virtue, it will certainly disappear at the Departure of Virtue. But how carefully ought the true Notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any Impulses towards it? The Westminster School-boy that said the other Day he could not sleep or play for the Colours in the Hall, ought to be free from receiving a Blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly Glorious, according to the Author I have to Day quoted in the Front of my Paper.

The Perfection of Glory, says *Tully*, consists in these three Particulars: *That the People love us; that they have Confidence in us; that being affected with a certain Admiratio*n *towards us, they think we deserve Honour.* This was spoken of Greatness in a Commonwealth: But if one were to form a Notion of Consummate Glory under our Constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned Felicities a certain necessary Inexistence, and Disrelish

No. 139. Disrelish of all the rest, without the Prince's Favour. He Thursday, should, methinks, have Riches, Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power, Honour, Command and Glory should have no Charms, but as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince. He should, methinks, be Popular because a Favourite, and a Favourite because Popular. Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over some Foreign Territory, and make him esteem that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. One may merely have an Idea of a Man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for Power without an Incapacity of giving Jealousy, he would be also Glorious without Possibility of receiving Disgrace. This Humility and this Importance must make his Glory immortal.

These Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual Length of this Paper, but if I could suppose such Rhapsodies could out-live the common Fate of ordinary things, I would say these Sketches and faint Images of Glory were drawn in August 1711, when John Duke of Marlborough made that memorable March wherein he took the French Lines without Blood-shed. T

No. 140.

[STEELE.]

Friday, August 10.

—*Animum nunc huc celerem nunc dividit illuc.*—Virg.

WHEN I acquaint my Reader that I have many other Letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he should believe, that I have no small Charge upon me, but am a Person of some Consequence in this World. I shall therefore employ the present Hour only in reading Petitions, in the Order as follows.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have lost so much Time already, that I desire, upon the Receipt hereof, you would sit down immediately and give me your Answer. I would know of you whether a Pretender of mine really loves me. As well as I can I will

will describe his Manners. When he sees me he is No. 140. always talking of Constancy, but vouchsafes to visit me but once a Fortnight, and then is always in haste to be gone. When I am sick, I hear, he says he is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor sends, because, as he tells his Acquaintance with a Sigh, he does not care to let me know all the Power I have over him, and how impossible it is for him to live without me. When he leaves the Town he writes once in six Weeks, desires to hear from me, complains of the Torment of Absence, speaks of Flames, Tortures, Languishings and Extasies. He has the Cant of an impatient Lover, but keeps the Pace of a Lukewarm one. You know I must not go faster than he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as counting a great Clock. But you are to know he is rich, and my Mother says, As he is slow he is sure; He will love me long, if he love me little; But I appeal to you whether he loves at all

Friday,
August 10,
1711.

Your Neglected
Humble Servant,
Lydia Novell

*All these Fellows who have Money are extreamly
sawcy and cold; Pray Sir, tell them of it.'*

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have been delighted with nothing more through the whole Course of your Writings than the substantial Account you lately gave of Wit, and I could wish you would take some other Opportunity to express further the Corrupt Taste the Age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to attribute to the Prevalency of a few popular Authors, whose Merit in some respects has given a Sanction to their Faults in others. Thus the Imitators of Milton seem to place all the Excellency of that sort of Writing either in the uncouth or antique Words, or something else which was highly vicious, tho' pardonable, in that Great Man. The Admirers of what we call Point, or Turn, look upon it as the peculiar Happiness to which Cowley, Ovid and others owe their Reputation, and therefore endeavour to imitate them only in such Instances; what is Just, Proper and Natural

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does

No. 140. does not seem to be the Question with them, but by what Means a quaint Antithesis may be brought about, how one Word may be made to look two ways, and what will be the Consequence of a forced Allusion. Now tho' such Authors appear to me to resemble those who make them selves fine, instead of being well dressed or graceful; yet the Mischief is that these Beauties in them, which I call Blemishes, are thought to proceed from Luxuriance of Fancy, and overflowing of good Sense: In one Word, they have the Character of being too Witty; but if you would acquaint the World they are not Witty at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

Sir,

Your Most Benevolent Reader,

R. D.'

'Sir,

I am a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty, therefore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to decide a Wager between me and a Cousin of mine, who is always contradicting one because he understands Latin. Pray, Sir, is Dimple spelt with a single or a double P?

I am, Sir,

Your very Humble Servant,

Betty Saunter.

Pray Sir direct thus, To the kind Querist, and leave it at Mr. Lillie's, for I don't care to be known in the thing at all.

I am, Sir, again Your Humble Servant'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I must needs tell you there are several of your Papers I do not much like. You are often so Nice there is no enduring you, and so Learned there is no understanding you. What have you to do with our Petticoats?

*Your Humble Servant,
Parthenope.'*

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Last Night as I was walking in the Park I met a Couple of Friends; Prithee Jack, says one of them, let us go drink a Glass of Wine, for I am fit for nothing else

else. This put me upon reflecting on the many Mis-^{No. 140.}
carriages which happen in Conversations over Wine,
when Men go to the Bottle to remove such Humours as
it only stirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute
more to any thing than to the Humour of putting Com-
pany upon others which Men do not like themselves.
Pray, Sir, declare in your Papers, that he who is a trouble-
some Companion to himself, will not be an agreeable
one to others. Let People reason themselves into
good Humour, before they impose themselves upon
their Friends. Pray, Sir, be as Eloquent as you can upon
this Subject, and do Humane Life so much good, as to
argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can
swallow who is fit to drink a Glass of Wine.

Your most humble Servant.'

'Sir,

I this Morning cast my Eye upon your Paper con-
cerning the Expence of Time. You are very obliging
to the Women, especially those who are not Young
and past Gallantry, by touching so gently upon Gaming:
Therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ
a little leisure time in that Diversion; but I should be
glad to hear you say something upon the Behaviour of
some of the Female Gamesters.

I have observed Ladies who in all other respects are
gentle, Good-humoured, and the very Pinks of good
Breeding; who as soon as the Ombre Table is called
for, and set down to their Business, are immediately
Transmigrated into the veriest Wasps in Nature.

You must know I keep my Temper and win their
Money; but am out of Countenance to take it, it makes
them so very uneasy. Be pleased, dear Sir, to instruct
them to lose with a better Grace, and you will oblige

Yours,
Rachel Basto.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your Kindness to *Eleonora*, in one of your Papers,
has given me Encouragement to do my self the Honour
of Writing to you. The great Regard you have so
often expressed for the Instruction and Improvement
of

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of our Sex, will, I hope, in your own Opinion sufficiently excuse me from making any Apology for the Impertinence of this Letter. The great desire I have to Embellish my Mind with some of those Graces which you say are so becoming, and which you assert Reading helps us to, has made me uneasie 'till I am put in a Capacity of attaining them: This, Sir, I shall never think my self in, 'till you shall be pleased to recommend some Author or Authors to my Perusal.

I thought indeed, when I first cast my Eye on *Eleonora's* Letter, that I should have had no occasion for requesting it of you; but, to my very great Concern, I found, on the Perusal of that *Spectator*, I was entirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use of my Time for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at least with one Scene, as you were pleased to entertain *Eleonora* with your Prologue. I write to you not only my own Sentiments, but also those of several others of my Acquaintance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of spending one's Time as my self: And if a fervent Desire after Knowledge, and a great Sense of our present Ignorance, may be thought a good presage and earnest of Improvement, you may look upon your Time you shall bestow in answering this Request not thrown away to no purpose. And I can't but add, that unless you have a particular and more than ordinary Regard for *Eleonora*, I have a better Title to your Favour than she; since I do not content my self with Tea-Table Reading of your Papers, but it is my Entertainment very often when alone in my Closet. To shew you I am capable of Improvement and hate Flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your Papers; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow Understanding, than Mr. *SPECTATOR'S* profound Judgment.

*I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes
of being more your) obliged Servant,*

PARTHENIA.'

This last Letter is written with so urgent and serious an Air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to

to comply with her Commands, which I shall do very No. 140,
suddenly.

T Friday,
August 10,
1711

No. 141.

[STEELE]

Saturday, August 11.

— *Migravit ab aure voluptas*
Omnis — Hor.

IN the present Emptiness of the Town, I have several Applications from the lower Parts of the Players, to admit Suffering to pass for Acting. They in very obliging Terms desire me to let a Fall on the Ground, a Stumble, or a good Slap on the Back, be reckoned a Jest. These Gambols I shall tolerate for a Season, because I hope the Evil cannot continue longer than till the People of Condition and Taste return to Town. The Method, some time ago, was to entertain that Part of the Audience who have no Faculty above Eyesight, with Rope-Dancers and Tumblers; which was a way discreet enough, because it prevented Confusion, and distinguished such as could show all the Postures which the Body is capable of, from those who were to represent all the Passions to which the Mind is subject. But tho' this was prudently settled, Corporeal and Intellectual Actors ought to be kept at a still wider Distance than to appear on the same Stage at all; For which Reason I must propose some Methods for the Improvement of the Bear-Garden, by dismissing all Bodily Actors to that Quarter.

In Cases of greater Moment, where Men appear in Publick, the Consequence and Importance of the thing can bear them out. And tho' a Pledger or Preacher is Hoarse or Awkward, the weight of their Matter commands Respect and Attention; but in Theatrical Speaking, if the Performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In Cases where there is little else expected, but the Pleasure of the Ears and Eyes, the least Diminution of that Pleasure is the highest Offence. In Acting, barely to perform the Part is not commendable, but to be the least out is contemptible. To avoid these Difficulties and Delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of Town the Actors have flown in the Air, and play'd

No. 141.
Saturday,
August 11,
1711.

play'd such Pranks, and run such Hazards, that none but the Servants of the Fire-Office, Tilers and Masons, could have been able to perform the like. The Author of the following Letter, it seems, has been of the Audience at one of these Entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree Severe against what is exceptionable in the Play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the Author's most excellent Talent of Humour. The pleasant Pictures he has drawn of Life, should have been more kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes his Witches, who are too dull Devils to be attacked with so much Warmth.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Upon a Report that *Moll White* had follow'd you to Town, and was to act a Part in the *Lancashire Witches*, I went last Week to see that Play. It was my Fortune to sit next to a Country Justice of the Peace, a Neighbour (as he said) of Sir ROGER'S, who pretended to shew her to us in one of the Dances. There was Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almost to incline me to believe him; *Ben Johnson* was almost lamed; young *Bullock* narrowly saved his Neck; the Audience was astonish'd, and an old Acquaintance of mine, a Person of Worth, whom I wou'd have bow'd to in the Pit, at two Yards distance did not know me.

If you were what the Country People reported you, a white Witch, I cou'd have wish'd you had been there to have exorcis'd that Rabble of Broomsticks, with which we were haunted for above three Hours. I cou'd have allow'd them to set *Clod* in the Tree, to have scared the Sportsmen, plagu'd the Justice, and employ'd honest *Teague* with his Holy Water. This was the proper Use of them in Comedy, if the Author had stopp'd here; but I cannot conceive what Relation the Sacrifice of the Black Lamb, and the Ceremonies of their Worship to the Devil, have to the Business of Mirth and Humour.

The Gentleman who writ this Play, and has drawn some Characters in it very justly, appears to have been mis-led in his Witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable

inimitable *Shakespear*. The Incantations in *Mackbeth* No. 141 have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occasion of Saturday, August 11, 1711, that Tragedy, and fill the Mind with a suitable Horror; besides, that the Witches are a part of the Story itself, as we find it very particularly related in *Hector Boetius*, from whom he seems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper Machine where the Business is dark, horrid and bloody; but is extreamly foreign from the Affair of Comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by passing thro' an Imagination like *Shakespear's* to form them; for which Reason Mr. *Dryden* wou'd not allow even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* capable of imitating him.

*But Shakespear's Magick cou'd not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst Walk but He.*

I should not however have troubled you with these Remarks, if there were not something else in this Comedy, which wants to be exorcis'd more than the Witches. I mean the Freedom of some Passages, which I should have overlook'd, if I had not observed that those Jests can raise the loudest Mirth, tho' they are painful to right Sense, and an Outrage upon Modesty.

We must attribute such Liberties to the Taste of that Age, but indeed by such Representations a Poet sacrifices the best Part of his Audience to the worst; and, as one wou'd think, neglects the Boxes, to write to the Orange Wenches.

I must not conclude till I have taken notice of the Moral with which this Comedy ends. The two young Ladies having given a notable Example of outwitting those who had a Right in the Disposal of them, and marrying without Consent of Parents, one of the injur'd Parties, who is easily reconcil'd, winds up all with this Remark,

*Design whate'er we will,
There is a Fate which over-rules us still.*

We are to suppose that the Gallants are Men of Merit, but if they had been Rakes the Excuse might have serv'd as well. *Hans Carvel's Wife* was of the same Principle, but has express'd it with a Delicacy which shews she is not

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not serious in her Excuse, but in a sort of Humorous Philosophy turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and says
*That if weak Women go astray
Their Stars are more in fault than they.*

This no doubt is a full Reparation, and dismisses the Audience with very edifying Impressions.

These things fall under a Province you have partly pursu'd already, and therefore demand your Animadversion, for the regulating so Noble an Entertainment as that of the Stage. It were to be wished that all who write for it hereafter wou'd raise their Genius, by the Ambition of pleasing People of the best Understanding; and leave others who shew nothing of the Human Species but Risibility, to seek their Diversion at the Bear-Garden, or some other Privileg'd Place, where Reason and good Manners have no Right to disturb them.

August 8, 1711. *I am, &c.'*
T

No 142.

[STEELE.]

Monday, August 13.

Irrupta tenet copula — Hor.

THE following Letters being Genuine, and the Images of a Worthy Passion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my self, and the Representation of her own Happiness, a Place in my Writings.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

August 9, 1711.

I am now in the Sixty seventh Year of my Age, and read you with Approbation; but methinks you do not strike at the Root of the greatest Evil in Life, which is the false Notion of Gallantry in Love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill foot; but I who have been a Wife Forty Years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the Folly of it. In a Word, Sir, when I was a young Woman, all who avoided the Vices of the Age were very carefully educated, and all Phantastical Objects were turned out of our Sight. The Tapistry Hangings, with the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scripture Stories, had better Effects than now the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*, or *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* in your

your fine present Prints. The Gentleman I am Married No. 142. to made Love to me in Rapture, but it was the Rapture of Monday, August 13, 1711, a Christian and a Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero, or a Whining Coxcomb! This put our Life upon a right Basis. To give you an Idea of our Regard one to another, I enclose to you several of his Letters writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover; and one writ 'other Day, after so many Years Cohabitation.

*Your Servant,
Andromache'*

"*Madam,*

August 7, 1671.

If my Vigilance and ten thousand Wishes for your Welfare and Repose could have any force, you last Night slept in Security, and had every good Angel in your Attendance. To have my Thoughts ever fix'd on you, to live in constant Fear of every Accident to which Human Life is liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers to avert 'em from you; I say, Madam, thus to think and thus to suffer, is what I do for Her who is in Pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tenderness, but cannot give Relief to my gushing Heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art thou, oh my Soul, stoln from thy self! How is all thy Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, and my Friends Intruders. I have no hope of Quiet but from your Pity. To grant it would make more for your Triumph. To give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Happy the true Empire of Beauty. If you would consider aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in dismissing the Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaisance of a Companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter Condition: As I live in Chains without murmuring at the Power which inflicts 'em, so I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the Mercy that gave it

*Madam,
I am,*

*your most Devoted,
most obedient Servant."*

Tho'

No. 142. *Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you Monday, see he had hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month August 13, following.*
1711.

"Madam,

September 3, 1671.

Before the Light this Morning dawned upon the Earth I awak'd, and lay in expectation of its return, not that it cou'd give any new Sense of Joy to me, but as I hop'd it would bless you with its cheerful Face, after a Quiet which I wish'd you last Night. If my Prayers are heard, the Day appear'd with all the Influence of a Merciful Creator upon your Person and Actions. Let others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a Blind Being that disposes their Hearts, I contemn their low Images of Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you, that I cannot with Confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless Me in. May he direct you in all your Steps, and reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Manners, your prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with the Continuance of his Grace and Protection. This is an unusual Language to Ladies; but you have a Mind elevated above the giddy Notions of a Sex insnared by Flattery, and mis-led by a false and short Adoration into a solid and long Contempt. Beauty, my fairest Creature, palls in the Possession, but I love also your Mind; your Soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the Advantages of a liberal Education, some Knowledge, and as much Contempt of the World, join'd with the Endeavours towards a Life of strict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raise new Ideas in a Breast so well dispos'd as yours is, our Days will pass away with Joy; and old Age instead of introducing melancholy Prospects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first Hints of my Mind, which I have express'd in so little Order.

I am,

Dearest Creature,

*your most Obedient,
most Devoted Servant."*

The

*The two next were Written after the Day for our No. 142.
Marriage was fix'd.*

Monday,
August 13,

"Madam,

September 25, 1671. 1711

It is the hardest thing in the World to be in Love, and yet attend Business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock my self up, or other People will do it for me. A Gentleman ask'd me this Morning what News from *Holland*, and I answer'd She's exquisitely handsome. Another desir'd to know when I had been last at *Windsor*, I reply'd She designs to go with me. Prethee allow me at least to kiss your Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in some Composure. Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but all the Language on Earth would fail in saying how much, and with what dis-interested Passion,

I am ever Yours."

September 30, 1671
Dear Creature, *Seven in the Morning.*

Next to the Influence of Heav'n, I am to thank you that I see the returning Day with Pleasure. To pass my Evenings in so sweet a Conversation, and have the Esteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a Particularity of Happiness no more to be express'd than return'd. But I am, my Lovely Creature, contented to be on the oblig'd Side, and to employ all my Days in new Endeavours to convince you and all the World of the Sense I have of your Condescension in Chusing,

Madam,

*Your most Faithful,
Most Obedient Humble Servant."*

He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleasant a Man as any in England.

"Madam,

October 20, 1671

I beg Pardon that my Paper is not Finer, but I am forc'd to write from a Coffee-house where I am attending about Business. There is a dirty Croud of Busie Faces all around me talking of Money, while all my Ambition, all my Wealth is Love; Love, which animates my Heart, sweetens

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sweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects every Action of my Life. 'Tis to my Lovely Charmer I owe that many noble Ideas are continually affix'd to my Words and Actions: 'Tis the natural Effect of that Generous Passion to create in the Admirers some Similitude of the Object admired; thus, my Dear, am I every Day to improve from so sweet a Companion. Look up, my Fair One, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its Influence on our tender innocent Hours, and beseech the Author of Love to bless the Rights he has ordain'd, and mingle with our Happiness a just Sense of our Transient Condition, and a Resignation to his Will, which only can regulate our Minds to a steady Endeavour to please him and each other.

I am, for Ever,

Your faithful Servant."

I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but if you saw the poor withered Hand which sends you these Minutes, I am sure you would smile to think that there is one who is so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a Present, after forty Years Possession of the Woman whom he writes to.

"Madam,

June 23, 1711.

I heartily beg your Pardon for my Omission to write Yesterday. It was no Failure of my tender Regard for you; but having been very much perplexed in my Thoughts on the Subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it till I came my self. But, my lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power of Age, or Misfortune, or any other Accident which hangs over human Life, to take from me the pleasing Esteem I have for you, or the Memory of the bright Figure you appeared in when you gave your Hand and Heart to,

Madam,

Your most grateful Husband,

T

and obedient Servant."

Tuesday

No. 143.
[STEELE.]

Tuesday, August 14,

No. 143.
Tuesday,
August 14,
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Non est vivere sed valere vita.—Mart.

IT is an unreasonable thing some Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or displeas'd, or they know not how; and are so far from letting that be a Reason for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any Body to do with Accounts of a Man's being indispos'd but his Physician? If a Man laments in Company, where the rest are in Humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a Servant is order'd to present him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Posset-Drink, by way of Admonition that he go home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily understand by the Word Conversation, is an Indulgence to the sociable Part of our Make; and should incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which must of Necessity oblige them to a real or feign'd Affliction. Cares, Distresses, Diseases, Uneasinesses, and Dislikes of our own, are by no Means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would consider how little of this Vicissitude of Motion and Rest, which we call Life, is spent with Satisfaction; we should be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but cheerful Life; therefore Valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into Company, not to say a Word of themselves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always sitting with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roses, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the Cheerfulness of our Spirits, and never let them sink below an Inclination at least to be well pleased: The Way to this,

is

No. 143. is to keep our Bodies in Exercise, our Minds at Ease.
Tuesday, That insipid State wherein neither are in Vigour, is not
August 14, to be accounted any Part of our Portion of Being. When
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we are in the Satisfaction of some innocent Pleasure, or Pursuit of some laudable Design, we are in the Possession of Life, of human Life. Fortune will give us Disappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus*, among so many real Evils, a chonical Distemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity, and Affection, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an Estate, is the way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate. This Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquillity in the Mind. *Cottilus* sees the World in an Hurry, with the same Scorn that a sober Person sees a Man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a Disappointment? If another had valued his Mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her Power: If her Virtue had had a Part of his Passion, her Levity had been his Cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same Time.

Since we cannot promise our selves constant Health, let us endeavour at such a Temper as may be our best Support in the Decay of it. *Uranius* has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him present Ease. *Uranius* is so thoroughly perswaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an Interest in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views

Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell No. 143, you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of Tuesday, himself as such. He thinks at the Time of his Birth he ^{August 14,} entered into an eternal Being; and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, since that Moment is not of half the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and consistent Series of cheerful Diversions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickness less affecting to him than Indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard Life after this Manner, none but Ideots can pass it away with any tolerable Patience. Take a fine Lady who is of a delicate Frame, and you may observe from the Hour she rises a certain Weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful People that they meet; one is so awkward and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the same Air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great Part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among the Ladies turns upon their Uneasiness; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a weekly Bill of Sickness, as the Parish Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of seven Days, one in thirty that was not downright Sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain, that to enjoy Life and Health as a constant Feast, we should not think Pleasure necessary; but, if possible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoy'd upon Occasions of good Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumstances of Distress. Laughter in one Condition, is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We should not form our Minds to expect Transport on every Occasion, but know how to make Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Desire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can possess our selves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleasures, and can be felt much better than described: But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment

No. 143. Enjoyment of Life, is by a Prospect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of Tuesday, our Time has set this in an excellent Light, when with a August 14, philosophick Pity of human Life he spoke of it in his 1711 Theory of the Earth in the following Manner.

For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? and ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World; 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are eternally happy. T

No. 144.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, August 15.

— *Noris quam elegans formarum spectator siem.* — Ter.

BEAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever since it began. The Philosophers have felt its Influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some Saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One has told us, that a graceful Person is a more powerful Recommendation, than the best Letter that can be writ in your Favour. Another desires the Possessor of it to consider it is a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third calls it a short liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth, a silent Fraud, because it imposes upon us without the help of Language; but, I think, Carneades spoke as much like a Philosopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when

when he call'd it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed No. 144.
 to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a
 Beauteous Form; the most Severe will not pretend, that
 they do not feel an immediate Præpossession in Favour
 of the Handsome. No one denies them the Privilege of
 being first heard, and being regarded before others in
 Matters of ordinary Consideration. At the same time the
 Handsome should consider that it is a Possession, as it
 were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or
 preserve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that People
 can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty.
 It is the Consolation of all who are naturally too much
 affected with the Force of it, that a little Attention, if a
 Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Hand-
 som People usually are so Phantastically pleas'd with
 themselves, that if they do not kill at first Sight, as the
 Phrase is, a second Interview disarms them of all their
 Power. But I shall make this Paper rather a Warning-
 piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propose
 Instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in
 the way of it. Handsome Men shall be the Subjects of
 another Chapter, the Women shall take up the present
 Discourse.

Amaryllis, who has been in Town but one Winter,
 is extreamly improved with the Arts of Good-Breeding,
 without leaving Nature. She has not lost the Native
 Simplicity of her Aspect, to substitute that Patience of
 being stared at, which is the usual Triumph and Dis-
 tinction of a Town Lady. In Publick Assemblies you
 meet her careless Eye diverting it self with the Objects
 around her, insensible that she her self is one of the
 brightest in the Place.

Dulcissa is quite of another Make, she is almost a
 Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it
 were possible for her to let her Fan or any Limb about
 her rest, she would do some part of the Execution she
 meditates; but tho' she designs her self a Prey, she will
 not stay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for
 the different Aspects of *Dulcissa* in half a Moment, where-
 ever she appears; So little does she accomplish what she
 takes so much Pains for, to be gay and careless.

No. 144.
Wednesday,
August 15,
1711.

Merab is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accomplishments of Man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of Wit, if she were not such a Beauty; and she would have more Beauty had she not so much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If she has a mind to speak such a Thing, it must be done with such an Air of her Body; and if she has an Inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart Thing to be said at the same time, that the design of being admired destroys it self. Thus the Unhappy *Merab*, tho' a Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

Albacinda has the Skill as well as Power of pleasing. Her Form is majestick, but her Aspect humble. All good Men should beware of the Destroyer. She will speak to you like your Sister, till she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of Tyrants when you are so. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Questions, and general Conversation, make the silly part of her Votaries full of hopes, while the wise fly from her Power. She well knows she is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen her self by Familiarity, but gains occasions of Admiration, by seeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

Eudosia adds to the height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudosia* it is commanding; Love towards *Eudosia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are soften'd into Fondness, the Admirers of *Eudosia* exalted into Ambition.

Eucratia presents her self to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleasure, and as she is Woman, her Praise is wholly Feminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we should give him Wisdom and Valour, as being essential to the Character of Manhood. In like manner if you describe a right Woman in a laudable Sense, she should have gentle Softness, tender Fear

Fear, and all those parts of Life, which distinguish her No. 144, from the other Sex; with some Subordination to it, but such an Inferiority that makes her still more lovely. *Eucratia* is that Creature, she is all over Woman, Kindness is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Gesture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine. A Goodness mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to use Art to gain her. Others are Beautiful, but *Eucratia* thou art Beauty!

Omnamante is made for Deceit, she has an Aspect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrece*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra*. Her Face speaks a Vestal, but her Heart a *Messalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante's* negligent unoberving Air, would believe that she hid under that regardless Manner the witty Prostitute, the rapacious Wench, the prodigal Curtizan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid: She can cast down that pretty Face in Confusion, while you rage with Jealousie, and storm at her Perfidiousness; she can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frightened, till you think your self a Brute for your Rage, own your self an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Presents.

But I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauteous, which I design for the Instruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders; and shall end this Rhapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an Antient Sage to a Beautiful Youth, whom he saw admiring his own Figure in Brass. What, said the Philosopher, could that Image of yours say for it self if it could speak? It might say, (answer'd the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful. And are not you ashame'd*, replied the Cynick, *to value your self upon that only of which a Piece of Brass is capable?*

T

Thursday

No. 145. No 145,
 Thursday, [STEELE.]
 August 16, 1711.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes—Hor.

Thursday, August 16.

IF the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire farther Notice from my Correspondents.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am obliged to you for your Discourse the other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with great Warmth, and Enumeration of many Circumstances and Authorities, undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies. You cannot employ your self more usefully than in adjusting the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses and accidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates. Among many other things which your own Experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take Notice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* says of such Disputants, which is so true, that it is almost Proverbial; but shall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of Court, whose Fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents is) to the *Temple* to know how to keep their own. One of these Gentlemen is very loud and captious at a Coffee-house which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give himself the Air of a very learned and knowing Man by the Strength of his Pocket. The Misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Money. The Gentleman I am speaking of, takes Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive Air, and with such powerful Arguments, that from

from a very Learned Person I am thought a mere No. 145. Pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had ^{Thursday,} _{August 16,} ^{1711.} read such a Passage in *Tacitus*, up starts my young Gentleman in a full Company, and pulling out his Purse offered to lay me ten Guineas, to be staked immediately in that Gentleman's Hands, (pointing to one smoaking at another Table) that I was utterly mistaken. I was Dumb for want of ten Guineas; he went on unmercifully to triumph over my Ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole Room he had read *Tacitus* twenty times over, and such a remarkable Incident as that could not escape him. He has at this time three considerable Wagers depending between him and some of his Companions, who are rich enough to hold an Argument with him. He has five Guineas upon Questions in Geography, two that the *Isle of Wight* is a Peninsula, and three Guineas to one that the World is round. We have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-house who deals mightily in Antique Scandal; my Disputant has laid him twenty Pieces upon a Point of History, to wit, that *Cæsar* never lay with *Cato's* Sister, as is scandalously reported by some People.

There are several of this sort of Fellows in Town, who Wager themselves into Statesmen, Historians, Geographers, Mathematicians, and every other Art, when the Persons with whom they talk have not Wealth equal to their Learning. I beg of you to prevent, in these Youngsters, this Compendious Way to Wisdom, which costs other People so much Time and Pains, and you will oblige

Your Humble Servant.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

*Coffee-House near the
Temple, Aug. 12, 1711.*

Here's a Young Gentleman that sings Opera-Tunes, or Whistles in a full House. Pray let him know that he has no Right to act here as if he were in an empty Room. Be pleased to divide the Spaces of a Publick Room, and certifie Whistlers, Singers and Common Orators, that are heard further than their Portion of the

No. 145. the Room comes to, that the Law is open, and that Thursday, there is an Equity which will relieve us from such as August 16, interrupt us in our Lawful Discourse, as much as 1711. against such as stop us on the Road. I take these Persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be such Trespassers as the Officer in your Stage Coach, and am of the same Sentiment with Councillor *Ephraim*. It is true the Young Man is rich, and, as the Vulgar say, needs not care for any Body; but sure that is no Authority for him to go whistle where he pleases.

I am, Sir,

Your Most Humble Servant.

P.S. I have Chambers in the *Temple*, and here are Students that learn upon the Hautboy; pray desire the Benchers, that all Lawyers who are Proficients in Wind-Musick may lodge to the *Thames*!

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

We are a Company of Young Women who pass our Time very much together, and obliged by the Mercenary Humour of the Men to be as Mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits among us an old Batchelor whom each of us has a Mind to. The Fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but excessively ill-bred. His Pleasantry consists in Romping, he snatches Kisses by surprise, puts his Hand in our Necks, tears our Fans, robs us of Ribbons, forces Letters out of our Hands, looks into any of our Papers, and a thousand other Rudenesses. Now what I'll desire of you is to acquaint him, by Printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and use him like a Clown as he is. In the Name of the Sisterhood I take my leave of you, and am, as they all are,

*Your Constant Reader,
and Well-wisher.'*

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I and several others of your Female Readers, have conformed our selves to your Rules, even to our very Dress

Dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our No. 145. outward Petticoat to its ancient Sizable Circumference, tho' indeed we retain still a Quilted one underneath, which makes us not altogether unconformable to the Fashion; but 'tis on Condition Mr. SPECTATOR extends not his Censure so far. But we find you Men secretly approve our Practice, by imitating our Piramidical Form. The Skirt of your fashionable Coats forms as large a Circumference as our Petticoats; as these are set out with Whalebone, so are those with Wire, to encrease and sustain the Bunch of Fold that hangs down on each side; and the Hat, I perceive, is decreased in just Proportion to our Head-dresses. We make a regular Figure, but I defy your Mathematicks to give Name to the Form you appear in. Your Architecture is mere Gothick, and betrays a worse Genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to your own Sex, I shall be less than I am now

Thursday,
August 16,
1711.

T

Your Humble Servant'

No. 146,

[STEELE.]

Friday, August 17.

Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.—Tull.

WE know the highest Pleasure our Minds are capable of enjoying with Composure, when we read sublime Thoughts communicated to us by Men of great Genius and Eloquence. Such is the Entertainment we meet with in the philosophick Parts of Cicero's Writings. Truth and good Sense have there so charming a Dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the Addition of poetical Fiction and the Power of Numbers. This ancient Author, and a modern one, have fallen into my Hands within these few Days; and the Impressions they have left upon me, have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry Fellow. The Modern is that admirable Writer, the Author of the Theory of the Earth. The Subjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near Affinity; they are upon Enquiries into Hereafter, and the Thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those

No. 146. those of the former in proportion to his Advantages of
Friday,
August 17,
1711. Scripture and Revelation. If I had a Mind to it, I could
not at present talk of any thing else; therefore I shall
translate a Passage in the one, and transcribe a Paragraph
out of the other, for the Speculation of this Day. Cicero
tells us, that *Plato* reports *Socrates*, upon receiving his
Sentence, to have spoken to his Judges in the following
Manner.

'I have great Hopes, oh my Judges, that it is infinitely
to my Advantage that I am sent to Death: For it must of
Necessity be, that one of these two things must be the
Consequence. Death must take away all these Senses,
or convey me to another Life. If all Sense is to be
taken away, and Death is no more than that profound
Sleep without Dreams, in which we are sometimes
buried, oh Heavens! how desirable is it to die? how
many Days do we know in Life preferable to such
a State? But if it be true that Death is but a Passage
to Places which they who lived before us do now inhabit,
how much still happier is it to go from those who call
themselves Judges, to appear before those that really
are such; before *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Aeacus* and
Triptolemus, and to meet Men who have lived with
Justice and Truth? Is this, do you think, no happy
Journey? Do you think it nothing to speak with
Orpheus, *Musæus*, *Homer* and *Hesiod*? I would,
indeed, suffer many Deaths to enjoy these Things.
With what particular Delight should I talk to *Palamedes*,
Ajax, and others, who like me have suffered by the
Iniquity of their Judges. I should examine the Wisdom
of that great Prince, who carried such mighty Forces
against *Troy*; and argue with *Ulysses* and *Sisyphus*,
upon difficult Points, as I have in Conversation here,
without being in Danger of being condemned. But let
not those among you who have pronounced me an
innocent Man be afraid of Death. No Harm can arrive
at a good Man whether dead or living; his Affairs are
always under the Direction of the Gods; nor will I
believe the Fate which is allotted to me my self this
Day to have arrived by Chance; nor have I ought to
say

say either against my Judges or Accusers, but that they No. 146. thought they did me an Injury.—But I detain you too Friday, long, it is Time that I retire to Death, and you to your Affairs of Life; which of us has the Better is known to the Gods, but to no mortal Man.'

The divine Socrates is here represented in a Figure worthy his great Wisdom and Philosophy, worthy the greatest mere Man that ever breath'd. But the modern Discourse is written upon a Subject no less than the Dissolution of Nature it self. Oh how glorious is the old Age of that great Man, who has spent his Time in such Contemplations as has made this Being, what only it should be, an Education for Heaven! He has, according to the Lights of Reason and Revelation, which seem'd to him clearest, traced the Steps of Omnipotence: He has, with a Celestial Ambition, as far as it is consistent with Humility and Devotion, examined the Ways of Providence, from the Creation to the Dissolution of the visible World. How pleasing must have been the Speculation, to observe Nature and Providence move together, the physical and moral World march the same Pace: To observe Paradice and eternal Spring the Seat of Innocence, troubled Seasons and angry Skies the Portion of Wickedness and Vice. When this admirable Author has reviewed all that has passed, or is to come, which relates to the habitable World, and run through the whole Fate of it, how could a Guardian Angel, that had attended it through all its Courses or Changes, speak more emphatically at the End of his Charge than does our Author, when he makes, as it were, a Funeral Oration over this Globe, looking to the Point where it once stood?

'Let us only, if you please, to take Leave of this Subject, reflect upon this Occasion on the Vanity and transient Glory of this habitable World. How by the Force of one Element breaking loose upon the rest, all the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, are reduced to Nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent,
is

No. 146. is obliterated or vanished; and another Form and Face Friday, of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, August 17, overspreads the whole Earth. Where are now the 1711.

great Empires of the World, and their great imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory? Shew me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victor's Name. What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference, or Distinction, do you see in this Mass of Fire? *Rome* it self, eternal *Rome*, the great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domination and Superstition, ancient and modern, make a great Part of the History of this Earth; what is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong and sumptuous; *She glorified her self, and lived deliciously, and said in her Heart I sit a Queen, and shall see no Sorrow;* But her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in everlasting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and Works of Men's Hands, but the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and *their Place is no where found.* Here stood the *Alpes*, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the Black Sea; this huge Mass of Stone is softned and dissolved as a tender Cloud into Rain. Here stood the *African Mountains*, and *Atlas* with his Top above the Clouds; there was frozen *Caucasus*, and *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, and the Mountains of *Asia*; and yonder towards the North stood the *Riphæan Hills*, cloath'd in Ice and Snow. All these are vanished, dropt away as the Snow upon their Heads. *Great and marvellous are thy Works, just and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah!*
T

Saturday

No. 147.

[STEELE]

Pronuntiatio est vocis & vultus & gestus moderatio cum venustate.—Tull.

Saturday, August 18.

No. 147.

Saturday,

August 18,

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE well Reading of the Common Prayer is of so great Importance, and so much neglected, that I take the Liberty to offer to your Consideration some Particulars on that Subject: And what more worthy your Observation than this? A thing so Publick, and of so high Consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent Exercise of it should not make the Performers of that Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little Care that is taken of their Reading, while Boys and at School, where when they are got into *Latin*, they are look'd upon as above *English*, the Reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due Observations made to them of the proper Accent and manner of Reading; by this means they have acquir'd such ill Habits as won't easily be remov'd. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some Person of great Ability that way as a Pattern for them; Example being most effectual to convince the Learned, as well as instruct the Ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I've been a constant Frequenter of the Service of the Church of *England* for above these four Years last past, and 'till *Sunday* was sevennight never discover'd, to so great a Degree, the Excellency of the Common Prayer. When being at St. James's *Garlick-hill* Church, I heard the Service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an Impossibility to be unattentive. My Eyes and my Thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confin'd to my Prayers; I then consider'd I address'd my self to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful Face. And when I reflected on my former Performances of that Duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of Form, in comparison to the Manner in which I then discharged it. My Mind was really affected, and fervent Wishes accompanied

No. 147. accompanied my Words. The Confession was read Saturday, August 18, 1711, with such a resign'd Humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable Authority, the Thanksgivings with such a Religious Joy, as made me feel those Affections of the Mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the Grievance above complain'd of, I humbly propose, that this excellent Reader, upon the next and every Annual Assembly of the Clergy of *Sion College*, and all other Conventions, should read Prayers before them. For then those, that are afraid of stretching their Mouths, and spoiling their soft Voice, will learn to Read with Clearness, Loudness, and Strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent Air by folding their Arms, and lolling on their Book, will be taught a decent Behaviour, and comely Erection of Body. Those that Read so fast as if impatient of their Work, may learn to speak Deliberately. There is another sort of Persons whom I call Pindarick Readers, as being confin'd to no set measure; these Pronounce five or six Words with great Deliberation, and the five or six Subsequent ones with as great Celerity: The first part of a Sentence with a very exalted Voice, and the latter part with a Submissive one: Sometime again with one sort of a Tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These Gentlemen will learn of my admired Reader an Evenness of Voice and Delivery. And all who are Innocent of these Affections, but Read with such an Indifferency as if they did not understand the Language, may then be inform'd of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently, how to place the Emphasis, and give the proper Accent to each Word, and how to vary the Voice according to the Nature of the Sentence. There is certainly a very great Difference between the Reading a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of you to inform a Sett of Readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain Gentleman-like Familiarity of Tone, and mend the Language as they go on, crying instead of Pardoneth and Absolveth, Pardons and Absolves. These are often pretty Classical Scholars, and would think it an unpardonable Sin to read *Virgil* or *Martial* with so little Taste as they do Divine Service.

This Indifferency seems to me to arise from the Endeavour

deavour of avoiding the Imputation of Cant, and the false Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the Original and Signification of this Word. Cant is, by some People, derived from one *Andrew Cant* who, they say, was a Presbyterian Minister in some illiterate part of *Scotland*, who by Exercise and Use had obtained the Faculty, alias Gift, of Talking in the Pulpit in such a Dialect, that it's said he was understood by none but his own Congregation, and not by all of them. Since *Mas. Cant's* time, it has been understood in a larger Sense, and signifies all sudden Exclamations, Whinings, unusual Tones, and in fine all Praying and Preaching like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice, a due Emphasis and Accent, are not to come within this description; So that our Readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The Dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their Voices, but it is with sudden Jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little Sense or Skill, that their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and Muttering. They make use of an Emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant Particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now if these Improprieties have so great an Effect on the People, as we see they have, how great an Influence would the Service of our Church, containing the best Prayers that ever were Compos'd, and that in Terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our Wants and Dependance on the Object of our Worship, dispos'd in most proper Order, and void of all Confusion; what Influence, I say, would these Prayers have, were they delivered with a due Emphasis, an apposite Rising and Variation of Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gentle Cadence, and, in a Word, with such an Accent and turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer?

As the matter of Worship is now managed in Dissenting Congregations, you find insignificant Words and Phrases raised by a lively Vehemence; in our own Churches, the most exalted Sense depreciated, by a dispassionate Indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S—e say in his Pulpit, of the Common Prayer, that,

at

No. 147. at least, it was as perfect as any thing of Human Institution; If the Gentlemen who err in this kind would Saturday, August 18, 1711, please to recollect the many Pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good Things with an ill Grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only Ridiculous, in themselves is Impious. But leaving this to their own Reflections, I shall conclude this Trouble with what *Caesar* said upon the Irregularity of Tone in one who read before him, *Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*

T

Your Most Humble Servant!

No. 148.

[STEELE.]

Monday, August 20.

Exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una.—Hor.

MY Correspondents assure me, that the Enormities which they lately complained of, and I published an Account of, are so far from being amended, that new Evils arise every Day to interrupt their Conversation, in Contempt of my Reproofs. My Friend who writes from the Coffee-house near the *Temple*, informs me, that the Gentleman who constantly sings a Voluntary in spite of the whole Company, was more musical than ordinary after reading my Paper; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the Glass in the Middle of the Room, and practised Minuet-steps to his own Humming. The incorrigible Creature has gone still further, and in the open Coffee-house, with one Hand extended as leading a Lady in it, he has danced both French and Country-Dances, and admonished his supposed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up her Head and fall back, according to the respective Facings and Evolutions of the Dance. Before this Gentleman began this his Exercise, he was pleased to clear his Throat by coughing and spitting a full half Hour; and as soon as he struck up, he appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the Room, whether he hit as he ought *Since you from Death have saved me?* and then ask'd the young Fellow, pointing to a Chancery-Bill under his Arm, whether that was an Opera-Score he carried or not? Without staying for an Answer he fell into the Exercise above-mentioned, and practised his Airs to

to the full House who were turned upon him, without the No. 148.
least Shame or Repentance for his former Transgressions.

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I am to the last Degree at a Loss what to do with this young Fellow, except I declare him an Outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said House which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive from any Person whatsoever any thing above mere Necessaries.

As we in *England* are a sober People, and generally inclined rather to a certain Bashfulness of Behaviour in Publick, it is amazing whence some Fellows come whom one meets with in this Town; They do not all seem to be the Growth of our Island; the pert, the talkative, all such as have no Sense of the Observation of others, are certainly of foreign Extraction. As for my Part, I am as much surpriz'd when I see a talkative *Englishman*, as I should be to see the *Indian* Pine growing on one of our quick-set Hedges; where these Creatures get Sun enough, to make them such lively Animals and dull Men, is above my Philosophy.

There are another Kind of Impertinents which a Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and those are your loud Speakers; These treat Mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this Outrage out of Vanity, because they think all they say is well; or that they have their own Persons in such Veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be insignificant to any Body else. For these Peoples' Sake, I have often lamented that we cannot close our Ears with as much Ease as we can our Eyes; It is very uneasy that we must necessarily be under Persecution. Next to these Bawlers, is a troublesome Creature who comes with the Air of your Friend and your Intimate, and that is your Whisperer. There is one of them at a Coffee-house which I my self frequent, who observing me to be a Man pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and with a Whisper tells me things which all the Town knows. It is no very hard Matter to guess at the Source of this Impertinence, which is nothing else but a Method or Mechanick Art of being wise. You never

see

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see any frequent in it, whom you can suppose to have any thing in the World to do. These Persons are worse than Bawlers, as much as a secret Enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wish this my Coffee-house Friend would take this for an Intimation, that I have not heard one Word he has told me for these several Years; whereas he now thinks me the most trusty Repository of his Secrets. The Whisperers have a pleasant Way of ending the close Conversation, with saying aloud, *Do not you think so?* Then whisper again, and then aloud, *but you know that Person;* then whisper again. The thing would be well enough, if they whispered to keep the Folly of what they say among Friends, but alas they do it to preserve the Importance of their Thoughts. I am sure I could name you more than one Person whom no Man living ever heard talk upon any Subject in Nature, or ever saw in his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that I know not how can whisper something like Knowledge of what has and does pass in the World; which you would think he learned from some familiar Spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in Truth Whisperers deal only in half Accounts of what they entertain you with. A great Help to their Discourse is, 'That the Town says, and People begin to talk very freely, and they had it from Persons too considerable to be named, what they will tell you when things are riper.' My Friend has winked upon me any Day since I came to Town last, and has communicated to me as a Secret, that he designed in a very short Time to tell me a Secret; but I shall know what he means, he now assures me, in less than a Fortnight's Time.

But I must not omit the dearer Part of Mankind, I mean the Ladies, to take up a whole Paper upon Grievances which concern the Men only; but shall humbly propose, that we change Fools for an Experiment only. A certain Set of Ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a Visitant who affects to be wiser than they are; which Character he hopes to preserve by an obstinate Gravity, and great Guard against discovering his Opinion upon any Occasion whatsoever. A painful Silence has hitherto gained him no further Advantage, than that as he might,

if

if he had behaved himself with Freedom, been excepted No. 148, against, but as to this and that Particular, he now offends ^{Monday,} and Correspondents, I shall exchange my dancing Outlaw ^{August 20, 1711.} for their dumb Visitant, and assign the silent Gentleman all the Haunts of the Dancer: In order to which I have sent them by the Penny-Post the following Letters for their Conduct in their new Conversations.

'Sir,

I have, you may be sure, heard of your Irregularities without regard to my Observations upon you; but shall not treat you with so much Rigour as you deserve. If you will give your self the Trouble to repair to the Place mentioned in the Postscript to this Letter at Seven this Evening, you will be conducted into a spacious Room well lighted, where there are Ladies and Musick. You will see a young Lady laughing next the Window to the Street; you may take her out, for she loves you as well as she does any Man, tho' she never saw you before. She never thought in her Life any more than your self. She will not be surprized when you accost her, nor concerned when you leave her. Hasten from a Place where you are laughed at, to one where you will be admired. You are of no Consequence, therefore go where you will be welcome for being so.

Your most Humble Servant.'

'Sir,

The Ladies whom you visit, think a wise Man the most impertinent Creature living, therefore you cannot be offended that they are displeased with you. Why will you take Pains to appear wise, where you would not be the more esteemed for being really so? Come to us; forget the Gigglers; and let your Inclination go along with you whether you speak or are silent; and let all such Women as are in a Clan or Sisterhood, go their own way; there is no Room for you in that Company who are of the common Taste of the Sex.

*For Women born to be controll'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold,
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.*

II.

Q

T
Tuesday

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 Tuesday, No. 149.
 August 21, [STEELE.]
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Tuesday, August 21.

*Cui in manu sit, quem esse dementem velit,
 Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum infici,
 Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.*
 —Caecil. apud Tull.

THE following Letter and my Answer shall take up the present Speculation.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am the young Widow of a Country Gentleman, who has left me entire Mistress of a large Fortune, which he agreed to as an Equivalent for the Difference in our Years. In these Circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a Crowd of Admirers; which I have abridg'd in my own Thoughts, and reduc'd to a Couple of Candidates only, both young and neither of 'em disagreeable in their Persons; according to the common Way of computing, in one the Estate more than deserves my Fortune, in the other my Fortune more than deserves the Estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a Woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of living great; but then he seems to receive such a Degree of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on me; and the Readiness he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only hearing a Repetition of the same things he has said to a hundred Women before. When I consider the other, I see my self approach'd with so much Modesty and Respect, and such a Doubt of himself, as betrays methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the same Time that he himself would be the only Gainer by my Consent. What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both! But since that's impossible, I beg to be concluded by your Opinion; it is absolutely in your Power to dispose of

Your most obedient Servant,

Sylvia.'

Madam

Madam,

You do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the Tenderness of a Father, in Gratitude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not seem to make any great Distinction between these Gentlemen as to their Persons; the whole Question lies upon their Circumstances and Behaviour; If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that Point moved by the same Principle, the Consideration of Fortune, and you must place them in each other's Circumstances before you can judge of their Inclination. To avoid Confusion in discussing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon* and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon's* Estate would behave himself as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio's* Condition, would be as obsequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own sake to choose *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, there is no Doubt Riches ought to be a Reason for Preference. After this Manner, my dear Child, I would have you abstract them from their Circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same Man in Nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the Figure they make towards you; you will please, my Dear, next to consider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Discerning, they can observe the Motives of your Heart; and *Florio* can see when he is disregarded only upon Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature; and you are still the same thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage-Life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The first is, when two People of no Genius or Taste for themselves meet together, upon such a Settlement as has been thought reasonable
by

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No: 149. by Parents and Conveyancers from an exact Valuation
Tuesday, of the Land and Cash of both Parties; In this Case the
August 21, young Lady's Person is no more regarded, than the
1711.

House and Improvements in Purchase of an Estate; but she goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. These make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the rich, and fill up the Lumber of humane Race, without Beneficence towards those below them, or Respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless Life, without Sense of the Laws of Kindness, Good-nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfaction which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The vexatious Life arises from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taste and Resentment, put together for Reasons well known to their Friends, in which especial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and ensure to them Riches, with every Evil besides. These good People live in a constant Constraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they are within Observation they fret at each others Carriage and Behaviour, when alone they revile each others Person and Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

The happy Marriage is, where two Persons meet and voluntarily make Choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the Circumstance of Fortune or Beauty. These may still love in spite of Adversity or Sickness; The former we may in some Measure defend our selves from, the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this sort of Passion, your humour of living great will vanish out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State, Solitude, with the Person beloved, has a Pleasure, even in a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your Lovers will like you best undress'd, which will bear with you most when out of Humour; and your Way to this is to ask of your self, which of them you value most for his own Sake? and by that judge which gives the greater Instances of his valuing you for your self only.

After

After you have expressed some Sense of the humble No. 149, Approach of Florio, and a little Disdain at Strephon's Assurance in his Address, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both!* It would therefore methinks be a good Way to determine your self; Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you chuse otherwise, there is no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival; but intrinsick Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer Terms; he whom you take for his personal Perfections will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the Sake of his Fortune attain to personal Perfections. If Strephon is not as accomplish'd and agreeable as Florio, Marriage to you will never make him so; but Marriage to you may make Florio as rich as Strephon; Therefore to make a sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not sacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

*I am,
Your most obedient*

Humble Servant.

T
No. 150,
[BUDGELL.]

Wednesday, August 22.

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit———. Juv.*

AS I was walking in my Chamber the Morning before I went last into the Country, I heard the Hawkers with great Vehemence crying about a Paper, entitl'd *The ninety nine Plagues of an empty Purse*. I had indeed some Time before observed, that the Orators of Grub-street had dealt very much in *Plagues*; They have already published in the same Month *The Plagues of Matrimony, The Plagues of a single Life, The nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid, The Plagues of a Coachman, The Plagues of a Footman, and The Plague of Plagues*. The Success these several *Plagues* met with, probably gave Occasion to the above-mentioned

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tioned Poem on an *empty Purse*. However that be, the same Noise so frequently repeated under my Window, drew me insensibly to think on some of those Inconveniences and Mortifications which usually attend on Poverty, and in short gave Birth to the present Speculation; for after my Fancy had run over the most obvious and common Calamities which Men of mean Fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little Insults and Contempts, which, tho' they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a Man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. *Juvenal* with a great deal of Humour and Reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor Man in his Time, than the continual Ridicule which his Habit and Dress afforded to the Beaus of Rome.

*Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem, si fœda & scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula est, & rupta calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum
Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix?*—*Juv. Sat. 3.*

*Add, that the Rich have still a Gibe in Store,
And will be monstrous witty on the Poor;
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jest;
The greasy Gown sully'd with often turning,
Gives a good Hint to say the Man's in Mourning;
Or if the Shoe be ript, or patch is put,
He's wounded! see the Plaister on his Foot.—Dryd.*

'Tis on this Occasion that he afterwards adds the Reflection which I have chosen for my Motto,

*Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.—Dryd.*

It must be confess'd, that few things make a Man appear more despicable, or more prejudice his Hearers against what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful Dress; insomuch that I fancy, had *Tully* himself pronounced one of his Orations with a Blanket about his Shoulders, more People would have laughed at his Dress than have admired his Eloquence. This last Reflection made me wonder at a Set of Men, who, without

without being subjected to it by the Unkindness of No. 150. their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the Ridicule of the World in this Particular; I mean such as take it into their Heads, that the first regular Step to be a Wit is to commence a Sloven. It is certain nothing has so much debased that, which must have been otherwise so great a Character; and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in Complaisance to those narrow Minds who can have no Notion of the same Person's possessing different Accomplishments; or that it is a sort of Sacrifice which some Men are contented to make to Calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one Part of their Character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet however unaccountable this foolish Custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long Prescription; and probably gave too much Occasion for the vulgar Definition still remaining among us of an *Heathen Philosopher*.

I have seen the Speech of a *Terraefilius*, spoken in King Charles II's Reign; in which he describes two very eminent Men, who were perhaps the greatest Scholars of their Age; and after having mentioned the intire Friendship between them, concludes, That *they had but one Mind, one Purse, one Chamber, and one Hat*. The Men of Business were also infected with a sort of Singularity little better than this. I have heard my Father say, that a broad-brimm'd Hat, short Hair, and an unfolded Handkerchief, were in his Time absolutely necessary to denote a *notable Man*; and that he had known two or three who aspired to the Characters of *very notable*, wear Shooe-strings with great Success.

To the Honour of our present Age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest Genius's for *Wit* and *Business* have almost intirely broke the Neck of these Absurdities.

Victor, after having dispatched the most important Affairs of the Commonwealth, has appear'd at an Assembly, where all the Ladies have declared him the genteelst Man in the Company; and in *Atticus*, tho' every way one of the greatest Genius's the Age has produc'd, one sees nothing particular in his Dress or Carriage to denote his Pretensions to *Wit* and *Learning*:

So

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So that at present a Man may venture to cock up his Hat, and wear a fashionable Wig, without being taken for a Rake or a Fool.

The Medium between a Fop and a Sloven is what a Man of Sense would endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. Osbourn advises his Son to appear in his Habit rather above than below his Fortune; and tells him, that he will find an handsome Suit of Cloaths always procures some additional Respect. I have indeed my self observed, that my Banker ever bows lowest to me when I wear my full-bottom'd Wig; and writes me *Mr.* or *Esq.* accordingly as he sees me dress'd.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Adventure which I was my self an Eye-witness of very lately.

I happened the other Day to call in at a celebrated Coffee-house near the *Temple*. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly Man very meanly dress'd, and sat down by me; he had a thread-bare loose Coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his under Suit, which seemed to have been at least its Contemporary: His short Wig and Hat were both answerable to the rest of his Apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a Dish of Tea; but as several Gentlemen in the Room wanted other things, the Boys of the House did not think themselves at Leisure to mind him. I could observe the old Fellow was very uneasy at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands several Times to no Purpose; till at last one of the Lads presented him with some stale Tea in a broken Dish, accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar; which so raised his Indignation, that after several obliging Appellations of Dog and Rascal, he asked him aloud before the whole Company *Why he must be used with less Respect than that Fop there?* pointing to a well-dress'd young Gentleman who was drinking Tea at the opposite Table. The Boy of the House reply'd with a good deal of Pertness, That his Master had two sorts of Customers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him many a Six Pence for wiping his Shooes. By this time the young *Templar* who found his Honour concerned in the Dispute, and that the Eyes of the whole

whole Coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a No. 150. Paper he had in his Hand and was coming towards us, Wednesday, while we at the Table made what Haste we could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of us 22, 1711. surprised to see him as he approached nearer put on an Air of Deference and Respect. To whom the old Man said, *Hark you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant Bills once more; but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality shall not spirit up a Parcel of Rascals to insult your Father.*

Tho' I by no Means approve either the Impudence of the Servants or the Extravagance of the Son, I cannot but think the old Gentleman was in some Measure justly served for walking in Masquerade, I mean appearing in a Dress so much beneath his Quality and Estate.

X

No. 151.

[STEELE]

Thursday, August 23.

Maximas virtutes jacere omnes necesse est voluptate dominante.—Tull. De Fin.

I KNOW no one Character that gives Reason a greater Shock, at the same Time that it presents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleasure about the Town. This Description of a Man of Fashion, spoken by some with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity as a laudable Distinction, is in every Body's Mouth that spends any Time in Conversation. My Friend WILL HONEYCOMB has this Expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the Story which follows, upon his Mention of such a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleasure was either a Drunkard too old for Wenching, or a young lewd Fellow with some Liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the same time debauch your Sister or lye with your Wife. According to his Description, a Man of Wit when he could have Wenches for Crowns a Piece which he liked quite as well, would be so extravagant as to bribe Servants, make false Friendships, fight Relations; I say according to him plain and simple

No. 151. simple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleasure ;
Thursday, but he would leave an easy and accessible Wickedness, to
August come at the same thing with only the Addition of certain
23, 1711. Falshood, and possible Murder. WILL thinks the Town
grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we
used to do of these Coxcombs, whom (without observing
it) he describes as the most infamous Rogues in Nature,
with Relation to Friendship, Love, or Conversation.

When Pleasure is made the chief Pursuit of Life, it will
necessarily follow that such Monsters as these will arise
from a constant Application to such Blandishments as
naturally root out the Force of Reason and Reflexion, and
substitute in their Place a general Impatience of Thought,
and a constant Prurienty of inordinate Desire.

Pleasure, when it is a Man's chief Purpose, disappoints
it self; and the constant Application to it palls the Faculty
of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Sense of our Inability
for that we wish, with a Disrelish of every thing else.
Thus the intermediate Seasons of the Man of Pleasure,
are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest
Criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after
a Debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless
Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living
whose Being is such a Weight or Vexation as his is.
He is an utter Stranger to the pleasing Reflexions in
the Evening of a well-spent Day, or the Gladness of
Heart or Quickness of Spirit in the Morning after pro-
found Sleep or indolent Slumbers. He is not to be at
Ease any longer than he can keep Reason and good
Sense without his Curtains; otherwise he will be haunted
with the Reflection, that he could not believe such a one
the Woman that upon Tryal he found her. What has
he got by his Conquest, but to think meanly of her for
whom a Day or two before he had the highest Honour?
and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of
all Men living he himself would least willingly have
injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole Man who addicts himself to
it, and will not give him Leisure for any good Office in
Life which contradicts the Gayety of the present Hour.
You may indeed observe in People of Pleasure a certain
Complacency

Complacency and Absence of all Severity, which the No. 151 Habit of a loose unconcerned Life gives them; but tell Thursday,
the Man of Pleasure your secret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows, and you will find he has given up the Delicacy
of his Passions to the Cravings of his Appetites. He little knows the perfect Joy he loses, for the disappointing Gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as she approaches, and comes to you with the Recommendation of warm Wishes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his Presence with Disorder, Impotence, downcast Shame, and conscious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age shameful.

WILL HONEYCOMB gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of several Hags whose Bloom was given up to his Arms; and would raise a Value to himself for having had, as the Phrase is, very good Women. WILL'S good Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and support him, I warrant, by the Memory of past Interviews with Persons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occasion wherein Vice makes so phantastical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleasure. To tell a toothless old Lady that she once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired Thing of the Town, are Satyrs instead of Applauses; but on the other Side, consider the old Age of those who have passed their Days in Labour, Industry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleasure. In all Orders of Men where-ever this is the chief Character, the Person who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and intails Poverty on his unhappy Descendants. Mortgages, Diseases, and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleasure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make such lamentable Speeches after every Sessions at Tyburn, were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleasure before they

No. 151. they fell into the Adventures which brought them
Thursday, thither.

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Irresolution and Procrastination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleasure; Dishonour to the Gentleman and Bankruptcy to the Trader, are the Portion of either whose chief Purpose of Life is Delight. The chief Cause that this Pursuit has been in all Ages received with so much Quarter from the soberer Part of Mankind, has been that some Men of great Talents have sacrificed themselves to it: The shining Qualities of such People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madness. For let any Man who knows what it is to have passed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humourous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one Instant sharp to some Man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was Cruelty to treat with such Freedom, ungracefully noisie at such a Time, unskillfully open at such a Time, unmercifully calumnious at such a Time; and from the whole Course of his applauded Satisfactions, unable in the End to recollect any Circumstance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming Pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the Generality of Mankind who pretend this Way, without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to an Extravagance; this is as if Fools should mimick Madmen. Pleasure of this Kind is the intemperate Meals and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whose Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as fast as they can to that little Particle of Reason they have when they are sober: These Men of Wit and Pleasure dispatch their Senses as fast as possible, by drinking till they cannot taste, smoaking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear. T

Friday

No. 152.
[STEELE.]

Friday, August 24.

Οὐη περ φύλλων γενεῇ τοῖη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.—Hom.

No. 152.
Friday,
August
24, 1711.

HERE is no sort of People whose Conversation is so pleasant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflection. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Conversation so full of Incidents, and gives them so frank an Air in speaking of what they have been Witnesses of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among Men who are used to adjust and methodize their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain SENTRY, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the Service, forbear expressing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the rest of Mankind, arm our selves against with so much Contemplation, Reason and Philosophy, should appear so little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet opposite Battallions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend answered what I said in the following manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the Subject of Admiration to all who are not conversant in Camps; but when a Man has spent some Time in that Way of Life, he observes a certain Mechanick Courage which the ordinary Race of Men become Masters of from acting always in a Crowd; They see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other Part of their Time in Pleasures, upon which their Minds are so entirely bent, that short Labours or Dangers are but a cheap Purchase of Jollity, Triumph, Victory, fresh Quarters, new Scenes, and uncommon Adventures. Such are the Thoughts of the

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the Executive Part of an Army, and indeed of the Gross of Mankind in general; but none of these Men of Mechanical Courage have ever made any great Figure in the Profession of Arms. Those who are formed for Command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a Consideration of greater Good than Length of Days, into such a Negligence of their Being, as to make it their first Position, That it is one Day to be resigned; and since it is, in the Prosecution of worthy Actions and Service of Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. The Event of our Designs, say they, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to our selves it must be prosperous, while we are in the Pursuit of our Duty, and within the Terms upon which Providence has ensured our Happiness, whether we die or live. All that Nature has prescribed must be good; and as Death is natural to us, it is Absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its Purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw Resolution to meet it from the Impossibility to escape it. Without a Resignation to the Necessity of dying, there can be no Capacity in Man to attempt any thing that is glorious; but when they have once attained to that Perfection, the Pleasures of a Life spent in Martial Adventures, are as great as any of which the human Mind is capable. The Force of Reason gives a certain Beauty, mixed with the Conscience of Well-doing and Thirst of Glory, to all which before was terrible and ghastly to the Imagination. Add to this, that the Fellowship of Danger, the common Good of Mankind, the general Cause, and the manifest Virtue you may observe in so many Men, who made no Figure till that Day, are so many Incentives to destroy the little Consideration of their own Persons. Such are the Heroick Part of Soldiers who are qualified for Leaders; As to the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain Habit of being void of Thought, insomuch that on Occasion of the most imminent Danger they are still in the same Indifference: Nay I remember an Instance of a gay Frenchman who was led on in Battle by a superior Officer (whose Conduct it was his Custom to speak of always with Contempt and Raillery), and in the

the Beginning of the Action received a Wound he was No. 152. sensible was mortal; his Reflection on this Occasion Friday, was, *I wish I could live another Hour, to see how this blundering Coxcomb will get clear of this Business.*

I remember two young Fellows who rid in the same Squadron of a Troop of Horse, who were ever together; they eat, they drank, they intreagued; in a Word, all their Passions and Affections seem'd to tend the same Way, and they appear'd serviceable to each other in them. We were in the Dusk of the Evening to march over a River, and the Troop these Gentlemen belonged to were to be transported in a Ferry-boat as fast as they could. One of the Friends was now in the Boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the Water-side waiting the Return of the Boat. A Disorder happened in the Passage by an unruly Horse; and a Gentleman who had the Rein of his Horse negligently under his Arm, was forced into the Water by his Horse's jumping over. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out, who's that is drowned trow? He was immediately answered, your Friend, *Harry Thompson.* He very gravely replied, *Ay, he had a mad Horse.* This short Epitaph from such a Familiar without more Words, gave me, at that Time under Twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the Friendship of Companions. Thus is Affection and every other Motive of Life in the Generality, rooted out by the present busy Scene about them: They lament no Man whose Capacity can be supplied by another; and where Men converse without Delicacy, the next Man you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your Life. To such the Devastation of Countries, the Misery of Inhabitants, the Cries of the Pillaged, and the silent Sorrow of the great Unfortunate, are ordinary Objects; their Minds are bent upon the little Gratifications of their own Senses and Appetites, forgetful of Compassion, insensible of Glory, avoiding only Shame; their whole Hearts taken up with the trivial Hope of meeting and being merry. These are the People who make up the Gross of the Soldiery; But the fine Gentleman in that Band of Men, is such a one as I have now in my Eye, who is foremost in all Danger to which he
is

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is ordered. His Officers are his Friends and Companions, as they are Men of Honour and Gentlemen; the private Men his Brethren, as they are of his Species. He is beloved of all that behold him: They wish him in Danger as he views their Ranks, that they may have Occasions to save him at their own Hazard. Mutual Love is the Order of the Files where he commands; every Man afraid for himself and his Neighbour, not lest their Commander should punish them, but lest he should be offended. Such is his Regiment who knows Mankind, and feels their Distresses so far as to prevent them. Just in distributing what is their Due, he would think himself below their Taylor to wear a Snip of their Cloaths in Lace upon his own; and below the most rapacious Agent, should he enjoy a Farthing above his own Pay. Go on, brave Man, immortal Glory is thy Fortune, and immortal Happiness thy Reward.' T

No. 153.
[STEELE.]

Saturday, August 25.

*Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic vivendi modum;
senectus autem peractio aetatis est tanquam fabulae. Cujus
defatigationem fugere debemus, praesertim adjuncta satietate.—
Tull. De Senect.*

OF all the impertinent Wishes which we hear expressed in Conversation, there is not one more unworthy a Gentleman or a Man of liberal Education, than that of wishing one's self younger. I have observed this Wish is usually made upon Sight of some Object which gives the Idea of a past Action, that it is no Dishonour to us that we cannot now repeat; or else on what was in it self shameful when we performed it. It is a certain Sign of a foolish or a dissolute Mind, if we want our Youth again only for the Strength of Bones and Sinews which we once were Masters of. It is (as my Author has it) as absurd in an old Man to wish for the Strength of a Youth, as it would be in a young Man to wish for the Strength of a Bull or a Horse. These Wishes are both equally out of Nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to Justice, Law and Reason. But tho' every old Man has been Young, and every

every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a No. 153.
most unnatural Misunderstanding between those two Saturday,
Stages of Life. This unhappy Want of Commerce arises August
from the insolent Arrogance or Exultation in Youth, and 25, 1711.
the irrational Despondence or self-pity in Age. A young
Man whose Passion and Ambition is to be good and
wise, and an old one who has no Inclination to be lewd
or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this Speculation;
but the Cocking young Fellow who treads upon the Toes
of his Elders, and the old Fool who envies the sawcy
Pride he sees him in, are the Objects of our present
Contempt and Derision. Contempt and Derision are
harsh Words; but in what manner can one give advice
to a Youth in the pursuit and Possession of sensual
Pleasures, or afford Pity to an old Man in the impotence
and desire of Enjoying them? When young Men in
publick Places betray in their Deportment an abandoned
Resignation to their Appetites, they give to sober Minds
a Prospect of a despicable Age, which, if not interrupted
by Death in the midst of their Follies, must certainly
come. When an old Man bewails the Loss of such Grati-
fications which are passed, he discovers a monstrous
Inclination to that which it is not in the Course of Pro-
vidence to recall. The State of an old Man, who is dis-
satisfid merely for his being such, is the most out of all
Measures of Reason and good Sense of any Being we
have any Account of from the highest Angel to the
lowest Worm. How miserable is the Contemplation to
consider a libidinous old Man (while all Created things,
beside himself and Devils, are following the order of
Providence) fretting at the Course of things, and being
almost the sole Malecontent in the Creation. But let us
a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number
of Years: The Passions which he had in Youth are not
to be obeyed as they were then, but Reason is more
powerful now without the Disturbance of them. An old
Gentleman 'other day in Discourse with a Friend of his,
(reflecting upon some Adventures they had in Youth
together) cry'd out, *Oh Jack those were happy Days!*
That is True, replied his Friend, *but methinks we go*
about our Business more quietly than we did then.

II.

R

One

No. 153.
Saturday,
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One would think it should be no small Satisfaction to have gone so far in our Journey that the Heat of the Day is over with us. When Life it self is a Feaver, as it is in licentious Youth, the Pleasures of it are no other than the Dreams of a Man in that Distemper; and it is as absurd to wish the Return of that Season of Life, as for a Man in Health to be sorry for the Loss of gilded Palaces, fairy Walks, and flowery Pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled Slumbers of a Fit of Sickness.

As to all the rational and worthy Pleasures of our Being, the Conscience of a good Fame, the Contemplation of another Life, the Respect and Commerce of honest Men, our Capacities for such Enjoyments are enlarged by Years. While Health endures, the latter Part of Life, in the Eye of Reason, is certainly the more eligible. The Memory of a well-spent Youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant Pleasure to the Mind; and to such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on Youth with Satisfaction, they may give themselves no little Consolation that they are under no Temptation to repeat their Follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'He that would be long an old Man, must begin early to be one': It is too late to resign a thing after a Man is robbed of it; therefore it is necessary that before the Arrival of Age we bid adieu to the Pursuits of Youth, otherwise sensual Habits will live in our Imaginations when our Limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor Fellow who lost his Arm last Siege will tell you, he feels the Fingers that are buried in *Flanders* ake every cold Morning at *Chelsea*.

The fond Humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable World, and being applauded for trivial Excellencies, is what makes Youth have Age in Contempt, and makes Age resign with so ill a Grace the Qualifications of Youth: But this in both Sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural Course of our Minds, which should build their Approbations and Dislikes upon what Nature and Reason dictate, into Chimera and Confusion.

Age

Age in a virtuous Person, of either Sex, carries in No. 153.
it an Authority which makes it preferable to all the Saturday,
Pleasures of Youth. If to be saluted, attended, and con-^{August}
sulted with Deference, are Instances of Pleasure, they
are such as never fail a virtuous old Age. In the
Enumeration of the Imperfections and Advantages of
the younger and later Years of Man, they are so near
in their Condition that, methinks, it should be incredible
we see so little Commerce of Kindness between them.
If we consider Youth and Age with *Tully*, regarding
the Affinity to Death, Youth has many more Chances
to be near it than Age; what Youth can say more
than an old Man, He shall live till Night? Youth
catches Distempers more easily, its Sickness is more
violent, and its Recovery more doubtful. The Youth
indeed hopes for many more Days, so cannot the old
Man: The Youth's Hopes are ill grounded; for what
is more foolish than to place any Confidence upon an
Uncertainty? But the old Man has not Room so much
as for Hope; he is still happier than the Youth, he has
already enjoyed what the other does but hope for:
One wishes to live long, the other has lived long.
But alas, is there any thing in humane Life, the Dura-
tion of which can be called long? There is nothing
which must end to be valued for its Continuance. If
Hours, Days, Months, and Years pass away, it is no
Matter what Hour, what Day, what Month, or what
Year we dye. The Applause of a good Actor is due
to him at whatever Scene of the Play he makes his
Exit. It is thus in the Life of a Man of Sense, a short
Life is sufficient to manifest himself a Man of Honour
and Virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived
too long; and while he is such, it is of no Consequence
to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to
his Life's End. T

Monday

No. 154.
Monday,
August
27, 1711.

No. 154.
[STEELE.]

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus—Juv.

Monday, August 27,

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU are frequent in the Mention of Matters which concern the feminine World, and take upon you to be very severe against Men upon all those Occasions: But all this while I am afraid you have been very little conversant with Women, or you would know the Generality of them are not so angry as you imagine at the general Vices amongst us. I am apt to believe (begging your Pardon) that you are still what I my self was once, a queer modest Fellow; and therefore, for your Information, shall give you a short Account of my self, and the Reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are necessary to be well with the Ladies.

You are to know then that I was bred a Gentleman, and had the finishing Part of my Education under a Man of great Probit, Wit, and Learning in one of our Universities. I will not deny but this made my Behaviour and Mein bear in it a Figure of Thought rather than Action; and a Man of quite contrary Character, who never thought in his Life, rallied me one Day upon it, and said He believ'd I was still a Virgin. There was a young Lady of Virtue present, and I was not displeased to favour the Insinuation: But it had a quite contrary Effect from what I expected; I was ever after treated with great Coldness both by that Lady and all the rest of my Acquaintance. In a very little Time I never came into a Room but I could hear a Whisper, Here comes the Maid: A Girl of Humour would on some Occasion say, Why how do you know more than any of us? An Expression of that kind was generally followed by a loud Laugh: In a Word, for no other Fault in the World than that they really thought me as innocent as themselves, I became of no Consequence among them, and was receiv'd always upon the Foot of a Jest. This made so strong an Impression upon me, that I resolv'd to be as agreeable as the best of the Men who laugh'd

laugh'd at me; but I observed it was Nonsense for me to No. 154.
be impudent at first among those who knew me: My Monday,
Character for Modesty was so notorious wherever I had August
hitherto appeared, that I resolved to shew my new Face 27, 1711.
in new Quarters of the World. My first Step I chose with
Judgment, for I went to *Astrop*; and came down among
a Crowd of Academics, at one Dash, the impudentest
Fellow they had ever seen in their Lives.Flushed with
this Success, I made Love and was happy. Upon this
Conquest I thought it would be unlike a Gentleman to
stay long with my Mistress, and crossed the Country to
Bury: I could give you a very good Account of my self at
that Place also. At these two ended my first Summer of
Gallantry. The Winter following, you would wonder at
it, but I relapsed into Modesty upon coming among People
of Figure in *London*, yet not so much but that the Ladies
who had formerly laughed at me said, Bless us! how
wonderfully that Gentleman is improved? Some Famili-
arities about the Play-houses towards the End of the
ensuing Winter, made me conceive new Hopes of
Adventures; and instead of returning the next Summer
to *Astrop* or *Bury*, I thought my self qualified to go to
Epsom; and followed a young Woman, whose Relations
were jealous of my Place in her Favour, to *Scarborough*.
I carried my Point, and in my third Year aspired to go to
Tunbridge, and in the Autumn of the same Year made
my Appearance at *Bath*. I was now got into the Way of
Talk proper for Ladies, and was run into a vast Acquaint-
ance among them, which I always improved to the best
Advantage. In all this Course of Time, and some Years
following, I found a sober modest Man was always looked
upon by both Sexes as a precise unfashioned Fellow of
no Life or Spirit. It was ordinary for a Man who had
been drunk in good Company, or passed a Night with a
Wench, to speak of it next Day before Women for whom
he had the greatest Respect. He was reproved, perhaps,
with a Blow of the Fan or an oh Fie, but the angry Lady
still preserved an apparent Approbation in her Counten-
ance: He was called a strange wicked Fellow, a sad
Wretch; he shrugs his Shoulders, swears, receives another
Blow, swears again he did not know he swore, and all was
well

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well. You might often see Men game in the presence of Women, and throw at once for more than they were worth, to recommend themselves as Men of Spirit. I found by long Experience, that the loosest Principles and most abandoned Behaviour, carried all before them in Pretensions to Women of Fortune. The Encouragement given to People of this Stamp, made me soon throw off the remaining Impressions of a sober Education. In the above-mentioned Places, as well as in Town, I always kept Company with those who lived most at large; and in due Process of Time I was a very pretty Rake among the Men, and a very pretty Fellow among the Women. I must confess I had some melancholy Hours upon the Account of the Narrowness of my Fortune, but my Conscience at the same Time gave me the Comfort that I had qualified my self for marrying a Fortune.

When I had lived in this Manner for some Time, and became thus accomplished, I was now in the Twenty seventh Year of my Age, and about the Forty seventh of my Constitution, my Health and Estate wasting very fast; when I happened to fall into the Company of a very pretty young Lady in her own Disposal. I entertained the Company, as we Men of Gallantry generally do, with the many Haps and Disasters, Watchings under Windows, Escapes from jealous Husbands, and several other Perils. The young thing was wonderfully charmed with one that knew the World so well and talked so fine; with Desdemona, all her Lover said affected her; it was strange, 'twas wond'rous strange. In a Word, I saw the Impression I had made upon her, and with a very little Application the pretty thing has married me. There is so much Charm in her Innocence and Beauty, that I do now as much detest the Course I have been in for many Years, as ever I did before I entred into it.

What I intend, Mr. SPECTATOR, by writing all this to you, is, that you would, before you go any further with your Panegyricks on the fair Sex, give them some Lectures upon their silly Approbations. It is that I am weary of Vice, and that it was not in my natural Way, that I am now so far recovered as not to bring this believing dear Creature to Contempt and Poverty for her Generosity to me

me. At the same Time tell the Youth of good Education No. 154. of our Sex, that they take too little Care of improving themselves in little things: A good Air at entring into a Room, a proper Audacity in expressing himself with Gayety and Gracefulness, would make a young Gentleman of Virtue and Sense capable of discountenancing the shallow impudent Rogues that shine among the Women.

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Mr. SPECTATOR, I don't doubt but you are a very sagacious Person, but you are so great with *Tully* of late, that I fear you will contemn these things as Matters of no Consequence: But believe me, Sir, they are of the highest Importance to humane Life; and if you can do any thing towards opening fair Eyes, you will lay an Obligation upon all your Contemporaries who are Fathers Husbands, or Brothers to Females.

Your most affectionate humble Servant,
Simon Honeycomb.'

T

No. 155.
[STEELE]

Tuesday, August 28.

— *Hae nugae seria ducent*
In mala — Hor.

I HAVE more than once taken Notice of an indecent License taken in Discourse, wherein the Conversation on one Part is involuntary, and the Effect of some necessary Circumstance. This happens in travelling together in the same hired Coach, sitting near each other in any publick Assembly, or the like. I have upon making Observations of this sort received innumerable Messages, from that Part of the fair Sex whose Lot in Life is to be of any Trade or publick Way of Life. They are all to a Woman urgent with me to lay before the World the unhappy Circumstances they are under, from the unreasonable Liberty which is taken in their Presence, to talk on what Subject it is thought fit by every Coxcomb who wants Understanding or Breeding. One or two of these Complaints I shall set down.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I keep a Coffee-house, and am one of those whom you have thought fit to mention as an Idol some Time ago.

I

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I suffered a good deal of Raillery upon that Occasion; but shall heartily forgive you, who were the Cause of it, if you will do me Justice in another Point. What I ask of you, is, to acquaint my Customers (who are otherwise very good ones) that I am unavoidably hasped in my Bar, and cannot help hearing the improper Discourses they are pleased to entertain me with. They strive who shall say the most immodest things in my Hearing; At the same Time half a Dozen of them loll at the Bar staring just in my Face, ready to interpret my Looks and Gestures according to their own Imaginations. In this passive Condition I know not where to cast my Eyes, place my Hands, or what to employ my self in: But this Confusion is to be a Jest, and I hear them say in the End, with an insipid Air of Mirth and Subtlety, Let her alone, she knows as well as we for all she looks so. Good Mr. SPECTATOR, perswade Gentlemen that it is out of all Decency: Say it is possible a Woman may be modest, and yet keep a publick House. Be pleas'd to argue, that in Truth the Affront is the more unpardonable because I am obliged to suffer it, and cannot fly from it. I do assure you, Sir, the Chearfulness of Life which would arise from the honest Gain I have, is utterly lost to me from the endless, flat, impertinent Pleasantries which I hear from Morning to Night. In a Word, it is too much for me to bear; and I desire you to acquaint them, that I will keep Pen and Ink at the Bar, and write down all they say to me, and send it to you for the Press. It is possible when they see how empty what they speak, without the Advantage of an impudent Countenance and Gesture, will appear, they may come to some Sense of themselves, and the Insults they are guilty of towards me. I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,
The Idol.'

This Representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an Indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhuman Treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and

and ingenuous Behaviour. This Correspondent is not No. 155. the only Sufferer in this Kind, for I have long Letters Tuesday,
both from the *Royal* and *New Exchange* on the same August
Subject. They tell me that a young Fop cannot buy a 28, 1711.
Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same Time straining
for some ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman
who helps them on. It is no small Addition to the
Calamity, that the Rogues buy as hard as the plainest
and modestest Customers they have; besides which they
loll upon their Counters half an Hour longer than they
need, to drive away other Customers, who are to share
their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to another
Shop. Letters from '*Change-Alley*' are full of the same
Evil, and the Girls tell me except I can chace some
eminent Merchants from their Shops they shall in a
short Time fail. It is very unaccountable, that Men can
have so little Deference to all Mankind who pass by them,
as to bear being seen toying by twos and threes at a
Time, with no other Purpose but to appear gay enough
to keep up a light Conversation of common-place Jests,
to the Injury of her whose Credit is certainly hurt by
it, tho' their own may be strong enough to bear it.
When we come to have exact Accounts of these Con-
versations, it is not to be doubted but that their
Discourses will raise the usual Stile of buying and selling;
Instead of the plain down-right lying, and asking
and bidding so unequally to what they will really give
and take, we may hope to have from these fine Folks an
Exchange of Complements. There must certainly be a
great deal of pleasant Difference between the Commerce
of Lovers, and that of all other Dealers, who are, in a
Kind, Adversaries. A sealed Bond or a Bank Note,
would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unseen into the
Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; other-
wise the City Loiterers are still more unreasonable than
those at the other End of the Town: At the *New*
Exchange they are eloquent for want of Cash, but in
the City they ought with Cash to supply their want of
Eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing Folly, one
might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the
World

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World is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very Persons, that young Women, tho' they have never so great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in Marriage; I say, it is very hard under this Necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a Way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their very Excellencies and personal Perfections shall be a Disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their Persons to Prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy Circumstance to one who has made any Observation in the World, than one of these erring Creatures exposed to Bankruptcy. When that happens, none of these toying Fools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preserve her from Infamy, Insult, and Distemper. A Woman is naturally more helpless than the other Sex; and a Man of Honour and Sense should have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconsideration, Ribaldry, and Nonsense would not be more natural to entertain Women with than Men; and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have read your Account of Beauties, and was not a little surprized to find no Character of my self in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give Audience as I am such. Here are Merchants of no small Consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to 'Change to say something of my roguish Eye: And here is one who makes me once or twice a Week tumble over all my Goods, and then owns it was only a Gallantry to see me act with these pretty Hands; then lays out three Pence in a little Ribbon for his Wrist-bands, and thinks he is a Man of great Vivacity. There is an ugly thing not far off me, whose Shop is frequented only by People of Business, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a Beauty be treated

treated with for nothing but my Beauty? Be pleased No. 155, to assign Rates to my kind Glances, or make all pay Tuesday, who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my August 28, 1711. Admirers for want of Customers. *Albacinda, Eudosia,* and all the rest would be used just as we are, if they were in our Condition; therefore pray consider the Distress of us the lower Order of Beauties, and I shall be

T

Your oblig'd humble Servant.'

No. 156.

[STEELE]

Wednesday, August 29.

—*Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo* — Hor.

I DO not think any thing could make a pleasanter Entertainment, than the History of the reigning Favourites among the Women from Time to Time about this Town. In such an Account we ought to have a faithful Confession of each Lady for what she liked such and such a Man, and he ought to tell us by what particular Action or Dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my Part, I have always made as easy a Judgment when a Man dresses for the Ladies, as when he is equipped for Hunting or Coursing. The Woman's Man is a Person in his Air and Behaviour quite different from the rest of our Species: His Garb is more loose and negligent, his Manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these Cases there is an apparent Endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching Birds the Fowlers have a Method of imitating their Voices to bring them to the Snare; and your Women's Men have always a Similitude of the Creature they hope to betray, in their own Conversation. A Woman's Man is very knowing in all that passes from one Family to another, has little pretty Officiousnesses, is not at a Loss what is good for a Cold, and it is not amiss if he has a Bottle of Spirits in his Pocket in case of any sudden Indisposition.

Curiosity

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Curiosity having been my prevailing Passion, and indeed the sole Entertainment of my Life, I have sometimes made it my Business to Examine the Course of Intreagues, as well as the Manners and Accomplishments of such as have been most successful that Way. In all my Observation, I never knew a Man of good Understanding a general Favourite; some Singularity in his Behaviour, some Whim in his Way of Life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the Men, has recommended him to the other Sex. I should be very sorry to offend a People so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old Beaux, and he will find the Man of Success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their Sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the World, or passing his Days in an insipid Assiduity about the fair Sex, to gain the Figure he made amongst them. Add to this that he must have the Reputation of being well with other Women, to please any one Woman of Gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty Ambition among the light Part of the Sex to gain Slaves from the Dominion of others. My Friend WILL HONEYCOMB says it was a common Bite with him, to lay Suspicions that he was favoured by a Lady's Enemy, that is some rival Beauty, to be well with her herself. A little Spite is natural to a great Beauty; and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable Fellow lest another should have him. That impudent Toad *Bare-face* fares well among all the Ladies he converses with, for no other Reason in the World but that he has the Skill to keep them from Explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her Heart, each would declare her Scorn of him the next Moment; but he is well received by them because it is the Fashion, and Opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an Imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest Grace is, that the pleasant Thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant Creature living, has a wonderful deal of Wit and Humour, and never wants something to say; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous Tongue if you should provoke him. To

To make a Woman's Man, he must not be a Man No. 156. of Sense or a Fool; the Business is to entertain, and Wednesday it is much better to have a Faculty of arguing than a Capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the Women's Equipage are your regular Visitants; these are Volunteers in their Service without Hopes of Pay or Preferment: It is enough that they can lead out from a publick Place, that they are admitted on a publick Day, and can be allowed to pass away Part of that heavy Load, their Time, in the Company of the Fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your Ruiners of Ladies; these are the choicest Spirits which our Age produces. We have several of these irresistible Gentlemen among us when the Company is in Town. These Fellows are accomplished with the Knowledge of the ordinary Occurrences about Court and Town, have that sort of good Breeding which is exclusive of all Morality, and consists only in being publickly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond Opinion of herself can carry a Woman to make her have the least Regard to a professed known Woman's Man: But as scarce one of all the Women who are in the Tour of Gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common Sense of sober Minds, but are entertained with a continual Round of Flatteries, they cannot be Mistresses of themselves enough to make Arguments for their own Conduct from the Behaviour of these Men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general Fame for Falshood in this kind, is a Recommendation; and the Coxcomb, loaded with the Favours of many others, is received like a Victor that despairs his Trophies, to be a Victim to the present Charmer.

If you see a Man more full of Gesture than ordinary in a publick Assembly, if loud upon no Occasion, if negligent of the Company round him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that Negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a fair One. The Woman's Man expresses himself wholly in that Motion which we call Strutting: An elevated Chest, a pinched Hat

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Hat, a measurable Step, and a sly surveying Eye, are the Marks of him. Now and then you see a Gentleman with all these Accomplishments; but alas any one of them is enough to undo thousands: When a Gentleman with such Perfections adds to it suitable Learning, there should be publick Warning of his Residence in Town, that we may remove our Wives and Daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine Man has read all the Miscellany Poems, a few of our Comedies, and has the Translation of Ovid's Epistles by Heart. Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the Women will share such a dear false Man: 'A little Gallantry to hear him Talk one would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the Sticks of one's Fan, say something of the Cupids in it, and then call one so many soft Names which a Man of his Learning has at his Fingers-Ends. There sure is some Excuse for Frailty, when attack'd by such Force against a weak Woman.' Such is the Soliloquy of many a Lady one might name, at the Sight of one of these who makes it no Iniquity to go on from Day to Day in the Sin of Woman-slaughter.

It is certain that People are got into a way of Affection, with a manner of overlooking the most solid Virtues, and admiring the most trivial Excellencies. The Woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly Animal, that while she can preserve her Features and her Mein, she knows she is still the Object of Desire; and there is a sort of secret Ambition, from reading frivolous Books, and keeping as frivolous Company, each side to be amiable in Imperfection, and arrive at the Characters of the dear Deceiver and the perjured Fair.

T

Thursday

No. 157.
[STEELE.]

Thursday, August 30.

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—*Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,*
Naturae deus humanae, mortalis in unum
Quodque caput—.—Hor.

I AM very much at a Loss to express by any Word that occurs to me in our Language that which is understood by *Indoles* in Latin. The natural Disposition to any particular Art, Science, Profession, or Trade, is very much to be consulted in the Care of Youth, and studied by Men for their own Conduct when they form to themselves any Scheme of Life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a Man to judge of his own Capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by Fondness towards my self so far, as to attempt things too high for my Talents and Accomplishments: But it is not methinks so very difficult a Matter to make a Judgment of the Abilities of others, especially of those who are in their Infancy. My common-place Book directs me on this Occasion to mention the Dawning of Greatness in *Alexander*, who being asked in his Youth to contend for a Prize in the Olympick Games, answered he would if he had Kings to run against him. *Cassius*, who was one of the Conspirators against *Caesar*, gave as great a Proof of his Temper, when in his Childhood he struck a Play-fellow, the Son of *Sylla*, for saying his Father was Master of the *Roman People*. *Scipio* is reported to have answered (when some Flatterers at Supper were asking him what the *Romans* should do for a General after his Death), Take *Marius*. *Marius* was then a very Boy, and had given no Instances of his Valour; but it was visible to *Scipio* from the Manners of the Youth, that he had a Soul formed for the Attempt and Execution of great Undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much Sorrow bewailed the Misfortune of the Children of *Great Britain*, when I consider the Ignorance and Undiscerning of the Generality of School-masters. The boasted Liberty we talk of is but a mean Reward for the

No. 157. the long Servitude, the many Heart Aches and Terrors,
Thursday, to which our Childhood is exposed in going through
August a Grammar School: Many of these stupid Tyrants
30, 1711. exercise their Cruelty without any Manner of Distinction
of the Capacities of Children, or the Intention of Parents
in their Behalf. There are many excellent Tempers
which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with
all possible Diligence and Care, that were never designed
to be acquainted with Aristotle, Tully, or Virgil; and
there are as many who have Capacities for under-
standing every Word those great Persons have writ,
and yet were not born to have any Relish of their
Writings. For want of this common and obvious dis-
cerning in those who have the Care of Youth, we have
so many Hundred unaccountable Creatures every Age
whipped up into great Scholars, that are for ever near
a right Understanding, and will never arrive at it. These
are the Scandal of Letters, and these are generally the
Men who are to teach others. The Sense of Shame and
Honour is enough to keep the World it self in Order
without Corporal Punishment, much more to train the
Minds of uncorrupted and innocent Children. It happens,
I doubt not, more than once in a Year, that a Lad is
chastised for a Blockhead, when it is good Apprehension
that makes him incapable of knowing what his Teacher
means: A brisk Imagination very often may suggest an
Errour, which a Lad could not have fallen into if he
had been as heavy in conjecturing as his Master in
explaining; But there is no Mercy even towards a
wrong Interpretation of his Meaning; the Sufferings of
the Scholar's Body are to rectify the Mistakes of his
Mind.

I am confident that no Boy who will not be allured
to Letters without Blows, will ever be brought to any
thing with them. A great or good Mind must neces-
sarily be the worse for such Indignities; and it is a
sad Change to lose of its Virtue for the Improvement
of its Knowledge. No one who has gone through what
they call a great School, but must remember to have
seen Children of excellent and ingenuous Natures (as
has afterwards appeared in their Manhood); I say no
Man

Man has passed through this Way of Education, but No. 157, must have seen an ingenuous Creature expiring with Shame, with pale Looks, beseeching Sorrow, and silent Tears, throw up its honest Eyes, and kneel on its tender Knees to an inexorable Blockhead, to be forgiven the false Quantity of a Word in making a Latin Verse: The Child is punished, and the next Day he commits a like Crime, and so a third with the same Consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable Man whether this Lad, in the Simplicity of his native Innocence, full of Shame, and capable of any Impression from that Grace of Soul, was not fitter for any Purpose in this Life, than after that Spark of Virtue is extinguished in him, tho' he is able to write twenty Verses in an Evening?

Seneca says, after his exalted Way of talking, As the immortal Gods never learnt any Virtue, tho' they are endued with all that is good; so there are some Men who have so natural a Propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it. Plants and Vegetables are cultivated into the Production of finer Fruit than they would yield without that Care; and yet we cannot entertain Hopes of producing a tender conscious Spirit into Acts of Virtue, without the same Methods as is used to cut Timber, or give new Shape to a Piece of Stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful Practice that we may attribute a certain Hardness and Ferocity which some Men, tho' liberally educated, carry about them in all their Behaviour. To be bred like a Gentleman, and punished like a Malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal Sauciness which we see sometimes in Men of Letters.

The Spartan Boy who suffered the Fox (which he had stolen and hid under his Coat) to eat into his Bowels, I dare say had not half the Wit or Petulance which we learn at great Schools among us: But the glorious Sense of Honour, or rather Fear of Shame, which he demonstrated in that Action, was worth all the Learning in the World without it.

It is methinks a very melancholy Consideration, that a little Negligence can spoil us, but great Industry is necessary

No. 157. necessary to improve us; the most excellent Natures
Thursday, are soon depreciated, but evil Tempers are long before
August they are exalted into good Habits. To help this by
30, 1711. Punishments, is the same thing as killing a Man to
cure him of a Distemper; when he comes to suffer
Punishment in that one Circumstance, he is brought
below the Existence of a rational Creature, and is in
the State of a Brute that moves only by the Admonition
of Stripes. But since this Custom of educating by the
Lash is suffered by the Gentry of *Great Britain*, I would
prevail only that honest heavy Lads may be dismissed
from Slavery sooner than they are at present, and not
whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth Year, whether
they expect any Progress from them or not. Let the
Child's Capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent
to some Mechanick Way of Life, without Respect to
his Birth, if Nature design'd him for nothing higher;
let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is
debased into a Dereliction of Mind for being what it
is no Guilt to be, a plain Man. I would not here be
supposed to have said, that our learned Men of either
Robe who have been whipped at School, are not still
Men of noble and liberal Minds; but I am sure they
had been much more so than they are, had they never
suffered that Infamy.

But tho' there is so little Care, as I have observed,
taken, or Observation made of the natural Strain of
Men, it is no small Comfort to me, as a SPECTATOR, that
there is any right Value set upon the *bona Indoles* of
other Animals; as appears by the following Advertisement
handed about the County of *Lincoln*, and subscribed by
Enos Thomas, a Person whom I have not the Honour
to know, but suppose to be profoundly learned in Horse-
Flesh.

*A Chesnut Horse called Caesar, bred by James Darcey,
Esq; at Sedbury near Richmond in the County of York;
his Grandam was his old royal Mare, and got by
Blunderbuss, which was got by Hemslly Turk, and
he got Mr. Courant's Arabian, which got Mr. Minshul's
Jewstrump. Mr. Caesar sold him to a Nobleman
(coming five Years old, when he had but one Sweat)
for*

*for three hundred Guineas, A Guinea a Leap and No. 157,
Trial, and a Shilling the Man.*

T

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Enos Thomas.

No. 158.
[STEELE.]

Friday, August 31.

—*Nos haec novimus esse nihil.*—Mart.

OUT of a firm Regard to Impartiality I print these Letters, let them make for me or not.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have observed through the whole Course of your Rhapsodies, (as you once very well called them) you are very industrious to overthrow all that many your Superiors who have gone before you have made their Rule of writing. I am now between fifty and sixty, and had the Honour to be well with the first Men of Taste and Gallantry in the joyous Reign of *Charles the Second*: We then had, I humbly presume, as good Understandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for your self, Mr. SPECTATOR, you seem with the utmost Arrogance to undermine the very Fundamentals upon which we conducted our selves. It is monstrous to set up for a Man of Wit, and yet deny that Honour in a Woman is any thing else but Peevishness, that Inclination is the best Rule of Life, or Virtue and Vice any thing else but Health and Disease. We had no more to do but to put a Lady in good Humour, and all we could wish followed of Course. Then again, your *Tully*, and your Discourses of another Life, are the very Bane of Mirth and good Humour. Prithee don't value thy self on thy Reason at that exorbitant Rate, and the Dignity of humane Nature; take my Word for it, a Setting-dog has as good Reason as any Man in *England*. Had you (as by your Diurnals one would think you do) set up for being in vogue in Town, you should have fallen in with the Bent of Passion and Appetite; your Songs had then been in every pretty Mouth in *England*, and your little Distichs had been the Maxims of the Fair and the Witty to walk by: But alas, Sir, what can you hope for from

entertaining

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entertaining People with what must needs make them like themselves worse than they did before they read you? Had you made it your Business to describe *Corinna* charming, though inconstant; to find something in humane Nature it self to make *Zoilus* excuse himself for being fond of her; and to make every Man in good Commerce with his own Reflections, you had done something worthy our Applause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not commend you for disapproving us. I have a great deal more to say to you, but I shall sum it up all in this one Remark, In short, Sir, you do not write like a Gentleman.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

The other Day we were several of us at a Tea-Table, and according to Custom and your own Advice had the *Spectator* read among us: It was that Paper wherein you are pleased to treat with great Freedom that Character which you call a Woman's Man. We gave up all the Kinds you have mentioned, except those who, you say, are our constant Visitants. I was upon the Occasion commissioned by the Company to write to you, and tell you, That we shall not part with the Men we have at present, till the Men of Sense think fit to relieve them, and give us their Company in their Stead. You cannot imagine but that we love to hear Reason and good Sense better than the Ribaldry we are at present entertained with; but we must have Company, and among us very inconsiderable is better than none at all. We are made for the Cements of Society, and came into the World to create Relations among Mankind; and Solitude is an unnatural Being to us. If the Men of good Understanding would forget a little of their Severity, they would find their Account in it; and their Wisdom would have a Pleasure in it, to which they are now Strangers. It is natural among us, when Men have a true Relish of our Company and our Value, to say every thing with a better Grace; and there is without designing it something

thing ornamental in what Men utter before Women, No. 158.
which is lost or neglected in Conversations of Men only, Friday,
Give me Leave to tell you Sir, it would do you no great Harm if you your self came a little more into our Company; it would certainly cure you of a certain positive and determining Manner in which you talk sometimes. In hopes of your Amendment,

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I am,

Sir,

Your gentle Reader.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your professed Regard to the fair Sex, may perhaps make them value your Admonitions when they will not those of other Men. I desire you, Sir, to repeat some Lectures upon Subjects which you have now and then in a cursory Manner only just touched. I would have a *Spectator* wholly writ upon good Breeding; and after you have asserted that Time and Place are to be very much considered in all our Actions, it will be proper to dwell upon Behaviour at Church. On *Sunday* last a grave and reverend Man preached at our Church: There was something particular in his Accent, but without any Manner of Affectation. This Particularity a Set of Gigglers thought the most necessary thing to be taken Notice of in his whole Discourse, and made it an Occasion of Mirth during the whole Time of Sermon: You should see one of them ready to burst behind a Fan, another pointing to a Companion in another Seat, and a fourth with an arch Composure, as if she would if possible stifle her Laughter. There were many Gentlemen who looked at them stedfastly, but this they took for ogling and admiring them: There was one of the merry ones in particular, that found out but just then that she had but five Fingers, for she fell a reckoning the pretty Pieces of Ivory over and over again, to find her self Employment and not laugh out. Would it not be expedient, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the Church-Warden should hold up his Wand on these Occasions, and keep the Decency of the Place as a Magistrate does the Peace in a Tumult elsewhere?'

'Mr.

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'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am a Woman's Man, and read with a very fine Lady your Paper wherein you fall upon us whom you envy; What do you think I did? you must know she was dressing, I read the *Spectator* to her, and she laughed at the Places where she thought I was touched; I threw away your Moral, and taking up her Girdle cryed out,

*Give me but what this Ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.*

She smiled, Sir, and said you were a Pedant; so say of me what you please, read *Seneca*, and quote him against me if you think fit

I am,

Sir,

T *Your humble Servant.'*

No. 159.
[ADDISON.]

Saturday, September 1.

—*Omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam*—Virg.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo* I picked up several Oriental Manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one, entituled *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great Pleasure, I intend to give it to the Publick when I have no other Entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated Word for Word as follows.

'On the fifth Day of the Moon, which according to the Custom of my Forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed my self and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hills of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing my self on the Tops of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of humane Life; and passing from one Thought to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my Eyes towards the Summit

Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I No. 159,
discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little Saturday,
Musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him Sept. 1,
he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The 1711.
Sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the departed Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of the last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Musick who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts, by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the Hand, *Mirzah*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies, follow me.

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is Part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses it self in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the

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the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, this Sea that is bounded with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is humane Life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the Number about an hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but that a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping thro' the Bridge, into the great Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

There were indeed some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the Midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the Midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles

Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and danced before No. 159.
them, but often when they thought themselves within Saturday,
the Reach of them their Footing failed and down they Sept. 1,
sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with 171.
Scymetars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who
ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons
on Trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their Way,
and which they might have escaped had they not been
thus forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from Time to Time? I see Vultures, Harpyes, Ravens, Cormorants; and among many other feathered Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest humane Life.

I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect: Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the further End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining Seas that ran

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ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits, with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Sides of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, humane Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands on the Sea-shore; there are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine Eye or even thine Imagination can extend it self. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them; every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirzah*, Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other Side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address my self to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah. C
Monday

No. 160.
[ADDISON.]

Monday, September 3.

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*Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.*—Hor.

THREE is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius*. There is not an Heroick Scribler in the Nation, that has not his Admirers who think him a *great Genius*; and as for your Smatterers in Tragedy, there is scarce a Man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius*.

My Design in this Paper is to consider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw some Thoughts together on so uncommon a Subject.

Among great Genius's, those few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and stand up as the Prodigies of Mankind, who by the mere Strength of natural Parts, and without any Assistance of Art or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times and the Wonder of Posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural Genius's, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the Turn and Polishing of what the French call a *Bel Esprit*, by which they would express a Genius refined by Conversation, Reflection, and the Reading of the most polite Authors. The greatest Genius which runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of Tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into Imitation.

Many of these great natural Genius's that were never disciplined and broken by Rules of Art, are to be found among the Ancients, and in particular among those of the more Eastern Parts of the World. Homer has innumerable Flights that Virgil was not able to reach, and in the Old Testament we find several Passages more elevated and sublime than any in Homer. At the same Time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above the Nicety and Correctness of the Moderns. In their Similitudes

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Similitudes and Allusions, provided there was a Likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison: Thus *Solomon* resembles the Nose of his Beloved to the Tower of *Libanon* which looketh toward *Damascus*; as the Coming of a Thief in the Night, is a Similitude of the same Kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make Collections of this Nature: *Homer* illustrates one of his Heroes encompassed with the Enemy, by an Ass in a Field of Corn that has his Sides belaboured by all the Boys of the Village without stirring a Foot for it; and another of them tossing to and fro in his Bed and burning with Resentment, to a Piece of Flesh broiled on the Coals. This particular Failure in the Ancients, opens a large Field of Raillerie to the little Wits, who can laugh at an Indecency but not relish the Sublime in these Sorts of Writings. The present Emperor of *Persia*, conformable to this Eastern way of Thinking, amidst a great many pompous Titles, denominates himself the Sun of Glory, and the *Nutmeg of Delight*. In short, to cut off all Cavelling against the Ancients, and particularly those of the warmer Climates, who had most Heat and Life in their Imaginations, we are to consider that the Rule of observing what the French call the *Bienseance* in an Allusion, has been found out of latter Years and in the colder Regions of the World; where we would make some Amends for our want of Force and Spirit, by a scrupulous Nicety and Exactness in our Compositions. Our Countryman *Shakespear* was a remarkable Instance of this first kind of great Genius's.

I cannot quit this Head without observing that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the first Class, who was hurried on by a Natural Fire and Impetuosity to vast Conceptions of things, and noble Sallies of Imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for Men of a sober and moderate Fancy to imitate this Poet's Way of Writing in those monstrous Compositions which go among us under the Name of Pindaricks? When I see People copying Works, which, as *Horace* has represented them, are singular in their Kind and inimitable; when I see Men following Irregularities by Rule, and by the little Tricks of Art straining after the most unbounded Flights of

of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that Passage in No. 160.
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— *incerta haec si tu postules*
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

In short a modern pindarick Writer compared with *Pindar*, is like a Sister among the *Camisars* compared with *Virgil's* Sybil; There is the Distortion, Grimace, and outward Figure, but nothing of that divine Impulse which raises the Mind above it self, and makes the Sounds more than humane.

There is another kind of Great Genius's which I shall place in a second Class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake as they are of a different kind. This second Class of great Genius's are those that have formed themselves by Rules, and submitted the Greatness of their natural Talents to the Corrections and Restraints of Art. Such among the Greeks were *Plato* and *Aristotle*, among the Romans *Virgil* and *Tully*, among the English *Milton* and Sir *Francis Bacon*.

The Genius in both these Classes of Authors may be equally great, but shews it self after a different Manner. In the first it is like a rich Soil in a happy Climate, that produces a whole Wilderness of noble Plants rising in a thousand beautiful Landskips without any certain Order or Regularity. In the other it is the same rich Soil under the same happy Climate, that has been laid out in Walks and Parterres, and cut into Shape and Beauty by the Skill of the Gardener. X

The great Danger in these latter kind of Genius's, is, least they cramp their own Abilities too much by Imitation, and form themselves altogether upon Models, without giving the full Play to their own natural Parts. An Imitation of the best Authors is not to compare with a good Original; and I believe we may observe that very few Writers make an extraordinary Figure in the World, who have not something in their Way of thinking or expressing themselves that is peculiar to them and entirely their own.

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It is odd to consider what great Genius's are sometimes thrown away upon Trifles.

I once saw a Shepherd, says a famous *Italian* Author, who used to divert himself in his Solitudes with tossing up Eggs and catching them again without breaking them; In which he had arrived to so great a Degree of Perfection, that he would keep up four at a Time for several Minutes together playing in the Air, and falling into his Hand by Turns. I think, says the Author, I never saw a greater Severity than in this Man's Face; for by his wonderful Perseverance and Application, he had contracted the Seriousness and Gravity of a Privy-Councillor; and I could not but reflect with my self, that the same Assiduity and Attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater Mathematician than *Archimedes*.

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[BUDGELL.]

Tuesday, September 4.

*Ipse dies agitat festos; fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio & socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenae, vocat; pecorisque magistris
Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo;
Corporaque agresti nudat praedura palaestra,
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus & frater; sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.—Virg, G. 2.*

I AM glad that my late going into the Country has increased the Number of my Correspondents, one of whom sends me the following Letter.

'Sir,

Though you are pleased to retire from us so soon into the City, I hope you will not think the Affairs of the Country altogether unworthy of your Inspection for the Future. I had the Honour of seeing your short Face at Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S, and have ever since thought your Person and Writings both extraordinary. Had you stayed there a few Days longer you would have seen a Country Wake, which you know in most Parts of England is the Eve-Feast of the Dedication of our Churches

Churches. I was last Week at one of these Assemblies, No. 161, which was held in a neighbouring Parish, where I found their Green covered with a promiscuous Multitude of all Ages and both Sexes, who esteem one another more or less the following Part of the Year according as they distinguish themselves at this Time. The whole Company were in their Holy-day Cloaths, and divided into several Parties, all of them endeavouring to shew themselves in those Exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the Approbation of the Lookers on.

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I found a Ring of Cudgel-Players, who were breaking one another's Heads in order to make some Impression on their Mistresses' Hearts. I observed a lusty young Fellow who had the Misfortune of a broken Pate; but what considerably added to the Anguish of the Wound, was his over-hearing an old Man, who shook his Head and said, *That he questioned now if black Kate would marry him these three Years.* I was diverted from a further Observation of these Combatants, by a Foot ball Match which was on the other side of the Green; where *Tom Short* behaved himself so well, that most People seemed to agree *it was impossible that he should remain a Batchelour till the next Wake.* Having played many a Match my self, I could have looked longer on this Sport, had I not observed a Country Girl who was posted on an Eminence at some Distance from me, and was making so many odd Grimaces, and writhing and distorting her whole Body in so strange a Manner, as made me very desirous to know the Meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that she was over-looking a Ring of Wrestlers, and that her Sweet-heart, a Person of small Stature, was contending with an huge brawny Fellow, who twirled him about, and shook the little Man so violently, that by a secret Sympathy of Hearts it produced all those Agitations in the Person of his Mistress, who I dare say, like *Cælia* in *Shakespear* on the same Occasion, could have wished herself invisible to catch the strong Fellow by the Leg. The Squire of the Parish treats the whole Company every Year with a Hogshead of Ale; and proposes a *Beaver Hat* as a Recompence to him who gives most *Falls.* This has raised such a Spirit of Emulation in the

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the Youth of the Place, that some of them have rendered themselves very expert at this Exercise; and I was often surprized to see a Fellow's Heels fly up, by a Trip which was given him so smartly that I could scarce discern it. I found that the old Wrestlers seldom enter'd the Ring, till some one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his Opponents; but kept themselves as it were in a reserved Body to defend the Hat, which is always hung up by the Person who gets it in one of the most conspicuous Parts of the House, and looked upon by the whole Family as something redounding much more to their Honour than a Coat of Arms. There was a Fellow who was so busy in regulating all the Ceremonies, and seemed to carry such an Air of Importance in his Looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was; and was immediately answer'd, *That he did not value himself upon nothing, for that he and his Ancestors had won so many Hats, that his Parlour looked like a Haberdasher's Shop:* However this Thirst of Glory in them all, was the Reason that no one Man stood *Lord of the Ring* for above three *Falls* while I was amongst them.

The young Maids, who were not Lookers on at these Exercises, were themselves engaged in some Diversion; and upon my asking a Farmer's Son of my own Parish what he was gazing at with so much Attention, he told me, *That he was seeing Betty Welch, whom I knew to be his Sweet-heart, pitch a Bar.*

In short, I found the Men endeavour'd to shew the Women they were no Cowards, and that the whole Company strived to recommend themselves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect State of Health, and fit to undergo any Fatigues of bodily Labour.

Your Judgment upon this Method of Love and Gallantry, as it is at present practised amongst us in the Country, will very much oblige,

Sir,

Yours, &c.'

If I would here put on the Scholar and Politician, I might inform my Readers how these bodily Exercises or Games

Games were formerly encouraged in all the Commonwealths of *Greece*; from whence the *Romans* afterwards borrow'd their *Pentathlum*, which was compos'd of *Running*, *Wrestling*, *Leaping*, *Throwing*, and *Boxing*, tho' the Prizes were generally nothing but a Crown of Cypress or Parsley, Hats not being in fashion in those Days: That there is an old Statute, which obliges every Man in *England*, having such an Estate, to keep and exercise the long Bow; by which Means our Ancestors excelled all other Nations in the Use of that Weapon, and we had all the real Advantages, without the Inconvenience of a standing Army: And that I once met with a Book of Projects, in which the Author considering to what noble Ends that Spirit of Emulation, which so remarkably shews it self among our common People in these Wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the Improvement of all our handicraft Trades there should be annual Prizes set up for such Persons as were most excellent in their several Arts. But laying aside all these political Considerations, which might tempt me to pass the Limits of my Paper, I confess the greatest Benefit and Convenience that I can observe in these Country Festivals, is the bringing young People together, and giving them an Opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous Light. A Country Fellow that throws his Rival upon his Back, has generally as good Success with their common Mistress; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed Wench to get a Husband at the same Time she wins a Smock. Love and Marriages are the natural Effects of these anniversary Assemblies. I must therefore very much approve the Method by which my Correspondent tells me each Sex endeavours to recommend it self to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy Offspring or a happy Co-habitation. And I believe I may assure my Country Friend, that there has been many a Court Lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young Husband for *Tom Short*, and several Men of Quality who would have parted with a tender Yoke-fellow for *Black Kate*.

I am the more pleased with having *Love* made the principal End and Design of these Meetings, as it seems

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to be most agreeable to the Intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. Kennet, with whose Words I shall conclude my present Paper.

These Wakes, says he, were in Imitation of the ancient ἀγάπαι, or Love-feasts; and were first established in England by Pope Gregory the Great, who in an Epistle to Melitus the Abbot, gave Order that they should be kept in Sheds or Arbories made up with Branches and Boughs of Trees round the Church.

He adds, *That this laudable Custom of Wakes prevailed for many Ages, till the nice Puritans began to exclaim against it as a Remnant of Popery; and by Decrees the precise Humour grew so popular, that at an Exeter Assizes the Lord Chief Baron Walter made an Order for the Suppression of all Wakes; but on Bishop Laud's complaining of this innovating Humour, the King commanded the Order to be reversed.*

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No. 162.
[ADDISON.]

Wednesday, September 5.

—*Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.*—Hor.

NOTHING that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear so contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconstancy, especially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of these Cases, tho' a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great Articles of Life therefore a Man's Conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly Advantages may seem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change Sides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Prospects of Interest. Converts and Renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the World see they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever Approbations they may receive from themselves, and Applauses from those they converse

verse with, they may be very well assured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the publick Marks of Infamy and Derision.

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Irresolution on the Schemes of Life which offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness. When Ambition pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time but ill who has so many different Parties to please. When the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, one had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World as the greatest Part of Mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one Method of setting our selves at Rest in this Particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the Dictates of Reason, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Design, we may go through Life with Stedfastness and Pleasure; but if we act by several broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value set upon it by the World, we shall live and die in Misery and Repentance.

One would take more than ordinary Care to guard one's self against this particular Imperfection, because it is that which our Nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine our selves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable Beings in the Universe. In Respect of our Understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same Opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at least no Wavering and Uncertainties in those they have. Our Superiors are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiors by Instinct. In Respect of our Wills, we fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole

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whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the Possibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Course of Sin, or an eternal Course of Virtue.

There is scarce a State of Life, or Stage in it, which does not produce Changes and Revolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are lost in those of Youth; these too take a different Turn in Manhood, till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Success throws us out of ourselves, and in a Manner destroys our Identity. A cloudy Day or a little Sun-shine have as great an Influence on many Constitutions, as the most real Blessings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being, and changes our Condition while it lasts; and every Passion, not to mention Health and Sickness, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almost different Creatures. If a Man is so distinguished among other Beings by this Infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character to be one of the most variable Beings of the most variable Kind, especially if we consider that he who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the same Yesterday, to Day, and for ever.

As this Mutability of Temper and Inconsistency with our selves is the greatest Weakness of humane Nature, so it makes the Person who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmitiy whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater Variety of foolish Lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an Opposition of party-coloured Characters. The most humourous Character in Horace is founded upon this Unevenness of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct

—*Sardus habebat*
Ille Tigellius hoc. Caesar qui cogere posset
Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibusset, ab ovo

Usque

*Usque ad mala citaret Io Bacche, modo summa
 Voce, modo bac, resonat quae chordis quatuor ima,
 Nil aequale homini fuit illi; Saepe velut qui
 Currebat fugiens hostem, persæpe velut qui
 Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos,
 Sæpe decem servos. Modo reges atque tetrarchs,
 Omnia magna loquens. Modo, sit mihi mensa triples, &
 Concha salis puri, & toga, quae defendere frigus,
 Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
 Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
 Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
 Mane, diem totam stertebat. Nil fuit unquam
 Sic impar sibi——Hor. Sat. 3, Lib. 1.*

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Instead of translating this Passage in Horace, I shall entertain my English Reader with the Description of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. Dryden, and raised upon the same Foundation.

*In the first Rank of these did Zimri stand;
 A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was every thing by Starts, and Nothing long;
 But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon;
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest Madman, who cou'd every Hour employ,
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy!*

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[ADDISON.]

Thursday, September 6.

*Si quid ego adjuero, curarve levasso,
 Quae nunc te coquit, & versat in pectore fixa,
 Ecquid erit pretii?—Enn. ap. Tullium.*

ENQUIRIES after Happiness, and Rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to Mankind as the Arts of Consolation, and supporting one's self under Affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this World is Contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but Grief and Disappointments. A man should direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himself easie now, and happy hereafter.

The Truth of it is, if all the Happiness that is dispersed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World were

No. 163. were drawn together, and put into the Possession of any Thursday, single Man, it would not make a very happy Being. Sept. 6, Though, on the contrary, if the Miseries of the whole 1711 Species were fixed in a single Person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which, though Subscribed by a fictitious Name, I have reason to believe is not Imaginary.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am one of your Disciples, and endeavour to live up to your Rules, which I hope will encline you to pity my Condition; I shall open it to you in a very few Words. About three Years since a Gentleman, whom, I am sure, you your self would have approved, made his Addresses to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an Estate, so that my Friends, who all of them applauded his Person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his Passion. For my own part I resigned my self up entirely to the Direction of those who knew the World much better than my self, but still lived in hopes that some Juncture or other would make me happy in the Man whom, in my Heart, I preferred to all the World; being determined if I could not have him to have no Body else. About three Months ago I received a Letter from him, acquainting me, that by the death of an Uncle he had a considerable Estate left him, which he said was welcome to him upon no other Account but as he hoped it would remove all Difficulties that lay in the Way to our mutual Happiness. You may well suppose, Sir, with how much Joy I received this Letter, which was followed by several others filled with those Expressions of Love and Joy, which I verily believe no Body felt more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe, than the Gentleman I am speaking of. But, Sir, how shall I be able to tell it you! by the last Week's Post I received a Letter from an intimate Friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting me, that as he had just settled his Affairs, and was preparing for his Journey, he fell sick of a Fever and died. It is impossible to express to you the Distress I
am

am in upon this Occasion. I can only have Recourse to No. 163, my Devotions, and to the reading of good Books for my Consolation; and as I always take a particular Delight in those frequent Advices and Admonitions which you give the Publick, it would be a very great piece of Charity in you to lend me your Assistance in this Conjunction. If after the reading of this Letter you find your self in a Humour rather to Rally and Ridicule, than to Comfort me, I desire you would throw it into the Fire, and think no more of it; but if you are touched with my Misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your Counsels may very much Support, and will infinitely Oblige the afflicted

LEONORA.'

A Disappointment in Love is more hard to get over than any other; the Passion it self so softens and subdues the Heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the Woes and Distresses which befall it. The Mind meets with other Misfortunes in her whole Strength; she stands collected within her self, and sustains the Shock with all the force which is natural to her; but a Heart in Love has its Foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the Weight of Accidents that are disagreeable to its Favourite Passion.

In Afflictions Men generally draw their Consolations out of Books of Morality, which indeed are of great use to fortifie and strengthen the Mind against the Impressions of Sorrow. Monsieur St Evremont, who does not approve of this Method, recommends Authors who are apt to stir up Mirth in the Mind of the Readers, and fancies Don Quixote can give more Relief to an heavy Heart than Plutarch or Seneca, as it is much easier to divert Grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its Effects on some Tempers. I should rather have recourse to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us Instances of Calamities and Misfortunes, and shew Human Nature in its greatest Distresses.

If the Affliction we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some Consolation in the Society of as great Sufferers as our selves, especially when we find our Companions

No. 163. Companions Men of Virtue and Merit If our Afflictions
Thursday, are light, we shall be comforted by the Comparison we
Sept. 6, make between our selves and our Fellow-Sufferers. A
1711. Loss at Sea, a Fit of Sickness, or the Death of a Friend,
are such Trifles when we consider whole Kingdoms laid
in Ashes, Families put to the Sword, Wretches shut up
in Dungeons, and the like Calamities of Mankind, that
we are out of Countenance for our own Weakness, if
we sink under such little Strokes of Fortune.

Let the Disconsolate *Leonora* consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the Loss of her Deceas'd Lover, there are Persons in several parts of the World just perishing in a Shipwreck; others crying out for Mercy in the Terrors of a Death-bed Repentance; others lying under the Tortures of an Infamous Execution, or the like dreadful Calamities; and she will find her Sorrows vanish at the appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the Consideration of my afflicted Disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest Misfortune, is not really such in it self. For my own part, I question not but our Souls in a separate State will look back on their Lives in quite another View, than what they had of them in the Body; and that what they now consider as Misfortunes and Disappointments, will very often appear to have been Escapes and Blessings.

The Mind that hath any Cast towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Afflictions.

When I was in *France* I heard a very remarkable Story of two Lovers, which I shall relate at length in my to Morrow's Paper, not only because the Circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an Illustration to all that can be said on this last Head, and shew the Power of Religion in abating that particular Anguish which seems to lie so heavy on *Leonora*. The Story was told me by a Priest, as I travelled with him in a Stage-Coach. I shall give it my Reader, as well as I can remember, in his own Words, after having premised, that if Consolations may be drawn from a wrong Religion and a misguided Devotion

votion, they cannot but flow much more naturally No. 163.
from those which are founded upon Reason, and estab- Thursday,
lished in good Sense. L Sept. 6,
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[ADDISON.]

Friday, September 7.

*Illa, Quis & me, inquit, miseram, & te perdidit, Orpheu? . . .
Jamque vale, feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidaque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.—Virg.*

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Industry, took Delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodosius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family, of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous Education. When he was in the twentieth Year of his Age he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles Distance from her Father's House, he had frequent Opportunities of seeing her; and by the Advantages of a good Person and a pleasing Conversation, made such an Impression in her Heart as it was impossible for Time to efface: He was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long Acquaintance made them still discover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees raised in them that mutual Passion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the Midst of this Intercourse of Love and Friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Possessions. The Father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the Father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable Aversion towards his Son, insomuch that he forbade him his House, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to see him more. In the mean Time, to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained secret Hopes of some favourable Opportunity that should bring them together,

he

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he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Person, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He soon concerted this Affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his Design to marry her to such a Gentleman, and that her Wedding should be celebrated on such a Day. *Constantia*, who was overawed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object any thing against so advantagious a Match, receiv'd the Proposal with a profound Silence; which her Father commended in her, as the most decent Manner of a Virgin's giving her Consent to an Overture of that Kind. The Noise of this intended Marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who after a long Tumult of Passions, which naturally rise in a Lover's Heart on such an Occasion, writ the following Letter to *Constantia*.

'The Thought of my *Constantia*, which for some Years has been my only Happiness, is now become a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The Streams, the Fields, and Meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; Life it self is become a Burden. May you long be happy in the World, but forget that there was ever such a Man in it as

THEODOSIUS.

This Letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next Morning she was much more alarmed by two or three Messengers, that came to her Father's House one after another to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could no where be found. The deep Melancholy which had hung upon his Mind some Time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to such Extremities, was not to be comforted: She now accused herself for having so tamely given an Ear to the Proposal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *Theodosius*: In short, she resolved to

to suffer the utmost Effects of her Father's Displeasure, No. 164. rather than comply with a Marriage which appeared to Friday,
her so full of Guilt and Horrour. The Father seeing Sept. 7,
himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a 1711.
considerable Portion in his Family, was not very much
concerned at the obstinate Refusal of his Daughter; and
did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that
Account to his intended Son-in-Law, who had all along
regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Conveni-
ence than of Love. *Constantia* had now no Relief but
in her Devotions and Exercises of Religion, to which
her Afflictions had so entirely subjected her Mind, that
after some Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows,
and settled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquility, she
resolved to pass the Remainder of her Days in a Con-
vent. Her Father was not displeased with a Resolution,
which would save Money in his Family, and readily
complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly
in the Twenty-fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty
was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to
a neighbouring City, in order to look out a Sisterhood
of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter. There
was in this Place a Father of a Convent who was
very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary
Life; and as it is usual in the *Romish* Church for
those who are under any great Affliction or Trouble
of Mind to apply themselves to the most eminent
Confessors for Pardon and Consolation, our beautiful
Votary took the Opportunity of confessing herself to
this celebrated Father.

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who the very
Morning that the above-mentioned Enquiries had been
made after him, arrived at a religious House in the
City where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that
Secrecy and Concealment of the Fathers of the Convent
which is very usual upon any extraordinary Occasion,
he made himself one of the Order, with a private Vow
never to enquire after *Constantia*; whom he looked
upon as given away to his Rival upon the Day on
which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was
to have been solemnized. Having in his Youth made

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a good Progress in Learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to Religion he entered into holy Orders, and in a few Years became renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and those pious Sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy Man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in Confession, tho' neither she nor any other besides the Prior of the Convent knew any thing of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the Name of Father *Francis*; and was so far concealed in a long Beard, a shaven Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impossible to discover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventional.

As he was one Morning shut up in his Confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him, opened the State of her Soul to him; and after having given him the History of a Life full of Innocence, she burst out in Tears, and entered upon that Part of her Story in which he himself had so great a Share. My Behaviour, says she, has I fear been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me since his Death. She here paused, and lifted up her Eyes that streamed with Tears towards the Father; who was so moved with the Sense of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice, which was broke with Sighs and Sobbing, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears poured out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the good Man was thus moved by his Compassion towards her, and by the Horrour of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmost Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper Atonement for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself,

burst

burst out again in Tears upon hearing that Name to No. 164, which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this Instance of an unparalleled Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given herself up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her—That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehended—That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above Measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next Day, that he might encourage her in the pious Resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theodosius* having man'd his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections, exerted himself on this Occasion in the best Manner he could, to animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon, and wear out of her Mind those groundless Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Possession of it; concluding, with a Promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his Admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure your self not only of having a Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey to you by Letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious Course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

Constantia's Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next Day she entered upon her Vow. Assoon as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the Night before of all

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all that had passed between her Novitiate and Father *Francis*: From whom she now delivered to her the following Letter.

'As the First Fruits of those Joys and Consolations which you may expect from the Life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*, whose Death sits so heavy upon your Thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that *Theodosius*, whom you so much lament. The Love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its Disappointment, than it could have done in its Success. Providence has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho' not according to our Wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS.'

Constantia saw that the Hand-writing agreed with the Contents of the Letter: and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, It is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being: I shall live with Comfort and die in Peace.

The Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloyster, a violent Fever broke out in the Place, which swept away great Multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his Death-bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving Manner to *Constantia*; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sickesses of this Nature, the Abbess finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments

Moments. *Constantia* receiv'd it with Pleasure; And No. 164, now, says she, If I do not ask any thing improper, let me Friday, be buried by *Theodosius*. My Vow reaches no farther Sept 7, than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope, no Violation of it 1711.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose.

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance*. They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Death they were not divided. C

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[ADDISON.]

Saturday, September 8.

*Si forte necesse est, . . .
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget; dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.—Hor.*

I HAVE often wished, that as in our Constitution there are several Persons whose Business it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be set apart, as Super-intendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French Phrases from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable. The present War has so adulterated our Tongue with strange Words, that it would be impossible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Posterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News-Paper. Our Warriors are very Industrious in Propagating the French Language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of strong Heads for Action, and perform such Feats as they are not able to express. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they Achieve, and therefore send us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phrases, which they learn among their Conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and assisted by our Foreign Ministers, to tell their Story for them in plain

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plain *English*, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Countrymen are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publish the News of the present War in *English Phrases*, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obscurity. But the *English* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of those Actions, which have raised their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that Time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable Difficulties, that I scarce know which Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is surrendered. I do indeed make some Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been Foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in Foreign Terms. But when we have won Battels which may be described in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with so many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquered? They must be made accessary to their own Disgrace, as the *Britains* were formerly so artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman Theatre*, that they seemed to draw it up, in order to give the Spectators an Opportunity of seeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For so Mr. *Dryden* has translated that Verse in *Virgil*.

Purpurea intexti tollant aulaea Britanni.

*Which interwoven Britains seem to raise,
And show the Triumph that their Shame displays.*

The Histories of all our former Wars are transmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to use the Phrase of a great Modern Critick. I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward the Third* ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often discover'd the Posture of the *French*, and as often vanquish'd them in Battel. The *Black Prince* passed

passed many a River without the help of Pontoons, and No. 165, filled a Ditch with Faggots as successfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Fascines. Our Commanders lose half their Praise, and our People half their Joy, by means of those hard Words and dark Expressions in which our News-Papers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, enquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

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I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greatest Fears and Apprehensions, and raised to the greatest height of Gladness it had ever felt since it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *Blenheim*, I had the Copy of a Letter sent me out of the Country, which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Estate and plain Sense; As the Letter was very modishly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a Copy of it.

'Sir,

Upon the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Post behind a great Morass which they thought impracticable. Our General the next Day sent a Party of Horse to reconnoitre them from a little Hauteur, at about a quarter of an Hour's distance from the Army, who return'd again to the Camp unobserved through several Defiles, in one of which they met with a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made them all Prisoners at Discretion. The Day after a Drum arrived at our Camp, with a Message which he would communicate to none but the General; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a Message from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy: You will hear in the publick Prints how we treated them, with the other Circumstances of that glorious Day. I had the good Fortune to be in the Regiment that pushed the *Gens d' Arms*. Several *French* Battalions, who some say were a Corps de Reserve, made a Show of Resistance; but it only proved

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a Gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fosse, in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us *Charte Blanche*. Their Commandant, with a great many other General Officers, and Troops without number, are made Prisoners of War, and will I believe give you a Visit in *England*, the Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these Particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful Son,' &c.

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Perusal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a Passion, and told him, that his Son had sent him a Letter that was neither Fish, Flesh, nor good Red Herring. I wish, says he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Messages: Then who is this *Charte Blanche*? He must either banter us, or he is out of his Senses. The Father, who always look'd upon the Curate as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Usage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Posts afore, You see here, says he, when he writes for Money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no Man in *England* can express himself clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horse. In short, the old Man was so puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not seen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the same Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men. L

No. 166.
[ADDISON.]

Monday, September 10.

—*Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*—Ovid.

A RISTOTLE tells us, that the World is a Copy or Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of the first Being; and that those Ideas which are in the Mind

Mind of Man, are a Transcript of the World; To this No. 166. we may add, that Words are the Transcript of those Ideas Monday,
which are in the Mind of Man, and that Writing or Print, Sept. 10,
ing are the Transcript of Words. 1711.

As the supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his Ideas in the Creation, Men express their Ideas in Books, which by this great Invention of these latter Ages may last as long as the Sun and Moon, and perish only in the general Wreck of Nature. Thus Cowley in his Poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the Destruction of the Universe, has those admirable Lines.

*Now all the wide-extended Sky,
And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred Work shall die.*

There is no other Method of fixing those Thoughts which arise and disappear in the Mind of Man, and transmitting them to the last Periods of Time; no other Method of giving a Permanency to our Ideas, and preserving the Knowledge of any particular Person, when his Body is mixed with the common Mass of Matter, and his Soul retired into the World of Spirits. Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to Mankind, which are delivered down from Generation to Generation, as Presents to the Posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other Arts of perpetuating our Ideas continue but a short Time: Statues can last but a few Thousands of Years, Edifices fewer, and Colours still fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo, Fontana, and Raphael,* will hereafter be what *Phidias, Vitruvius, and Apelles* are at present; the Names of great Stuaries, Architects, and Painters, whose Works are lost. The several Arts are expressed in mouldring Materials; Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the Ideas which are imprest upon it.

The Circumstance which gives Authors an Advantage above all these great Masters, is this, that they can multiply their Originals; or rather can make Copies of their Works, to what Number they please, which shall be as valuable as the Originals themselves. This gives a great Author something like a Prospect of Eternity, but at the same Time deprives him of those other Advantages which

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which Artists meet with. The Artist finds greater Returns in Profit, as the Author in Fame. What an estimable Price would a *Virgil* or a *Homer*, a *Cicero* or an *Aristotle* bear, were their Works like a Statue, a Building, or a Picture, or to be confined only in one Place, and made the Property of a single Person?

If Writings are thus durable, and may pass from Age to Age throughout the whole Course of Time, how careful should an Author be of committing any thing to Print that may corrupt Posterity, and poison the Minds of Men with Vice and Error? Writers of great Talents, who employ their Parts in propagating Immorality, and seasoning vicious Sentiments with Wit and Humour, are to be looked upon as the Pests of Society and the Enemies of Mankind: They leave Books behind them (as it is said of those who die in Distempers which breed an ill Will towards their own Species) to scatter Infection and destroy their Posterity. They act the Counter-parts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates*; and seem to have been sent into the World to deprave humane Nature, and sink it into the Condition of Brutality.

I have seen some Roman-Catholick Authors, who tell us that vicious Writers continue in Purgatory so long as the Influence of their Writings continues upon Posterity: For Purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our Sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate and corrupt Mankind. The vicious Author, say they, sins after Death, and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Though the Roman-Catholick Notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the Soul after Death has any Knowledge of what passes in this World, that of an immoral Writer would receive much more Regret from the Sense of corrupting, than Satisfaction from the Thought of pleasing his surviving Admirers.

To take off from the Severity of this Speculation, I shall conclude this Paper with a Story of an Atheistical Author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick and had desired the Assistance of a neighbouring Curate, confessed to him with great Contrition, that nothing sat
more

more heavy at his Heart than the Sense of his having No. 166, seduced the Age by his Writings, and that their evil Influence was likely to continue even after his Death. ^{Monday, Sept. 10, 1711.} The Curate upon further Examination finding the Penitent in the utmost Agonies of Despair, and being himself a Man of Learning, told him, that he hoped his Case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his Fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The Penitent still urged the evil Tendency of his Books to subvert all Religion, and the little Ground of Hope there could be for one whose Writings would continue to do Mischief when his Body was laid in Ashes. The Curate finding no other Way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil Design with which he published his Book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no Danger of its doing any Hurt. That his Cause was so very bad and his Arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill Effects of it. In short, that he might rest satisfied his Book could do no more Mischief after his Death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his further Satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular Friends and Acquaintance had ever been at the Pains of reading it, or that any Body after his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had still so much the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with these Consolations; and without answering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peevishness that is natural to a sick Person) where they had picked up such a Block-head? And whether they thought him a proper Person to attend one in his Condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance, after a short Admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the Sickness grew desperate. The Author however recovered, and has since written two or three other Tracts with the same Spirit, and very luckily for his poor Soul, with the same Success.

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Tuesday

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No. 167.
 [STEELE.]

Tuesday, September 11.

*Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
 In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque theatro;
 Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto
 More, bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo laeso non insanire lagenaet,
 Posset qui rupem & puteum vitare patetem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
 Et reddit ad sese; Pol me occidistis, amici,
 Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.—Hor.*

THE unhappy Force of an Imagination unguided by the Check of Reason and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation. My Reader may remember that he has seen in one of my Papers a Complaint of an unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himself, (when any ordinary Matter was laid before him) from adding a few Circumstances to enliven plain Narrative. That Correspondent was a Person of too warm a Complexion to be satisfied with things merely as they stood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which should have happened to have pleased him in the Story. The same ungoverned Fancy which pushed that Correspondent on, in Spite of himself, to relate publick and notorious Falshoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the same in Private; one is a prating the other a silent Liar.

There is little pursued in the Errors of either of these Worthies but mere present Amusement: But the Folly of him who lets his Fancy place him in distant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I shall hasten to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himself a CASTLE-BUILDER, describe himself with the same Unreservedness as formerly appeared in my Correspondent above-mention'd. If a Man were to be serious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to those who

who are following any thing in this Life, on which they No. 167.
think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are
really CASTLE-BUILDERS. Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour,
have in the Prospect pleasing Illusions; but they who
come to possess any of them will find they are In-
gredients towards Happiness, to be regarded only in
the second Place; and that when they are valued in
the first Degree, they are as disappointing as any of the
Phantoms in the following Letter.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Sept. 6, 1711.

I am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you will find by the Sequel; and think my self Fool enough to deserve a Place in your Paper. I am unhappily far gone in Building, and am one of that Species of Men who are properly denominated Castle-Builders, who scorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foundation, or dig in the Bowels of it for Materials; but erect their Structures in the most unstable of Elements, the Air; Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the Extent, and shaping the Model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august Palaces and stately Porticoes have grown under my forming Imagination, or what verdant Meadows and shady Groves have started into Being by the powerful Feat of a warm Fancy. A Castle-Builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary Scepters, and delivered uncontrollable Edicts, from a Throne to which conquer'd Nations yielded Obeisance. I have made I know not how many Inroads into France, and ravaged the very Heart of that Kingdom; I have dined in the *Louvre*, and drank Champaign at *Versailles*; and I would have you take Notice, I am not only able to vanquish a People already cowed and accustomed to Flight, but I could, *Almanzor* like, drive the *British* General from the Field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the Confederates. There is no Art or Profession, whose most celebrated Masters I have not eclipsed. Wherever I have afforded my salutary Presence, Fevers have ceased to burn, and Agues to shake the human Fabrick. When an eloquent Fit has been upon me, an apt Gesture and proper Cadence has animated

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animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds have found their Passions worked up into Rage, or soothed into a Calm. I am short, and not very well made; yet upon Sight of a fine Woman, I have stretch'd into proper Stature, and killed with a good Air and Mein. These are the gay Phantoms that dance before my waking Eyes, and compose my Day-Dreams. I should be the most contented happy Man alive, were the chimerical Happiness which springs from the Paintings of Fancy less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with Grief of Mind I tell you, the least Breath of Wind has often demolished my magnificent Edifices, swept away my Groves, and left no more Trace of them than if they had never been. My Exchequer has sunk and vanished by a Rap on my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has cost me a whole Continent, and in the same Moment I have been pulled by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head. The ill Consequence of these Reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the Loss of imaginary Possessions makes Impressions of real Woe. Besides, bad Oeconomy is visible and apparent in Builders of invisible Mansions. My Tenant's Advertisements of Ruins and Dilapidations often cast a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Instant when the Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my Eastern Palaces. Add to this the pensive Drudgery in Building, and constant grasping Aerial Trowels, distracts and shatters the Mind, and the fond Builder of *Babells* is often cursed with an incoherent Diversity and Confusion of Thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply my self for relief from this Fantastical Evil, than to your self; whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a Method how to settle my Head and cool my Brainpan. A Dissertation on Castle-Building may not only be serviceable to my self, but all Architects, who display their Skill in the thin Element. Such a Favour would oblige me to make my next Soliloquy not contain the Praises of my dear self but of the Spectator, who shall, by complying with this, make me

His Obliged, Humble Servant,

Vitruvius.'

Wednesday

T

No. 168.

[STEELE.]

Wednesday, September 12.

Pectus paeceptis format amicis.—Hor.

IT would be Arrogance to neglect the Application of my Correspondents, so far as not sometimes to insert their Animadversions upon my Paper; that of this Day shall be therefore wholly composed of the Hints which they have sent me.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

I send you this to congratulate your late Choice of a Subject, for treating on which you deserve publick Thanks; I mean that on those licensed Tyrants the School-masters. If you can disarm them of their Rods, you will certainly have your old Age reverenced by all the young Gentlemen of *Great Britain* who are now between seven and seventeen Years. You may boast that the incomparably wise *Quintilian* and you are of one Mind in this Particular. *Si cui est* (says he) *mens tam illiberalis ut objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessima quaeque mancipia, durabitur;* —If any Child be of so disingenuous a Nature, as not to stand corrected by Reproof, he, like the very worst of Slaves, will be hardened even against Blows themselves; and afterwards, *Pudet dicere in quae probra nefandi homines isto caedendi jure abutantur*, i.e. I blush to say how shamefully those wicked Men abuse the Power of Correction.

I was bred my self, Sir, in a very great School, of which the Master was a Welchman, but certainly descended from a Spanish Family, as plainly appear'd from his Temper as well as his Name. I leave you to judge what a sort of a School-master a Welchman ingrafted on a Spaniard would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that altho' it is above twenty Years since I felt his heavy Hand, yet still once a Month at least I dream of him, so strong an Impression did he make on my Mind. 'Tis a Sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

And yet I may say, without Vanity, that the Business of the School was what I did without great Difficulty; and

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Wednesday,

day,

Sept 12,

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and was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the Master's Severity, that once a Month, or oftner, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the Law of the Land for a *Petty-Larceny*.

Many a white and tender Hand, which the fond Mother had passionately kiss'd a thousand and a thousand Times, have I seen whipped till it was covered with Blood; perhaps for smiling, or for going a Yard and half out of a Gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O! These were our great Faults! Many a brave and noble Spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy Attempt to undertake the Cause of distressed Youth; and it is a noble Piece of *Knight-Errantry* to enter the Lists against so many armed Paedagogues. 'Tis pity but we had a Set of Men, polite in their Behaviour and Method of teaching, who should be put into a Condition of being above flattering or fearing the Parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see Learning become a Pleasure, and Children delighting themselves in that, which now they abhor for coming upon such hard Terms to them. What would be still a greater Happiness arising from the Care of such Instructors, would be, that we should have no more Pedants, nor any bred to Learning who had not Genius for it. I am, with the utmost Sincerity,

Sir,

Your most affectionate

humble Servant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Richmond, Sept. 5th, 1711.

I am a Boy of fourteen Years of Age, and have for this last Year been under the Tuition of a Doctor of Divinity, who has taken the School of this Place under his Care. From the Gentleman's great Tenderness to me and Friendship to my Father, I am very happy in learning my Book with Pleasure. We never leave off our Diversions any further than to salute him at Hours of Play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own Parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harsh Word, and

and we think it the greatest Punishment in the World No. 168, when he will not speak to any of us. My Brother and I are both together inditing this Letter; He is a Year older than I am, but is now ready to break his Heart that the Doctor has not taken any Notice of him these three Days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my Brother's earnest Desire to be restored to his Favour, he will again smile upon him.

Your most obedient Servant,

T. S.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

You have represented several sorts of *Impertinents* singly, I wish you would now proceed, and describe some of them in Sets. It often happens in publick Assemblies, that a Party who came thither together, or whose Impertinencies are of an equal Pitch, act in Concert, and are so full of themselves as to give Disturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a Set of Whisperers who lay their Heads together in order to sacrifice every Body within their Observation; sometimes a Set of Laughers, that keep up an insipid Mirth in their own Corner, and by their Noise and Gestures shew they have no Respect for the rest of the Company. You frequently meet with these Sets at the Opera, the Play, the Water-works, and other publick Meetings, where their whole Business is to draw off the Attention of the Spectators from the Entertainment, and to fix it upon themselves; and it is to be observ'd that the Impertinence is ever loudest, when the Set happens to be made up of three or four Females who have got what you call a Woman's Man among them.

I am at a Loss to know from whom People of Fortune should learn this Behaviour, unless it be from the Footmen who keep their Places at a new Play, and are often seen passing away their Time in Sets at *All-fours* in the Face of a full House, and with a perfect Disregard to the People of Quality sitting on each side of them.

For preserving therefore the Decency of publick Assemblies, methinks it would be but reasonable that those

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those who disturb others should pay at least a double Price for their Places; or rather Women of Birth and Distinction should be inform'd, that a Levity of Behaviour in the Eyes of People of Understanding degrades them below their meanest Attendants; and Gentlemen should know that a fine Coat is a Livery, when the Person who wears it discovers no higher Sense than that of a Footman. I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant!

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

Bedfordshire, Sept. 1st, 1711.

I am one of those whom every Body calls a Pocher, and sometimes go out to course with a Brace of Greyhounds, a Mastiff, and a Spaniel or two; and when I am weary with Coursing, and have killed Hares enough, go to an Ale-house to refresh myself. I beg the Favour of you (as you set up for a Reformer) to send us Word how many Dogs you will allow us to go with, how many Full-Pots of Ale to drink, and how many Hares to kill in a Day, and you will do a great Piece of Service to all the Sports-men: Be quick then, for the Time of Coursing is come on.

Yours in Haste,

T

Isaac Hedgeditch.'

No. 169.

[ADDISON.]

Thursday, September 13.

*Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati;
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere,
Forum obsequi studiis: adversus nemini;
Nunquam praeponens se aliis: Ita facilime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.—Ter. Andr.*

MAN is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Affliction is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injustice of his Neighbour. At the same time that

the

the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling No. 169.
foul upon one another.

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Half the Misery of Human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than that Disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It shows Virtue in the fairest Light, takes off in some measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or something which must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place. For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we express by the Word *Good-Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaisance and Easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocrisy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us; Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cherishers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it self. It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good-nature of

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of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him who made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which reason, he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Instance of such an Overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Passage of *Salust*, where *Caesar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights; *Caesar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it shew'd it self in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Distressed. As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himself, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whose very best Actions must be seen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper in a Worthless Man.

This Part of Good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and over-looking of Faults, is to be exercised only in doing our selves Justice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the Publick Administrations of Justice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the most Wit. This Observation

vation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Nature. No. 169.
The greatest Wits I have conversed with, are Men Thursday,
eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Sept. 13,
Remark to have been occasioned by two Reasons. First, 1711
Because Ill-nature among ordinary Observers passes
for Wit. A spightful Saying gratifies so many little
Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets
with a good Reception. The Laugh rises upon it, and
the Man who utters it is look'd upon as a shrewd
Satyrist. This may be one Reason why a great many
pleasant Companions appear so surprizingly dull, when
they have endeavoured to be Merry in Print; the Publick
being more just than Private Clubs or Assemblies, in
distinguishing between what is Wit and what is Ill-
nature.

Another Reason why the Good-natured Man may sometimes bring his Wit in Question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with Compassion for those Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that Means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himself a larger Field to expatiate in, he exposes those Failings in Human Nature which the other would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives Utterance to Reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposes the Person who has obliged him, and in short sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair Trader. L

The End of the Second Volume.

NOTES

II.

X

A. = Original Daily Issue.
B. I. = Biographical Index.

NOTES

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Lord Halifax (see *B. J.*), had been praised by **Dedication** Addison in his *Account of the Greatest English Poets*, and by Tickell in the Dedication to his Homer. Steele dedicated the fourth volume of the *Tatler* to him (April 1711). Halifax succeeded Bubb Dodington as Pope's

Full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill ;
Fed with soft dedication all day long.
(*Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot*, 232-3).

PAGE 3. *Motto*. Statius, *Theb.* ii. 128. No. 81.

—It was the custom of the playhouse at this time for the wits and men-about-town to go to the *Side-boxes*, and for the ladies to sit in the Front or Middle-boxes (*Cf.* Nos. 88, 311, 377). Steele epitomises an audience thus—"Three of the fair sex for the front boxes, two gentlemen of wit and pleasure for the side-boxes, and three substantial citizens for the pit" (*Theatre*, No. 3). Cf. Congreve's *Double-Dealer*, II. ii.; *Tatler*, Nos. 77 and 217; *Rape of the Lock*, v. 14; and Gay's *Toilette*. At the first performance of *Cato*, Addison entertained Bishop Berkeley and some friends in a side-box with "two or three flasks of burgundy and champagne." Dr. Johnson's definition of a side-box as the "seat for the ladies on the side of the theatre" shows that by his time that part of the house was no longer reserved for only the bolder or less reputable of their sex. He and his party occupied the "front row in a side-box" at Covent Garden on the first night of *She Stoops to Conquer* (Forster's *Goldsmit*, IV. xv., quoted by Mr. Dobson).

—*Patches*. See vol. i. p. 187. The 'setting' of the head-dress was also symbolic of political leanings. Cf. *The Freeholder*: "She has contrived to shew her principles by the setting of her commode."

PAGE 4. Addison quotes from Cowley's *Davidis*, iii. 403-4, but changes the sex of the Tiger for his present purpose. He borrows the quotation from Statius from Cowley's notes.

PAGE 6. *Oration of Pericles*. Thucydides, II. xlvi.

Motto. Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 33. No. 82.

—*Ludgate* was, till the order for its removal in July 1760, a prison for debtors who were freemen of the city, lawyers, or clergymen.

PAGE 7. Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, ll. 31-2. 'Tho' several ways.'

PAGE 10. *Motto*. Virgil, *Aen.* i. 468. No. 83.

PAGE 12. *An old man*. Hogarth has satirised this image in his "Time smoking a Picture" (1761). See also his *Analysis of Beauty* (p. 118, ed. 1753).

PAGE 13. *Motto*. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 6-8. No. 84.

Duelling. See vol. i. p. 36 n.

No. 84.

Pharamond. See vol. i. p. 288 and note. The names *Eucrate* (*ib.*) and *Spinamont* are coined by Steele to give point to his modern application, the former signifying ‘temperate’ (*εὐκρατος*), the latter being a disguise for Mr. Richard *Thornhill*, who shot Sir Cholmondeley Dering in a duel in Tuttle-fields on 9th May 1711. This encounter, which, according to Swift, “made a noise” at the time, is referred to by him in his *Journal to Stella* under that date. See *B. I.* (Thornhill, Richard). Jeremy Collier had already anticipated some of Steele’s arguments in his conference ‘Of Duelling’ between Philotimus and Philalethes (*Essays*, 2nd ed. 1697, p. 103).

PAGE 15. Line 12. ‘which spoke the utmost sense of his Majesty without ability to express it,’ *A.*

No. 85.

PAGE 17. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.*, 319-322.

Pye, piety, a very ancient pun. Cf. vol. i. p. 316.

PAGE 18. The evergreen “History of the Two Children in the Wood” was printed with “The old Song upon the Same” in chap-book form in 1700. See Ashton’s *Chapbooks of the Eighteenth Century*, p. 369 *et seq.*, for an account of this rare pamphlet. The earliest version of the ballad in the British Museum is dated 1640.

Line 29. ‘are such as Virgil himself would have touched upon had the like story been told by that Divine Poet. For which . . .’ *A.* With this allusion to Virgil in *A* cf. vol. i. Nos. 70 and 74. Addison’s emendations throughout this paper are for the most part a reduction of the emphasis of the first issue—e.g. ‘wonderfully natural’ becomes ‘natural,’—a peace-offering to the “little conceited Wits” who had not relished his praise of the Ballads. In the concluding paragraph Addison may refer to an anonymous threepenny pamphlet, ascribed to Dr. William Wagstaffe, *A Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb*, which reached a second edition in 1711. “It is a surprising thing,” writes the satirist, “that in an Age so Polite as this, in which we have such a number of Poets, Critics, and Commentators, some of the best things that are extant in our language should pass unobserv’d. . . . Indeed we had an *Enterprising Genius* of late, that has thought fit to disclose the Beauties of some Pieces to the World, that might have been otherwise indiscernable, and believ’d trifling and insipid, for no other Reason but their unpolish’d Homeliness of Dress. And if we were to apply our selves, instead of the *Classicks*, to the *Study of Ballads* . . . it is impossible to say what improvement might be made to Wit in general and the Art of Poetry in particular.” The story of Tom Thumb will be found “superior to either of those incomparable Poems of *Chevy Chase* or *The Children in the Wood*” (pp. 1, 2). He commends “the Beauty, Regularity, and Majestic Simplicity of the Relation” (p. 18) and adds, “tho’ I am very well satisfied with this Performance, yet according to the usual modesty of Authors, I am oblig’d to tell the World *it will be a great Satisfaction to me, knowing my own insufficiency*, if I have given but some hints of the Beauties of this Poem” (p. 21). And again, “The most *refin’d Writers* of this Age have been delighted with the reading it. Mr. Tho. D’Urfe, I am told, is an Admirer, and Mr. John Dunton has

been heard to "say, more than once, 'He had rather be the **No. 85.**
Author of it than all his Works'" (p. 23).

PAGE 19. Line 3. 'for a goodnatured Reader not,' *A.*

Horace, *Odes*, III. iv. 9-13.

Charles Sackville, Lord Dorset, the 'Eugenius' of Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

—greatest *Candour*—'greatest Humanity,' *A.*

—Molière's *Misanthrope* I. ii., where Alceste quotes an old song, and declares its superiority to a sonnet about Phillis, just recited. He adds—

"La rime n'est pas riche, et le style en est vieux :
Mais ne voyez-vous as que cela vaut bien mieux
Que ces colifichets dont le bon sens murmure,
Et que la passion parle-là toute pure?"

This is just Addison's sentiment, and that of the Prologue to Rowe's *Jane Shore* (1713).

PAGE 20. *Motto*. Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 447. **No. 86.**

—*Speak that I may see thee.* "Ut te videam aliquid eloquere," a saying ascribed to Socrates by Apuleius in his *Florida* (ii.).

PAGE 21. Martial, *Epigrams*, XII. liv.

—The *ingenious author* is probably *Baptista della Porta*, whose *De Humana Physiognomia*, in 4 books, appeared in 1586.

— Nahum Tate translated P. Coste's Life of Condé in 1693, under the title *The Life of Louis of Bourbon, late Prince of Condé, digested into Annals. . . Done out of French*.

—*Socrates was an extraordinary instance.* The first half of the paragraph is a transcript from Cicero's *De Fato*, ch. v., which recounts the diagnosis of Zopyrus the physiognomist; the second, concerning Socrates conquering his 'particular vices,' from the *Tusculan Disputations*, iv. 37.

PAGE 23. *Silenus*. Plato, *Symposium*, 215A.

—*Dr. Moore.* Henry More, 'the Platonist,' author of the *Enchiridion Ethicum* (1669).

Motto. Virgil, *Eclog.* ii. 17.

Ugly Club. See vol. i. p. 64 and note. *Idols*, see vol. i. p. 277. **No. 87.**

PAGE 24. *Hecatissa*. See vol. i. p. 179.

PAGE 25. *Sacrificed my necklace, etc., ante*, p. 6.

PAGE 26. 'T. T.' has been identified with Laurence Eusden.

This paper in *A* concludes with the following Advertisement:

"This is to give Notice, That the three Criticks who last Sunday settled the Characters of my Lord Rochester and Boileau, in the Yard of a Coffee-house in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next Sunday at the same Time and Place, to finish the Merits of several Dramatick Writers: And will also make an End of the Nature of True Sublime."

Motto. Virgil, *Eclog.* iii. 16.

This paper, which is a companion to Nos. 96, 107, and 137, may be compared in many of its details with Act I. sc. i. of Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, and with his dramatic fragment, *The Gentleman*. Townley's *High Life Below Stairs* (Drury Lane, Oct. 1759) is said to have been founded on it.

No. 88.

- No. 88. PAGE 28. *Purple*, "a kind of medicated malt liquor, in which wormwood and aromatics are infused" (Johnson). Cf. also *Purrl-royal* (Halliwell).
- PAGE 29. *The King*. See vol. i. p. 343.
Whites. See vol. i. pp. 309, 338. It was situated at the lower end of St. James's Street, and was notorious as a resort of fashionable gamesters. It is the building in the background of the Fourth Plate of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" against which the artist has directed a streak of lightning.
- Side-boxes*, ante, p. 3 and note.
- No. 89. PAGE 30. *Motto*. Persius, *Sat.* v. 64-71. Addison printed *juvenesque* for *puerique* in the first line.
- PAGE 31. *Philander* and *Strephon* had been introduced by the *Tatler*. See especially Nos. 13 and 245.
- No. 90. PAGE 33. *Paradise Lost*, viii. 469-495, 500-511.
- PAGE 34. *Motto*. Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 99-100.
Notions of Plato. *Republic* (towards the end), *Gorgias* (524), but especially *Phaedo* (81).
- PAGE 35. *The Platonists*. So, too, Henry More, referred to on p. 23.
— Virgil. *Aen.* vi. 604-7. Dryden's translation, vi. 818-23:
‘By their sides is set.’
- PAGE 36. *Monsieur Pontignan*. Addison's learned author is Bayle, and “the other occasion” is his article on the abbey of Fontevraud [Fronteaux]. Pontignan, the hero of the adventure, is introduced in a footnote (in the editions after that of 1697) thus:—“This brings to my mind an adventure I read in a little book which was printed at Paris and Holland anno 1682,” i.e. the *Academie Galante*. The “gay rambler,” runs the footnote, found “these ladies, how immodest soever they may be represented, were more prudent than the *Devotees* of Fronteaux.”
- No. 91. PAGE 38. *Motto*. Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 244. This paper, according to Chalmers (ii. 10, iv. 128, notes), was written by Hughes.
- PAGE 39. *Her snuff-box*. See vol. i. p. 343.
- PAGE 40. *Fine Gentleman*. See vol. i. No. 75.
Sidley (Sidley), etc., from Rochester's *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace*, ll. 64-70. The original reads (2) “resistless Power” and (5) “Betwixt declining Virtue.”
- PAGE 41. *Celia the Fair*. Dryden, *A New Song* (xi. p. 176). Correctly, “Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen.”
—*Barn-elms*, a favourite duelling ground. The Kit-Cat club-house was there (see vol. i. p. 317).
- Rival Mother*. There were *Rival Brothers*, *Rival Fools*, *Rival Kings*, *Rival Ladies*, *Rival Queens*, *Rival Sisters* familiar to playgoers of Steele's day. Perhaps this hit at the popular epithet would specially recall Dryden's *Rival Ladies*, in which there is a character named Honoria.
- No. 92. PAGE 42. *Motto*. Horace, *Epist.* II. ii. 61-3.
—*Tea-equipage* (see vol. i. p. 318).
—*Leonara* (see vol. i. p. 135) has been identified as Mrs. Perry, sister of Miss Shepheard, the ‘Parthenia’ of No. 140 and ‘Leonora’ of No. 163. Both were kinswomen of Sir Fleetwood Shepheard.
—Dalton's *Courtney Justice* first appeared in 1630, and ran

through many editions before that of 1690, the last preceding No. 92, the publication of this paper. *The Compleat Jockey* may refer to *The Experienced Jockey, Compleat Horseman, or Gentleman's Delight*, a duodecimo of 1684.

PAGE 43. The *Clavis Apocalyptic* (2nd edit. 1632) of the "sublime genius" Joseph Mede was translated by Richard More in 1643, and was the occasion of an extensive literature of 'observations' and 'analyses,' continuing even to the nineteenth century.—The first volume of *The Secret Letters and Negotiations of the Mareschal d'Estrades, Monsieur Colbert, and the Count d'Avaux* . . . had just been published (1710).—Bayle's *Dictionnaire historique et critique* (Rotterdam, 1697, 2nd edit. 1702) appeared in an English translation "with corrections by the Author" in 1710 (4 vols. fol.). Mr. Spectator and his contemporaries were much beholden for their illustrations to Bayle, which, according to Dennis, was "now spread throughout Europe" (*An Essay upon Public Spirit*, 1711).—William Wall's *History of Infant Baptism*, in two parts, appeared in 1705, and in a second edition in 1707. One Thomas Wall wrote on the same subject a few years earlier (1691-2).—*The Finishing Stroke, Being a vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme of Government*, was written by Charles Leslie (Lond. 1711, 8vo). It deals with Hoadley's *Institution of Civil Government* (1710) and Higden's *Defence*.—The Husbands' list of books of *Dissuasives etc.*, is, of course, mostly fictitious; but the subject of Susanna was a favourite of the cheap press (*cf.* vol. i. p. 320), and the *Pleasures of a Country Life* may be the subtitle of J. Pomfret's *Choice* (1709).—There was a *Government of the Tongue, by the Author of the Whole Duty of Man* (6th edit. 1697).—Edmund Wingate's *Ariahmetique made Easie* was a popular text-book which had reached an 11th edition in 1704.—Elizabeth Grey, Countess of Kent, gave her name to a popular collection, entitled *A Choice Manuell, or rare and select Secrets in Physick and Chyrurgery, etc.* The second part called *A True Gentlewoman's Delight* had reached a 10th edition in 1687.—Pharamond (i. p. 344)—Cassandra (i. p. 329).

—Prudes. See No. 217 and Taller, Nos. 102 and 126.

PAGE 44. *All for Love, or the World well Lost*, a tragedy by Dryden (1678).—*Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow*, a tragedy by Nat Lee (1676), which, according to Langbaine, "always appeared on the stage with applause, especially from the fair sex"; its performance at Drury Lane is advertised in No. 119, A. *The Fatal Marriage, or the Innocent Adultery*, by Southerne (1694), known later in the century under the name of *Isabella*.—*Mithradates, King of Pontus*, by Nat Lee (1678)—*The Rival Queens, or the Death of Alexander the Great* (vol. i. p. 331-332)—*Aureng-Zebe*, a tragedy by Dryden (1676), referred to *ante*, i. p. 345—*Theodosius, or the Force of Love*, by Nat Lee (vol. i. p. 332).

—Will's. See vol. i. p. 309.

PAGE 45. Motto. Horace, *Odes*, I. xi. 6-8.

Seneca, Epist. x. and De Brevitate Vitæ, § 1. Cf. motto, No. 59 (i. p. 219).

PAGE 49. Line 2. The sense is clear, though the syntax is incomplete.

No. 93.

No. 94.

Motto. Martial, *Epiogr.* X. xxiii. 7-8.
 PAGE 49. *Mr. Boyle.* "Basilus Valentius . . . publist long since an excellent Treatise of Antimony, inscribed *Currus Triumphalis Antimonii*. . . . He gives this account of his leaving many things unmention'd, that the Shortness of Life makes it impossible for one Man thoroughly to learn Antimony, in which every Day something of new is discovered" (*Some Considerations Touching the Usefulness of Experimental Naturall Philosophy*, Oxford, 1664, pp. 13, 14).

PAGE 50. *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*, II. xiv. 4.
 —*Malebranche* (see vol. i. p. 329).

PAGE 51. *Alcoran—Turkish Tales*. The Journey of Mahomet is referred to in the seventeenth Sura of the *Koran*, but the details were derived by Addison from the *Turkish Tales*, published by Tonson in 1708.

No. 95.

PAGE 53. *Motto.* Seneca, *Hippolytus*, ii. 607.
 —*General Mourning* (No. 64, vol. i. p. 242).

PAGE 55. *Deeper Scholars*, etc., *ante*, p. 44.

—*Tom's*, a well-known Coffee-house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, almost opposite Button's. There was a *Tom's* in Cornhill, and another in the Strand (Dobson, *Vignettes*, iii. 340).

—*Grecian* (vol. i. p. 310).

—*Trader in Cheapside*, *ante*, p. 43.

PAGE 56. *Theodosius*, *ante*, p. 44 and note.

—*Bishop of Cambray*, Fenelon. See note in vol. i. p. 330, where the suggestion regarding the *Advice to a Daughter* is wrong. See No. 170.

—*Anabella*. Cf. vol. i. p. 197.

Motto. Horace. *Sat.* II. vii. 2-3.

PAGE 58. *Mulberry-Garden*, on the site of Buckingham Palace, succeeded Spring Garden as a fashionable resort. In Evelyn's time it was "the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceeding cheated at" (*Diary*, 10th May 1654). It gave the title to a comedy by Sir Charles Sedley (1668). See *Shadwell's Humourists* (1670) Act iii.

PAGE 59. The *New Exchange* was a fashionable fancy goods mart in the Strand, on the site of the stables of Durham-house, over against the modern Bedford Street. It was much frequented by the men-about-town since the Restoration. Young Bookwit in Steele's *Lying Lover* calls it "a seraglio, a living gallery of beauties staring from side to side" (II. ii.). It is constantly alluded to in the Restoration Drama. See *Spectator*, No. 155.

No. 96.

PAGE 60. *Motto.* Virgil. *Aen.* vi. 436.
 Steele has already discussed the *Duello*, *ante*, p. 13. See note there.

No. 98.

PAGE 64. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* vi. 501.
 —*As Grass-hoppers*, etc. *Numbers* xiii. 33.

PAGE 65. Juvenal, *Sat.* vi. 502-4. Addison printed 'Aliam credas.'
 —*Fontange, Commode*.—The *commode* was a tall head-dress fashionable with ladies in England during the closing decades of the seventeenth century. Mlle. de Fontange introduced the coiffure in France in 1679. It consisted of a wire frame-work decorated with

- lace or silk, to which lappets or streamers were sometimes affixed. No. 98.
See Nos. 263, 265, also note on p. 323 of this volume.
- PAGE 65. Addison's account of the head-dress and of Thomas Conecte, Carmelite monk (burned 1434), and his references to Guillaume Paradin's *Annales de Bourgogne* (1566) and Bertrand d' Argentré's *Histoire de Bretagne* (1582) are taken from Bayle's *Dictionary* (art. 'Conecte') referred to ante, p. 43.
- PAGE 67. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. vi. 63. No. 99.
- PAGE 69. Lines 7-12. *I cannot . . . Truth*, not in *A*. The reference is to Herodotus, I. cxxxvi.
- An English Peer.* Bishop Percy was informed that Addison here alludes to William Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire (1640-1707).
- PAGE 70. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* i. v. 44. No. 100.
—*Valetudinarians.* See vol. i. p. 324.
- PAGE 73. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* II. i. 5-10. No. 101.
Censure, etc., is one of Swift's *Thoughts on Various Subjects, Moral and Diverting* (1706).
- PAGE 74. *Recentibus odis.* Tacitus, *Annals*, I. i.
- PAGE 76. *Motto.* Phædrus, *Fab.* III. xiv. 12-13. No. 102.
This paper on the Art of the Fan is a sequel to Steele's account of the "Management of that Utensil" in the 52nd *Tatler*, and recalls the verses on Flavia's "instrument" quoted in the 239th *Tatler*.
- PAGE 79. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.*, 240-2. No. 103.
- PAGE 80. *Late Archbishop's Posthumous Works.* Tillotson's Sermon 'On Sincerity.' See also p. 91.
- PAGE 81. *Words are like money.* Cf. the metaphor in Hobbes's *Leviathan*, I. iv., "Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools."
- PAGE 83. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* i. 320-1. No. 104.
—*Tully says, De Officiis*, I. xxvii.
—The *Spectator* returns to the subject of Ladies' riding costumes in Nos. 331, 435, and 485 (advt.) A "Compleat Riding Suit for a Lady" is described in an advt. to No. 81, *A*.
- PAGE 84. This letter has been ascribed to John Hughes.
- PAGE 86. *Motto.* Terence, *Andria*, i. 60-1. No. 105.
—*Broke windows.* See vol. i. p. 328.
—*Ombre.* See the description in the *Rape of the Lock*, iii. 25 et seq.; and Prior's "Upon Playing at Ombre with Two Ladies."
- PAGE 89. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xvii. 14-16. No. 106.
—*Roger de Coverley.* See vol. i. p. 311.
- PAGE 90. *Press'd forward.* See p. 92.
—*A clergyman . . . that understood a little of Back-Gammon.* So, too, Swift in his correspondence with Gay—"In what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? Can you play with him at backgammon" (May 4, 1732). And again "I believe I formerly desired to know whether the vicar of Amesbury can play at backgammon" Aug. 12, 1732).
- W. Fleetwood had been Bishop of St. Asaph since 1708; but there may be no point in the reference.
- PAGE 92. *Motto.* Phædrus, *Fab.* ii. Epilog. 1-3. No. 107.
—*Place themselves in his way.* Cf. p. 90.

- No. 107. In No. 124 (4) is advertised "A Quarterly Contribution for the Benefit of Faithful Servants." See also p. 335.
- PAGE 93. *A husband.* By the will of the "perverse widow," only in the old sense of a thrifty man or economist.
- No. 108. PAGE 95. *Motto.* Phaedrus, *Fab.* II, v. 3.
Mr. William Wimble was identified, even as far back as 1741, with Thomas Morecraft, described in an obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as "a Baronet's younger Son, the Person mentioned by the Spectator in the character of *Will. Wimble*" (July 2, 1741). This is repeated in a note to the edition of 1766. We may dismiss this biographical guess, as we have others of its kind (see vol. i. p. 311). If there be any prototype, it must be found in the "Honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule-Hall, in the County of Salop," who is introduced in the *Tatler* (No. 256). He, too, "had chosen to starve like a man of Honour," as became a "cadet of a very ancient family," and was fond of "twisting a whip," and of making nut-crackers "for his Diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his Friends."
- *He carries a Tulip-Roof.* The Tulip-Mania was abating its seventeenth century extravagance, but it was still a dangerous snare to enthusiasts. See the 21st *Tatler* (30th Aug. 1710).
- No. 109. PAGE 98. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* II. ii. 3.
 PAGE 99. The *Tilt-Yard* lay in front of the old Banqueting-Hall, towards Charing Cross. It covered a portion of the present parade of St James's. (See Fisher's *Ground Plan of Whitehall*, 1680; also Stow's *Survey*, ed. Strype.)
 PAGE 100. Jenny Mann's *Tilt-Yard Coffee-House*, a military rendezvous, stood on the site on which the Office of the Paymaster-General was afterwards built. It was in high repute as late as Boswell's time (*Corresp.* Feb. 16, 1762).
- My Grandmother appears.* Planché discusses the description of the old costume in this Essay in his *History of British Costume* (1874), p. 35L.
- *Whitepot.* "A dish made of cream, sugar, rice, currants, cinnamon, etc. It was formerly much eaten in Devonshire" (Halliwell). Cf. *Hudibras*, I. 299; *Tatler*, No. 245; Gay's *Shepherd's Week* ('Monday').
- No. 110. PAGE 102. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 755.
 — Psalm cxlvii. 9.
- PAGE 103. Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, II. xxxiii. 10.
- PAGE 104. Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, iv. 33 *et seq.*
- No. 111. PAGE 104. Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews*, XVII. xiii. 4.
 PAGE 106. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* II. ii. 45.
 PAGE 107. Line 22, 'propagate his kind, and provide himself,' *A.*
 — *Haeres* etc., Horace, *Epist.* II. ii. 175-6.
- No. 112. PAGE 109. *Motto.* Pythagoras, *Carmina Aurea*, I-2.
 No. 113. PAGE 112. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 4.
 — *The perverse widow* (vol. i. p. 7). A persistent tradition identifies her with a widow, Mrs. Catherine Boevey, to whom Steele dedicated the second volume of *The Ladies Library* (*ante*, vol. i.

p. 330). She was described by Mrs. Manley as "one of those No. 113 dark and lasting beauties that strike with reverence and yet delight." The reader desirous to know the pros and cons may refer to Nichols's *Illustrations*, iv. 820; W. Henry Wills's Sir Roger de Coverley (1850), pp. 196-199; and to an article in *Longman's Magazine*, April 1897. Some editors, with a like ingenuity, have fixed on Lady Warwick, whom Addison was to marry in 1716.

PAGE 115. *Tansy*. Old receipts for tansy cakes and tansy puddings will be found in Halliwell's *Dictionary*. Cf. Herrick's *Hesperides*, No. 691; Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 425, 429.

PAGE 116. Martial, *Epigrams*, I. lxxviii. 1-6
Motto. Horace. *Epist.* I. xviii. 24.

No. 114.

PAGE 117. *Dipp'd*, mortgaged.

PAGE 118. *Four Shillings in the Pound*. The Land Tax.

PAGE 119. The elegant author is Thomas Sprat, who prefixed a Latin life to the edition of Cowley's Latin Poems, afterwards enlarged and printed with Cowley's English Works.

Great Vulgar—From Cowley's rendering of Horace's *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, "not exactly copied, but rudely imitated" by him at the conclusion of his *Essay Of Greatness*—

" Hence ye profane ; I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar, and the small."

—*If e'er ambition*. From a verse passage in Cowley's *Essay Of Greatness*—Line 4, 'Blessing.'

PAGE 120. *Motto*. Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 356.

No. 115.

PAGE 122. *Perverse widow*, ante, No. 113.

—Dr. Sydenham, ante, vol. i. p. 324.

—*Medicina Gymnastica, or, A Treatise concerning the power of Exercise, with respect to the Animal Economy*, by Francis Fuller (1705).

—*Treatise of Exercises*. "Artis Gymnasticae apud Antiquos . . . Libri vi. (Venice, 1569). By Hieronymus Mercurialis." See iv. 5, and vi. 2. This book passed through many editions and latterly included a description of the Palæstra by the Roman architect Vitruvius. Cf. pp. 289, 307, and 331 of this volume.

PAGE 123. *Motto*. Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 43-4.

No. 116.

PAGE 124. *My hounds are bred*, etc. *Midsomer-Night's Dream*, IV. i. 116-122. The later description of the "chiding" of the hounds and of the "double echo" show that Mr. Spectator himself was indebted to Shakespeare. Cf.

And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction—(ib. II. 109-10).

Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding.—(ib. II. 113-14).

Cf. Gervase Markham's *Country Contentments* (1615), p. 6, as to the selection of the dogs' "mouths" for "sweetness of cry." Also Somerville's *Chace*, i. p. 127. "Mr. Budgell has shown himself to be no sportsman, by fixing the date of his hunting-party in the month of July, and by making Sir Roger hunt with stop-hounds, which are, I believe, peculiar to stag-hunting" (*Note in Chalmers's edit.*).

- No. 116. PAGE 128. Dryden's Fifteenth Epistle ('To John Driden') ll. 73-4, 88-95.
- No. 117. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* viii. 108.
It is hardly necessary to believe that Addison was prompted to this paper on witchcraft by the misfortunes of some local "Moll White," such as the Jane Wenham of Mr. H. Morley's note. The 'tabby cat,' the 'pins,' the 'saying of prayers backwards,' etc. were by tradition the necessary horrors of every successful prosecution.
- No. 118. PAGE 129. Line 12, 'in Ottway, which I could not forbear repeating on this occasion,' A. The quotation is from a speech of Chamont in *The Orphan*, Act ii.—Line 1 runs: "Through a close lane."
- PAGE 131. *Motto.* Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 73.
- PAGE 133. *We followed the sound*, etc. "A little water-colour sketch by Mr. Thackeray of this scene was not long since in the market. It is now [1806] in the possession of Sir Henry Thompson" (Mr. Dobson's *Selections from Steele*, p. 460).
- No. 119. PAGE 135. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* i. 20-1.
- No. 120. PAGE 137. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 415-6.
- No. 121. PAGE 138. Line 31, *deposite—depose*. A.
PAGE 141. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* iii. 60.
PAGE 142. *Tully has observed.* *De Natura Deorum*, ii. 51. See the concluding paragraph of this essay.
—Dampier's *Voyages* i. p. 39 (4th ed. 1699).
- No. 122. PAGE 143.—Locke's *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*, II. ix. 13.
PAGE 144.—Henry More's *Antidote against Atheisme* (1653), ii. 10, § 5.
—Boyle's *Disquisition about the Final Causes of Natural Things*, Sect. ii.
PAGE 146. *Motto.* Publius Syrus, *Fragments*. Some texts read 'facundus.'
- PAGE 147. *Game-Act.* See vol. i. p. 8.
- PAGE 148. *The Knight's Head.* Portrait signs were not uncommon. Pontack, the famed purveyor, had a likeness of his father on his signboard. Cf. the Sign of the Swiss Count, "the features being strong, and fit for hanging high" (*Tatler*, No. 18).
- No. 123. PAGE 150. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, IV. iv. 33-36.
PAGE 151. Cowley's words are—"But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turn'd beyond forty" (*Essays*, 'The Danger of Procrastination').
—Addison wrote, to Mr. Wortley Montagu, on the day of the publication of this paper, "Being very well pleased with this day's *Spectator*, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. . . ."
- No. 124. PAGE 154. The *Motto* is an adaptation of Callimachus, *Fragmenta*, ccclix.—τὸ μέγα βιβλίον τρού τῷ μεγάλῳ κακῷ. Athenaeus quotes it (III. i.) as a saying of Callimachus.
PAGE 155. *Forty or fifty thousand readers.* Has this any bearing on the circulation of the *Spectator*, which was increasing? (p. 156). See vol. i. p. 318.

- PAGE 156. *Proverbs* i. 20-22. No. 124.
 — *Nox atra*, etc. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 360.
 — *Latin proverb*. ‘*Lupus est homo homini*,’ Plautus, *Asin.*
 II. iv. 88.
- PAGE 157. *Motto*. Virgil, *Aen.* vi. 833-4. No. 125.
- PAGE 158. Plutarch, *De Inimicorum Utilitate, passim*; *Moralia*, ii. 91; Life of Pericles (towards the end).
- PAGE 159. *That great rule*. *Luke* vi. 27.
- PAGE 161. *Motto*. Virgil, *Aen.* x. 108. No. 126.
- PAGE 162. Diodorus Siculus, i. 35.
- PAGE 163. *Landed and money'd interests*. See vol. i. p. 312.
- PAGE 164. *Motto*. Persius, I. i. No. 127.
 — *Dyer's*. See vol. i. p. 333.
- PAGE 165. *Petticoats*. “I had Hopes that I had brought them [the ladies] to some Order, and was employing my Thoughts on the Reformation of their Petticoats” (*Tatler*, No. 115). Cf. *ante*, p. 100. No. 118 (4) advertises, as just published, *The Farthingale reviv'd, or More Work for a Cooper: A Panegyrick on the late, but most admirable Invention of the Hoop-Petticoat. Written at the Bath*.
- PAGE 166. Etheredges’ *Love in a Tub*, vol. i. pp. 166 and 334.
- PAGE 167. *Suits of Armour*. Plutarch’s Life of Alexander (towards the end).
- *Motto*. Lucan, *Pharsalia*, i. 98. No. 128.
- PAGE 171. *Romances*. See vol. i. p. 329.
- *Motto*. Persius, v. 71-72. No. 129.
- PAGE 172. *Commode*. See note on p. 328.
 — *Petticoat*. See No. 127 and note.
 — *The Ramillie Cock* was the fashion in 1706, as the *Monmouth Cock* (p. 174) was the style in 1685.—The *Steenkirk* was properly a kerchief of silk or lace, fashionable in Paris in the winter of 1692-3 after the battle at Steenkirk, though the name was freely applied to the newest whims of the milliners and fancy dealers.
- PAGE 174. *Motto*. Virgil, *Aen.* vii. 748-9. No. 130.
- PAGE 178. *Motto*. Virgil, *Eclog.* x. 63. No. 131.
- PAGE 179. *A white witch*, of a species which, in Dryden’s words, was “mischievously good.” See Mr. W. Henry Wills’s *Sir Roger de Coverley*, p. 207.
 — *Jesuit*. Cf. vol. i. pp. 16 and 293.
- PAGE 181. *Motto*. Cicero, *De Oratore*, ii. 4. Steele printed the No. 132. passage continuously without indicating the omissions, and added ‘esse’ after ‘ineptus.’
- *Ephraim*, “who cannot resist” (p. 182), a reference to Psalm lxxviii. 9.
 — *Captain's Equipage*, satirically applied to a single orderly.
- All the essays from No. 132 to No. 158 are, with two exceptions (No. 135 by Addison and No. 150 by Budgell), by Steele. Some light may be thrown on this by ‘J. G.’s’ remarks on the *Tatlers* in his *Present State of Wit*, written in May 1711. “I am assur’d from good hands, That all the *Visions*, and other Tracts in that way of writing, with a very great number of the most exquisite

No. 132.

Pieces of Wit and Raillery throughout the Lucubrations, are intirely of this Gentleman's Composing; which may in some Measure account for that different Genius, which appears in the Winter Papers from those of the Summer; at which time, as the *Examiner* often hinted, this Friend of Mr. Steele's was in Ireland." Was Addison on holiday, or indisposed, or was he in Ireland looking after his threatened interests?

PAGE 183. *The Right we had of taking Place etc.*, a contentious question which naturally arose from the bad condition of the highways. Cf. the pedestrian worry about 'taking the wall,' humorously introduced in the *Tatler* (No. 256).

No. 133.

PAGE 184. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. xxiv. 1-2.

PAGE 185. *These instances.* Plutarch's Life of Phocion. The anecdote of *Nicocles* is near the end.

PAGE 186. *A friend.* Stephen Clay of the Inner Temple, son of Edmund Clay, haberdasher. Steele refers to him frequently in his correspondence, chiefly in connection with his affairs in the West Indies. See Nichols's edition of the Letters, vol. i., where at p. 222 are printed two sets of verses by Clay, 'The Maid's Complaint,' and 'A Song in Imitation of an Ode of Horace.'

No. 134.

PAGE 187. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* i. 521-2.

PAGE 190. *Manage our snuff-boxes.* The sequel is in No. 138.

No. 135.

Motto. Horace, *Sat.* I. x. 9.

PAGE 192. *One of the greatest geniuses.* This reference to Swift is an interesting clue to the originals of Addison's paper. Swift, in a letter in the *Tatler* (No. 230, 27th Sept. 1710), exposes "the corruption of our style," and gives a sample letter showing the fashionable "abbreviations and elisions." He also discusses the "refinement" of giving but the first syllable of a word, taking as examples from the said letter the words *mōb*, *reb*, *pōzz*, which with *incog.* (also in the letter) are specially noted by Addison. He returns to the subject in *A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue*, in a letter addressed to Lord Oxford in Feb. 1712 (published May 1712). It is a plea for the establishment of an academy "to correct and fix the English language." Towards the conclusion he says—"I would willingly avoid repetition, having, about a year ago, communicated to the public much of what I had to offer upon this subject, by the hands of an ingenious gentleman, who for a long time did thrice a week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers, and is supposed to pursue the same design at present, under the title of Spectator." There are several references to the subject of this letter in the *Journal to Stella*, from Feb. 21 to July 17; and Voltaire discusses it in his 24th letter (*Lettres Philosophiques*, 1734). It is hardly necessary to follow Mr. T. Arnold in showing how wrongly Addison, or Steele (No. 147), understood the mysteries of *es* and *eth* or *his* and *her*. It might be more to the point to speculate on the charming inconsistency between the doctrine of the essay and the practice of the revisers.

No. 136.

PAGE 194. *Motto.* Horace, *Epis.* II. i. 112.

— *My imagination, etc.* The sentence may be made clearer by the insertion of 'which' after 'adventures.'

- PAGE 195. *Paltova*. July 8, 1709. No. 136.
 — Count Piper was Prime Minister of Charles XII. of Sweden.
 — Deptford. In the Spring of 1668.
- PAGE 197. “A make-bate, a busie-bodie, a pikkishatike, a seeke-trouble” (Florio).
- PAGE 198. *All for Love*, etc., by Dryden (*ante*, p. 44).
- PAGE 198. *Motto*. Cicero, ? No. 137.
 — The *Spectator* deals with the question of Master and Servant, *ante*, No. 167. The letters of Ralph Valet and Patience Giddy call to mind some of the points in Swift's *Directions to Servants*.
- PAGE 201. *The Five Fields towards Chelsea*, on the site of the modern Belgravia and Pimlico. This was a favourite country walk towards Chelsea, even though it was, as Mr. Bickerstaff tells us, a place “where the Robbers lie in wait.” See *Tatler*, No. 34.
- PAGE 202. *Motto*. Cicero, ? No. 138.
 — Tully tells us. *De Inventione Rhetorica*.
- PAGE 203. Dr. Beveridge, Bishop of Asaph (1637-1708).
- PAGE 204. The *Advertisement* is the sequel to the petition on p. 190.
 — Charles Lillie. See vol. i. p. 335.
 — Garraway's. See vol. i. p. 310. Also Nos. 403 and 457; *Tatler*, No. 147; Steele's *Tender Husband*, II. i.
- PAGE 205. *Motto*. Cicero, *De Officiis*, II. xii. 43. No. 139.
- PAGE 206. *Mechanick Empryments*. See the reference to Deptford, *ante*, p. 195.
- PAGE 207. *The Colours in the Hall* were those taken at Blenheim.
 — *The perfection of Glory*, etc. Cicero, *Philippics*, I.
- PAGE 208. August 1711, when Marlborough passed the French lines on his march on Bouchain.
- Motto*. Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 285. Steele prints it thus:—*Animum No. 140.*
curis nunc huc nunc disdit illuc.
- PAGE 209. Account of wit. Vol. i. p. 215, etc.
 — Imitators of Milton, e.g. John Phillips in his *Cyder*.
- PAGE 210. Mr. Lillie's, *ante*, p. 204.
- PAGE 211. *Ombre Table*, *ante*, p. 86 and note.
- PAGE 212. *Parthenia*. See note to p. 42.
- PAGE 213. *Motto*. Horace, *Epist.* II. i. 187-8. No. 141.
- PAGE 214. *Moll White*, *ante*, p. 129.
 — Shadwell's comedy *The Lancashire Witches, and Tegue O'Divelly, the Irish Priest*, produced in 1681, had, according to Downes, “several Machines of flyings for the Witches.” It was acted at the Haymarket (July 1707) “with all the risings, sinkings, and flyings of the Witches.” Performances at Drury Lane are advertised in Nos. 132, 137, 144, etc. (4). Steele refers to episodes in the 4th and 5th Acts.
 — Ben Johnson and Bullock, actors. See *B. I.*
 — Bellenden's translation of Hector Boece's *Historia Scotorum* probably supplied the details of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, from which Shakespeare borrowed.
- PAGE 215. *But Shakespeare's Magick*. Dryden and Davenant's *Tempest*, Prol., 19-20.

No. 141. PAGE 215. *Design whate'er.* The concluding line of the 5th Act of *The Lancashire Witches*.

PAGE 216. *Hans Carvel*, by Prior. Steele quotes ll. 11-12, but puts the verbs in the present tense.

— *I am*, etc. John Hughes is said to have written this letter.

No. 142. PAGE 216. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. xiii. 18.

— Steele's phrase "being genuine" need not be interpreted by the note in vol. i. p. 310, for the originals have been preserved. They were addressed by Steele to his wife, 'Dear Prue,' four years previously, not forty. They are printed in Nichols's edition of the *Epistolary Correspondence*. The letter dated 'Aug. 7, 1671' reproduces the letter of 'Aug. 22, 1707' (Nichols, i. 105) verbatim, with the change of 'Madam' for 'Mrs. Scurlock' at the close. The letter of 'Sept. 3' is that of Aug. 16 (altered to Aug. 23) 1707 (Nichols, i. 97). The interpolation 'Though I made,' etc. is added on the MS. The letter of 'Sept. 25' is that of Sept. 1, 1707 (Nichols, i. p. 109). The sentence 'The two next' etc. is added on the MS. In the original, 'Holland' reads 'Lisbon'; 'Windsor'; 'Hampton-court'; 'She designs to go with me'; 'It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight'; 'The appointed day'; 'that day.' After 'composure' the original reads— "Oh Love!"

A thousand Torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would Live, to Live without thee?"

The letter 'of Sept. 30' is that of Sept 3, 1707 (Nichols, I. iii.). The next letter, of 'Oct. 20,' is that of Aug. 30, 1707 (Nichols, i. 108), on the MS. of which is added, 'He was, when he writ,' etc. The last letter, dated 'June 23,' had been written quite recently, on June 20 (Nichols, i. p. 218).

No. 143. PAGE 221. *Motto.* Martial, *Epiigr.* VI. lxx. 15.

— *Valetudinarians*, ante, p. 329, note.

PAGE 222. *Cottilus* and *Uranius* have been unmasked by ingenious editors. The former is said to be Henry Martyn (of No. 555), who had a house at Blackheath "perhaps called his Cot," and the latter "was probably Mr. John Hughes"! See No. 180.

PAGE 223. *How-dye Servants.* A *howdee* was the colloquial term for a servant whose duty it was to pass this phrase of formal civility to his master's friends. Cf. *Briget Howdee*, the 'lively serving wench' of the *Tatler* (No. 245). "I have been returning," says Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, "the visits of those that sent howdees in my sickness" (May 10, 1712). See also Swift's *Verses on His Own Death*, I. 123.

PAGE 224. *A great Author*, etc. Burnet's *Theory of the Earth*, ante, vol. I. p. 331; and p. 231 of this volume.

No. 144. PAGE 227. *Motto.* Terence, *Eunuchus*, III. v. 18.

PAGE 227. Steele's *Antient Sage* is Antisthenes, described in Diogenes Laertius, VI. i., from whom he borrows his preceding learned allusions to Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Theophrastus, and Carneades. The passage will be found in Diog. Laert., VI. i.

- PAGE 228. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xviii. 29. No. 145.
 — *Hudibras*, II. i. 297-8.
 "Quoth she, I've heard old cunning staggers
 Say, Fools for arguments use wagers."
- PAGE 230. *Your Stage Coach, ante*, p. 181.
 PAGE 231. *Sizable Circumference, ante*, No. 127.
Motto. Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, II. lxvi. 166. No. 146.
 — *Such is the entertainment.* Cf. vol. i. p. 313, and ii. p. 338.
 — *The Theory of the Earth, ante*, p. 336. The quotation towards
 the close is from III. xii. pp. 110-1, ed. 1684.
- PAGE 232. *Cicero tells us.* *Tusc. Disput.* i.
 PAGE 235. *Motto.* From the pseudo-Ciceronian treatise *Rhetoric.* ad No. 147.
C. Herennium I. ii.
 — *St. James's Garlick-Hill* (Garlickhithe), rebuilt in 1676-82,
 was near Thames Street in Vintry-Ward. The Reader referred to
 is the Rev. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Albans.
- PAGE 236. *Sion College*, London Wall.
 — *Pindarick readers.* Cf. vol. i. p. 339, and vol. ii. p. 284.
- PAGE 237. *Cant.* Steele is out in his etymology. See the *New Eng. Dict.*
 — *Dr. S—e.* Probably Dr. George Smalridge, afterwards
 Bishop of Bristol, the 'Favonius' of the 114th *Tatler*. See Mr.
 Dobson's *Selections from Steele*, p. 456.
- PAGE 238. *Do you read, etc.* *Si cantas, male cantas; si legis, cantas,—*
 a saying of Caesar, quoted by Quintilian, *De Inst. Orat.* I. viii. etc. No. 148.
Motto. Horace, *Epist.* II. ii. 212.
 — *French and Country Dances.* See vol. i. p. 342.
- PAGE 241. *For Women, etc.* Waller, *Of Love*, ll. 13-16.
 PAGE 242. *Motto.* Cicero, *Tusc. Disput.* IV. xxxii. 68. No. 149.
 PAGE 245. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 152-3. No. 150.
 — *Plagues.* Budgell probably refers to some pamphlets, now
 difficult to trace. The B. M. Catalogue describes an 1800 edition
 of the *Fifteen plagues of a Footman, Coachman, &c.*, and also the
Pleasures of a Single Life (1701). Cf. the *Fifteen Comforts*, etc.,
 in note to p. 329 of the first volume.
- PAGE 246. Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 147-151. Dryden's translation, ll.
 248-55. Scott & Saintsbury's ed. reads 'patches' for 'patch is.'
 — *Want is the scorn, etc.* ib. ll. 256-7.
- PAGE 247. *Sloven.* Budgell, the writer of this paper, included a
 translation of *The Sloven* in his *Theophrastus*. See vol. i. p. 315.
 — *Atticus.* Did this suggest to Pope his sobriquet for
 Addison?
- PAGE 248. *Mr. Osbourn.* *Advice to a Son*, I. xxiii.
- PAGE 249. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Finibus*, II. xxxv. 117. No. 151.
- PAGE 253. *Motto.* Homer, *Iliad*, vi. 146. No. 152.
- PAGE 254. *A gay Frenchman, etc.* The anecdote is of the Chevalier
 de Flourilles, killed at Senef in 1674. It is told in the *Memoirs*
 of Condé (referred to *ante*, p. 21 and note).
- PAGE 256. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Senectute*, xxiii. No. 153.
 — *My author.* Cicero.
 — (last line). So A, but the 1712 text reads 'a Young.'
- PAGE 260. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* ii. 83. No. 154.

- No. 154. PAGE 261. Simon Honeycomb's visits to the Watering-Places are in an ascending scale of modishness from *Astrop Wells* near Oxford to Tunbridge and Bath. St. Edmunds-bury is the scene of Shadwell's *Bury-Fair*; and Epsom-Wells gives the title to another comedy by the same hand.
- PAGE 263. *Great with Tully of late.* Cf. vol. i. p. 313; also ii. p. 275.
- No. 155. — In 'A' this paper is numbered '156,' and subsequent papers are incorrectly numbered. The error is rectified from '166' onwards. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 451.
— *Idol, ante,* p. 25.
- PAGE 265. *New Exchange, ante,* p. 59 and note.
- No. 156. PAGE 266. *Your account of Beauties, ante,* p. 225 etc.
- PAGE 267. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes,* II. viii. 5-7.
- PAGE 268. *A common bite.* See vol. i. p. 335.
- PAGE 270. *Affection.* Either in the obsolete sense of *affectionation*, as used by Maria in *The School for Scandal* (I. i.), or a misprint for that word, which is given in its usual form in vol. i. p. 26.
- No. 157. PAGE 271. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* II. ii. 187-9.
- PAGE 273. *Seneca says.* *Epist.* 95 (about the middle).
- PAGE 274. *That Infamy.* Steele is at issue with public opinion, which found its most straightforward expression in the later utterances of Dr. Johnson (see Birkbeck Hill's Boswell's Johnson, i. 46, ii. 407, v. 99). Steele returns to the "licensed Tyrants, the Schoolmasters" in No. 168.
- No. 158. PAGE 275. *Motto.* Martial, *Epigr.* XIII. ii. 8.
— *The Present State of Wit* (1711) points out that Steele, instead of falling in with the customs of the day, like the other papers of the time, took the new course of attacking them.
— *Is the best Rule*—'Is not the best Rule,' A.
— *Your Tully, ante,* p. 263 and note.
- PAGE 278. *Give me but what, etc.* Waller, 'On a Girdle,' ll. 11-12.
Motto. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 604-6.
- No. 159. — *Grand Cairo.* See note, vol. i. p. 310.
— *The Visions of Mirzah.* Cf. Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, I. ii. 1.
— "These Moral Writers practise Virtue after Death: This charming Vision of *Mirza!* Such an Author consulted in a Morning sets the Spirit for the Vicissitudes of the Day, better than the Glass does a Man's Person."
- No. 160. PAGE 283. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. iv. 43-4.
PAGE 284. *Bienstancé.* Cf. Boileau, *L'Art Poétique*, III. 122-3.
— *Pindaricks.* See vol. i. p. 339, and vol. ii. p. 236.
- PAGE 285. Terence, *Eunuchus*, I. i. 16-18.
— *Camisars.* The name given to the Calvinists of the Cevennes during the religious troubles following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They are represented in the Waxwork of English Religions in the 257th *Tatler*. They were known as the French Prophets (vol. i. p. 320). See also *Tatler*, No. 11.
- No. 161. PAGE 286. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 527-534.
PAGE 287. *Like Celia.* *As You Like It*, I. ii. 190.
- No. 162. PAGE 290. *Dr. Kennet.* *Parochial Antiquities* (1695), p. 610, etc.
Motto. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 126-7.

- PAGE 292. *Character in Horace. Satires*, I. iii. 3-19. No. 162.
 —*Character . . . by Mr. Dryden.* The well-known description of George, Duke of Buckingham, in *Absalom and Achitophel* (Pt. i. ll. 544-554).
- PAGE 293. *Motto*. Cicero, *De Senectute*, i. No. 163.
- PAGE 295. *Leonora. Ante*, p. 42, note.
 —Saint-Evremond. *Ante*, i. p. 327.
- PAGE 297. *Motto*. Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 494, 497-8. No. 164.
- PAGE 303. *They were lovely*, etc., 2 Samuel i. 23.
 —Langhorne has a short poem entitled *Theodosius to Constantia* (1760), and two volumes of the *Correspondence of Theodosius and Constantia* (1764-5), which were suggested by this paper.
- Motto. Horace, *Ars Poet*, 48, 50-1. The motto in *A* was No. 165.
Semivirumque boven, semibovemque virum (misquoted from Ovid, *Ars Amat*. ii. 24).
 —Cf. the attack on French Fopperies, *ante*, i. 197, etc.; also Dennis's *Essay upon Public Spirit* (1711), p. 13. This paper occasioned a pamphlet, *The Spectator Inspected, or a Letter to the Spectator from an Officer in Flanders*.
- PAGE 304. Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 25. Addison printed "Atque intertexti tollant," etc. Dryden's translation, ll. 39-40.
 —*Great Modern Critick*, Bentley. See Jebb's *Bentley*, p. 174.
- PAGE 306. *Motto*. Ovid, *Metam.* xv. 871-2. No. 166.
- PAGE 308. This anecdote of the Freethinker is cousin-german to that of "the Atheist" in the *Tatler*, No. 111. Steele's further attacks on the 'Minute Philosophers' in the *Tatler*, and in No. 234 of the *Spectator*, have been supposed to be directed against John ('Janus Junius') Toland (1669-1722), author of the *Pantheisticon* (1705), whom Pope satirised in the *Dunciad* (ii. 399, iii. 212).
- PAGE 310. *Motto*. Horace, *Epist.* II. ii. 128-140. No. 167.
 —*Unable to contain himself.* See No. 136.
- PAGE 311. *Almanzor-like*. As that character in Dryden's *Almanzor and Almahide, or, The Conquest of Granada*. See *Drawcansir*, vol. i. p. 62 and note.
- PAGE 312. *Vitruvius*. The original of this *nom-de-guerre* is referred to on pp. 307 and 331.
- PAGE 313. *Motto*. Horace, *Epist.* II. i. 128. No. 168.
 —*Licensed Tyrants the Schoolmasters*, *ante*, No. 157.
 —Quintilian. *De Inst. Orat.* I. iii.
 —The *very great School* is Eton. The master is Dr. Charles Roderick, afterwards Provost of King's College, Cambridge.
- PAGE 314. The School at Richmond was under the charge of Dr. Nicholas Brady, who, with Tate, versified the Psalms.
- PAGE 315. *The Water-Works*. This is "the famous Water Theatre of the ingenious Mr. Winstanly," which is frequently advertised by his widow in the original issue. It stood at the lower end of Piccadilly, and was known "by the Wind-mill on the Top of it."
- PAGE 316. *Motto*. Terence, *Andria*, I. i. 35-39. No. 169.
- PAGE 317. Xenophon. *Cyropaedia*, VIII. vii. 25.
- PAGE 318. Sallust, *Bellum Catalinarium*, lvii.



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